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St. Roch's Cemetery and Shrine.

During the year 1867, while a terrible epidemic of yellow fever and cholera prevailed in New Orleans, Reverend Leonard Thevis, Rector of Holy Trinity Church, made a vow that if all his parishioners should survive, he would build with his own hands a chapel in Thanksgiving to God.

His parish united with him in a *novena*, or nine days' prayer, to St. Roch, the patron of health; the prayer was answered, and while the city to a great extent was decimated, not one of his congregation died.

Therefore, in fulfillment of this vow, the priest without assistance built this quaint and picturesque edifice, and called the spot "Campo Santo," or "Place of Health."

The chapel immediately became a favorite shrine for the afflicted, and in time acquired the prestige of the miracle-working shrines of Europe; indeed, it seems rather the remnant of a mediæval abbey, with its crowd of kneeling worshippers and its well authenticated legends of miracles and answered prayers. It is a spot where Faith still lives in all her freshness and beauty, and offers to all who suffer a positive and effectual remedy in prayer.

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VOLUME VII

JOHNSTON—LUCAS

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WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON

[1831—1899]

BRANDT VAN BUREN DIXON

WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON, born in Louisville, Kentucky, January 5, 1831, the eldest son of Albert Sydney and Henrietta (Preston) Johnston, of Scotch-Irish descent, numbered among his ancestors many men of distinction—soldiers, statesmen, jurists, and others whose work and influence in the upbuilding of this country have been noteworthy. From the period of early settlement, in colonial times and the Revolution, and down to the present, the names of Johnston, Preston, Stoddard, Hancock, Clark, Wickliffe, Strother, and others of his kindred, recur constantly in the records of state or nation, men of strong and sterling quality, fit for leadership and achievement. It was therefore natural and fitting that, as child and man, the subject of this sketch should have felt an intense family pride which acted as a determining influence throughout his life.

At the age of four years he lost his mother, and shortly afterward his father removed to the new Republic of Texas, so that he was left to the care of his maternal relatives in Louisville, Mrs. Josephine Rogers, and, afterward, General and Mrs. William Preston. He was educated in the primary schools of Louisville, the Academy of S. V. Womack of Shelbyville, Center College of Danville, and the Western Military Institute of Georgetown, Kentucky. In 1850, after a somewhat desultory attempt to read law, he went to Yale College, where he entered the class of 1852 in its junior year. Here he soon took a leading position in scholarship, won the Townsend prize for English composition, and in the final competition won the Clark prize for an essay on "Political Abstractionists."

After graduation he resumed the study of law, receiving his diploma from the Law School of the University of Louisville in March, 1853. On the sixth of the following July he was married in New Haven to Miss Rosa Elizabeth Duncan, daughter of John N. Duncan of New Orleans, La. Those who knew this lady speak of her as the rarest and noblest of women, beautiful in person and character, dainty, graceful, and witty, but withal full of sober judgment, high courage, firmness, and self-respect, devoutly religious, devoted to her children, and of unbounded charity.

Except for a brief residence in New York, young Johnston re-

mained in Louisville engaged in his law practice until the outbreak of the Civil War. Though never very active in politics, he was always a strong advocate of the principles espoused by the South; when, therefore, the war became inevitable, he was among the first in his State to join the Confederate service, and raise and equip troops for its army. In the summer of 1861 he was appointed major of the Second Kentucky Regiment, but was soon transferred to the First Kentucky Regiment as major, and afterward promoted to the position of lieutenant-colonel. This regiment saw its only service in the Army of Northern Virginia, and took part in the early operations on the line of Fairfax Court House and Acotink.

Never of a robust constitution, Colonel Johnston was not able to endure the hardships and exposure of service in the field; his health became seriously impaired, and after a severe illness from typhoid-pneumonia and camp fever, during which his regiment was disbanded, in May, 1862, he accepted the invitation of President Davis to serve on his personal staff as aide-de-camp with the rank of colonel. In this position his duties as inspector-general, and confidential staff officer for communication with generals in the field, brought him into intimate relations with the leaders of the Confederacy and its armies, and throughout the war he enjoyed their highest confidence and trust. He was present in the battles of Seven Pines, Cold Harbor, Sheridan's Raid, Drewry's Bluff, Petersburg, and many others of less importance. He followed faithfully the fortunes of President Davis, and was captured with him in Georgia. For several months he was imprisoned in Fort Delaware, after which he spent a year of residence as an exile in Canada, then returning to Louisville to resume the practice of law.

Meanwhile General Robert E. Lee had accepted the presidency of Washington and Lee University, and in 1867 he invited Colonel Johnston to the chair of English and history, a position to which he was strongly inclined, both by disposition and scholarly training. He gladly accepted the call and removed to Lexington, Virginia. Many of his students bear willing witness to the inspiring influence of his teaching and his personality.

In 1880 Colonel Johnston became the president of the Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge, then having but thirty-nine students. This he reorganized, but after three years was called to his final task in New Orleans.

In 1883, when Paul Tulane made his great bequest to Louisiana for the benefit of education, the administrators of the Tulane Educational Fund invited Colonel Johnston to organize and take charge of the institution they had determined to found. The University of Louisiana in New Orleans was reorganized as the Tulane University

of Louisiana, by which name it has since been known; Colonel Johnston became president and held this position until his death, July 16, 1899. It is his work in administering this trust which merits our chief regard, and forms the crowning success of his earnest and useful life. The difficulties which attend such an enterprise, under favoring conditions, were magnified in a city wholly commercial, without college traditions, and utterly unfamiliar with university life or its requirements. It was but natural, therefore, that much of the preliminary work should be tentative; but, as the institution gradually took shape, and as its several departments gained strength and efficiency, the wisdom of President Johnston's broad and liberal policy became increasingly evident. Each proposed measure was carefully studied in its relation to the prevailing conditions and needs; literary, scientific, artistic, and other societies were encouraged and stimulated; free lecture courses were established, in the effort to secure public sympathy and coöperation.

The already existing Medical College and Law School became departments of the new university, and to the college of arts and letters there was added, in 1887, a college for women, and in 1893 a college of technology. All of these departments prospered, and, at the time of Colonel Johnston's death, the Tulane University of Louisiana had come to be recognized as one of the foremost educational factors in the South.

While in Lexington he wrote the life of Albert Sydney Johnston, published by D. Appleton and Company in 1878. Of this work it may be said that when one considers its having been written by a son whose peculiar pride of family was intensified by the affection he bore to an idolized father, written, moreover, shortly after the war, when the passions it had kindled were still aglow and while the sense of loss and defeat were strong and bitter, it is surprisingly fair, honest, and convincing in its presentation and argument. The judicial candor shown in this work is the strongest evidence of Colonel Johnston's high qualities as an historian. As a writer he was clear, vigorous, and elegant, eager with loving interest to secure for his hero recognition and esteem, and as the advocate of a lost cause, which he had espoused with his whole heart, equally eager to justify his friends and himself; but he did not lose his sense of critical fairness, and gave us one of the richest contributions which have yet been made to the history of the war.

In the midst of his duties as president of a growing university, Colonel Johnston found time to write many addresses of notable excellence, besides poems, and essays on historical, literary, and educational subjects. Of these some have been preserved and printed. In 1890 he published 'The Prototype of Hamlet,' a series of lectures

delivered at Tulane University. The thesis is a paradox, not greatly favored by admirers of Shakspere, perhaps, but commanding much favorable criticism. In his numerous addresses are to be found many vivid and accurate pictures of the "Old South," and acute observations of the conditions arising in the "New South." These efforts are replete with shrewd and wise suggestions; his estimates of the needs of Southern civilization have been highly appreciated by statesmen of this country and of Europe.

In 1894 he printed for private distribution a volume of poems under the title 'My Garden Walk,' and, in 1896, this was followed by 'Pictures of the Patriarchs.' In these volumes are to be found many poems which were received with great favor.

In 1877 Colonel Johnston received from Washington and Lee University the degree of LL.D., and for seven years prior to his death he was one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution.

On October 19, 1885, his wife, Rosa Duncan, died, and in the same year also died his only son, Albert Sydney Johnston. Of his five daughters, three died before him, Miss Mary Duncan Johnston, in 1894, Mrs. Caroline Hancock Kinney, in 1895, and Mrs. Henrietta Preston Tucker, in 1897. Two survived him, Mrs. Rosa Duncan Robinson, now residing in Louisville, Kentucky, and Mrs. Margaret Wickliffe Sharpe, of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

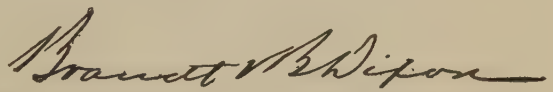
In 1888 Colonel Johnston was married to Miss Margaret Henshaw Avery, daughter of Judge Daniel Dudley Avery, a member of one of Louisiana's best families. This lady, admirably qualified by culture and refinement, was for eleven years in the fullest sympathy with his work and aspirations. She survives him.

For several years Colonel Johnston's health had been steadily declining, and on different occasions he had seriously considered the wisdom of resigning his position. Until near the end hope of betterment persisted, but in the summer of 1899 his condition became rapidly worse, and death found him on the sixteenth of July, 1899, at the home of his son-in-law, Harry St. George Tucker, in Lexington, Virginia. His body was taken to his boyhood home, Louisville, Kentucky, and buried among his maternal kindred.

In person he was tall and slender, in his manners graceful and sympathetic, in all his deportment a lovable Christian gentleman. In those four years of stress and trial which tested to the uttermost his quiet but unquestionable courage, his integrity and scrupulous veracity, he endeared himself to all the officers of the Confederacy. He was the trusted friend of Davis, Lee, and scores of other leaders, and on his release from prison after the war found himself the possessor of their unlimited confidence and esteem.

That which impressed us most in his character was its singular combination of graciousness and inflexibility. Gentle even to the suggestion of weakness, eager to please and to avoid offence, he was unyielding in his convictions, and his purposes, once formed, were carried out firmly and consistently. His judgments were keen, but never hasty; once fixed they were maintained with a quiet stubbornness which often surprised his friends. He was thus singularly well qualified for a work that required tact, clearness of vision, unfailing courtesy, and patient firmness.

He was a steadfast advocate of the principles maintained by the Confederacy in the Civil War, a warm-hearted, generous friend, a consistent member of the Episcopal Church, deeply and unaffectedly religious, and broad in his sympathies toward all men.



PLANTATION LIFE IN TEXAS

From 'Life of General Albert Sydney Johnston.'

General Johnston returned to Galveston in October, and was received with enthusiasm by its citizens, with whom he was always a favorite. A public dinner was tendered him, which his business, however, compelled him to decline. A question of the utmost importance to himself now came before General Johnston for decision. When he had gone to General Taylor's assistance in May, he had promised his wife, who strongly opposed his volunteering, that he would not reënlist at the expiration of his term of service without her consent. He knew that she was too high-spirited to insist on his retirement while in the line of either duty or distinction. But he had come back from the army with a heavy heart. When the war broke out, rank and celebrity seemed to await him, and the opportunity had apparently arrived when his abilities would find a fair field for their display; but his brief career had ended in disappointment. He had seen the regiment, which he had converted into a powerful engine of war, dissolved before his eyes by a stroke of the pen. Though he had done all that a man could do under the circumstances, and had won the ap-

probation and esteem of his commanders and fellow-soldiers, his services were not such as his Government chose to acknowledge. It was almost an avowed policy to confer military command as the reward of political activity; and party notables, transformed into generals and accompanied by special correspondents for the manufacture of glory, became the centres of faction and the ephemeral heroes of the press. Such methods and appliances were not only discouraging to merit and distasteful to real soldiers, but, detected at last by the newspapers and people, recoiled on the pretenders. Still, for the time, confounding spurious and genuine reputation, they repelled many good soldiers from the service.

General Johnston was not without sufficient influence to have arrested the attention of the Administration and enforced some sort of recognition of his claims; but such a course of procedure was altogether foreign to his nature and principles, and rank or power thus attained would have afforded him no gratification. He valued these as the symbols of accorded merit and the opportunity of more useful services. His inclination was to return to the army as a volunteer, and do whatever work came to his hand. It was the natural desire of a professional soldier, unwilling to rust while the others mingled in the fray. On the other hand, he was no mere military adventurer, and there was no call of patriotic duty upon him when there was an excess of soldiers impatient for the same service, and a Government that did not want his sword. His wife, moreover, insisted upon a fulfillment of his promise not to rejoin the army against her consent. Untrammeled, he would probably have followed professional instincts and returned to the field; but the claims of his family upon him were very strong, and he finally determined to yield to the wishes of his wife, abandon the military profession forever, and enter upon the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. This step was not taken without a severe mental struggle; but when once taken, all the force of a resolute will was exerted to vanish vain regrets, and conform his mental habits to the mode of life adopted.

The author takes pleasure, as an act of gratitude and of filial duty, in recording an instance of General Johnston's self-abnegation and generosity. As tenant by the courtesy,

he possessed a life-estate in the property inherited from his first wife by her children. Considering the avails not more than sufficient for their education, maintenance, and start in life, he divested himself of his life-estate, and surrendered it for the benefit of these children.

With the small means now at his command he bought the simple furniture, utensils, and supplies required in the humble home to which he was retiring, and such stock, farm implements, and seed as were absolutely necessary. His housekeeping was in a style as primitive as any of the pioneers. A double log-cabin, covered with clapboards, and fronted with a wide porch, gave a rude shelter; and the pine tables, hickory chairs, and other household effects, might have suited a camp better than a permanent establishment. Such as they were, they sufficed for his wants.

The China Grove plantation, to which he removed, was situated partly in the alluvial bottom-lands of Oyster Creek, a stream nearly parallel with the Brazos River, and partly in the flat and rather sandy prairie that stretched away toward Galveston Bay. Three or four hundred acres, constituting "the plantation" proper, had been cleared of the dense timber and undergrowth of the primeval forest, which still shaded nearly a thousand acres more; while toward the south and east a square league of prairie, waving with the luxuriant grasses of the coastlands, afforded ample pasture for herds of cattle which ranged at will. A belt of thick woods, eight or ten miles wide, almost pathless, filled with all manner of wild beasts and game, thick set with jungle, and concealing miasmatic swamps caused by the annual overflow of the river, reached almost to the doors. A fever-breeding malaria exhaled from these marshes and crept toward the prairie, where it was met by the salt sea breeze, which sweeping steadily across the broad savanna, mastered it with a doubtful victory. The open friend was always gladly welcomed; the secret foe sometimes laid its poisonous fingers on an unsuspecting household.

From the front porch the view extended as far as the eye could reach over a grassy plain, unbroken except by an occasional fringe or *mot* of distant timber. To a lover of Nature in all her moods, like General Johnston, this vast am-

phitheatre was a source of continual pleasure. Everywhere were the evidences of fertility, and Nature offered to the observant eye all the beauty that a level surface, unaided by art, could afford.

In early spring an emerald sward, embroidered with the blue lupin, the crimson phlox, the fragrant and flossy mimosa, and a thousand flowers of varied perfume and hue, invited great herds of deer to browse upon the tender grass, while the long-horned cattle, scarcely less wild, watched with startled eyes the unfrequent traveler. Innumerable flights of wild-fowl circled and settled in the shallow pools left by the winter rains. Cranes, herons, wild-geese, brants, ducks, and sea-birds, gulls, curlews and others, made this their feeding-ground. Summer saw the tall, yellow grass waving like a sea of gold, and the transforming power of a Southern sun and moist atmosphere working the marvels of the mirage. In winter came the long rains driving slant, or the air cleared by the bracing norther, or the midnight sky lit by a distant or nearer circle of flame that marked the movement of the prairie-fire. Over all was solitude with its narrowing, strengthening influences, its lessons of self-reliance and self-denial, and its invitations to self-communion and the study of Nature.

General Johnston's family, when he settled on the China Grove plantation, consisted of his wife and infant son, a negro man and his wife, two negro boys and a girl. Of course he did not expect to be able to work the place with this force, but merely to find shelter and food until he could either sell the land and obtain a less costly home, or secure labor sufficient to work it. He preferred this latter course, by means of which he could easily have extricated himself from debt and derived a handsome revenue. But, although in view of the large immigration of planters to Texas, he had just grounds for believing this plan feasible, he was, from causes not necessary to enter into here, continually disappointed in his hopes. By the application of the rent to repairs he had managed to keep the plantation in tolerable order and cultivation from its purchase until his own arrival there; and now, by his personal supervision and labor, he made it a desirable home.

In this secluded spot he was buried for three years. His

chief business was to make a crop of Indian-corn, for bread for his family and forage for his work-animals; a crop of cotton, for the purchase of supplies; a small crop of sugar cane; and an ample supply of all sorts of vegetables. To these ends he gave a good deal of hard labor in the field and garden, but he did not neglect the simple but delightful recreation of the flower-garden. His house was shaded by a grove of the fragrant "pride of China," and the spacious yard contained towering live-oaks, pecans, and other beautiful native forest-trees. A hedge of Cherokee rose, with its snowy bloom, protected the enclosure; and an ample orchard of figs and peaches furnished its fruits for the table. When General Johnston went there, he was told leeks were the only vegetable that would thrive, but he soon proved that hardly any vegetable known to American gardens would fail under ordinary care. It is true that he was careful, patient, industrious, and skillful in plant-nurture; but all this is necessary to the best success anywhere.

The frequent allusions in his correspondence to his own share in the labor of the plantation sprang from an honest pride in doing well in every part of the work he had undertaken. I remember that some years after, when he had changed his occupation, a wealthy and cultivated friend with whom we were dining very ingenuously maintained the theory that manual labor unfitted a man for the higher reaches of thought and spheres of action. "What you say," replied General Johnston, "seems very plausible, but self-love forbids me to agree with you. I have ploughed, and planted, and gathered the harvest. The spade, the hoe, the plough, and the axe, are familiar to my hands, and that not for recreation, but for bread."

He had but one near neighbor, Colonel Warren D. C. Hall, who, with his wife, rendered General Johnston's family every friendly office that kind hearts could suggest. Colonel Hall was one of Austin's colonists, and prominent in the earlier conflicts of the revolutionary struggle. He was elderly, and had not been fortunate; so that his large estate was laboring under embarrassments, from which I believe it was subsequently relieved. He was a bold, warm-hearted, hospitable planter. He and his wife were childless, but their affections

went out to cheer all about them. As almost the only family that General and Mrs. Johnston saw in their years of plantation-life, this notice seems to me brief; but the record of the amenities that sweeten life are written elsewhere than in printed books.

I trust that some recollections of the earlier part of my father's stay at China Grove will not be considered an obtrusive introduction of my own personality into this memoir. But as his treatment of me illustrates not only many of his views but some of his characteristics, what might otherwise seem an unnecessary self-display will, I hope, be pardoned. Soon after establishing himself on the plantation, my father sent for me to visit him, and I spent about three months from New Year's (1847) there. It is proper to say that he had always treated me with a confidence and consideration proportioned not at all to my merits, nor probably even to his conception of them, but to the ideal which he set before me as worthy of imitation. His rule with children was to give them a character, that they would try to live up to it. He was an indulgent husband, father, and master. He viewed the conduct of others with charitable eye, and made their opportunities the measure of their responsibilities. While he did not expect in slaves the virtues of freemen, he incited them to well-doing by kindness, and tried hard to raise their moral tone by a ready recognition of their good traits. Few people wished or attempted to resist his authority. He had the gift of command. Though his sway was gentle, I, at least, felt that its constraint was absolute. He was no believer in the rod, or in any form of terror, which he said made cowards and liars. His appeal was always to the reason and moral nature, and was made with irresistible force and persuasiveness. His children were his companions and friends, and this without sacrifice of his dignity or of their filial relation. The sympathy was very deep and tender; but it was accompanied by a sense of grateful obligation and the perception that they had been lifted to his moral plane, from which an unworthy act would hopelessly banish them.

MACBETH

Extracts from 'The Prototype of Hamlet," an Address delivered at Tulane University.

WHETHER Macbeth is the greatest of Shakespeare's plays or not, I think there can be no doubt that it is his greatest poem. This is the more remarkable as it is probable from internal evidences that it never received the finishing touches so necessary for the perfection of a work of art, but stands like some colossal statue—the dream of a seer—the stupendous outline of a great soul-study, conceived in its entirety in the mind of the artist. We discover gaps in the plot, confusion in the metaphor, details half completed, and a lack of those final thoughts which, like sweetest roses before a killing frost, blossomed forth in his last version of "Hamlet." But this very incompleteness compels us, as it were, to enter the charmed circle of the poet's imaginings, view the author's mind in the processes of creation, and share with him in the solemn mystery of the production of this grand drama.

It may be, as Swinburne suggests, "that the sole text we possess of Macbeth has not been interpolated, but mutilated." He describes it as "piteously rent and ragged and clipped and garbled in some of its earlier scenes: the rough construction and the poltfoot metre, lame sense and limping verse, each maimed and mangled subject of players' and printers' most treasonable tyranny contending as it were to seem harsher than the other." Yet, along with the wise and deep-seeing authors before cited, this most musical of critics tells us: "But if Othello be the most pathetic, King Lear the most terrible, Hamlet the subtlest and deepest work of Shakespeare, the highest in abrupt and steep simplicity of epic tragedy is Macbeth."

In the spirit of this suggestion I am prepared to admit that Macbeth *may be* (for I dread dogmatism) rather the torso of some masterpiece of our dramatic Phidias than the uncompleted ideal of his tragic muse. But dropping the metaphor, the greatness of the events, the rapidity of the action, the compression of the thought, the fervor of the diction, and the simplicity and directness of the moral movement, render

it a noble example of tragic art. Macbeth is not only, as Hallam called it, the great epic drama, but also the great heroic drama. The action is shrouded in mysterious gloom, or lurid with an unholy supernatural light; the persons of the drama move in shadow, vast, sombre, and majestic, like beings of some older and larger creation. As in the "Iliad," Achilles, Ulysses, and Agamemnon deal with the Immortals, give the sword-thrust or receive the wound, so when Banquo and stout Macduff, the saintly Duncan and bloody Macbeth, enter the field of vision, the meaner race of mortals vanishes from sight. Hence the artistic effects of this play are not produced by nice gradations of shade, but by strong contrasts of color in scene, incidents, circumstance, and character. The elements are in tumult; and the landscape, black beneath the lowering storm-cloud, is, nevertheless, belted with peaceful bands of sunshine. Fell murder and dire cruelty work out their purposes on innocence and loyalty, and final retribution is met "dareful, beard to beard" by defiant remorse. Macbeth, is indeed, a tremendous epic in dramatic form—an epic in the rush and swirl of its objective action, but a very pæan of subjective evolution struck from the fervid lyre of a heart white hot. But implicit within the folds of its royal drapery of poetry, indeed, at the very heart of its ancient legend, couches one of the problems of destiny—a mystery of the human soul—which we would do well to pluck forth, and lay bare to the scrutiny of our intelligence.

I have not selected this tragedy because its problem is the most difficult to solve, for, on the contrary, it is the most obvious; but it is one of the grandest and most pathetic. It is the old story of temptation, crime, and retributive justice. Hamlet and Macbeth were finished almost about the same time; Hamlet, as an idea which had grown through a series of years and been worked out to its consummation; and Macbeth, probably suggested by it, hurled from the crater of the author's imagination into the empyrean. Together they constitute the obverse and reverse of the heaven-stamped medal we call the human will. They are psychological complements of each other. In Hamlet the renunciation of the human will is balanced by the despotism of will in Macbeth. In Hamlet, "the courtier, soldier, scholar, the expectancy and

rose of the fair state," is "quite, quite down"—and why? Because, a morbid conscience and irresolute heart keep his subtle intellect in play, until the moment for action has passed, and his vacillation overwhelms with ruin all his house. But the Thane of Glamis, audacious, merciless and prompt, closes with his opportunity, and on the instant puts his soul past surgery. All must bend or break before the energy of his tremendous will and his lawless lust of dominion. But Nemesis follows him too, and his crime works out its inevitable penalty.

* * * * * *

The felicity of Shakespeare's genius shows itself in the selection of the time and place and plot of this tragedy. Surely, these are not accidents. The venue is laid in the borderland of fact and fable. Macbeth was a contemporary of that Edward the Confessor whose reign lingered for generations in the fancy of Saxon England as a golden age. It was to Shakespeare a heroic age; and the figures and events of his creation loom up loftily through twilight and mist, too large and vague, perhaps, did not human passions so sharply define them.

But the place as well as the time of the drama evoke a vivid interest. Scotland, though neighboring, was yet almost unknown to Englishmen of that day, and a series of tragic events and the calamities of kings had just linked its history with that of England. James I had but just come to the throne; and to Southern eyes Scotland lay like a mountain lake, half robed in romance and half veiled in mystery. Under the enchanter's wand, this gloomy background faded into a land of shadows, the curtain of the unseen world was lifted, and the powers of the air mingled with human actors as persons of the drama.

The staple of the story, too, is not without strong parallelisms to events which had recently greatly excited the public mind. Earl Gowrie's conspiracy, aimed at the life of James I, was still fresh in the memories of men. The plots known as "the Main" and "the Bye," for the murder of the King and the enthronement of his cousin, Arabella Stuart, had lately occurred; and the trials of Sir Walter Raleigh and others had awakened the liveliest interest touching regicide and the breach

of a clear title to the crown. If, as best conjectured, this play was completed early in 1606, then it came just on the heel of the Gunpowder Plot, which had been fixed for November 5, 1605; and the trials of the wretched fanatics who had compassed the destruction of King and Parliament had made the popular mind familiar with projects of slaughter and the casuistry of assassination. Shakespeare's treatment of his theme commended itself not only to the Prince, but to the people; and while he adapted it to the spirit of the age, and even to the passing mood of the public, he evinced his transcendent genius by producing a poem of perennial interest, the spectacle of a titanic nature utterly cast down and ruined in its great spiritual struggle. Neither in prologue, nor in epilogue, nor in the mouth of any interlocutor, does the author announce the moral of the play. Yet he who runs may read. It is the contest for the soul of a man. The powers of darkness wrestle with and vanquish him.

We can properly understand this tragedy only by first understanding its supernaturalism. To do this aright we must look at it from the author's standpoint. There is scarcely any subject in literature more fascinating than the study of post-mediæval supernaturalism as embodied in the plays of Shakespeare. This is an age and country of a skepticism so general and pervading that we find it hard to conceive of the immense mass of superstition which overlaid the Christianity of the Middle Ages. Folk-lore, the hierarchy of angels and demons, the realm of faery, the habits and manners of ghosts; witchcraft, with its laws, customs, cultus, and criminal practices; auguries, oracles, sorcery, and other manifestations of occult power; spells, talismans, elixirs, and alchemy conjuring with the unknown and unsubdued forces of nature; astrology and the influence of the stars; the meaning of dreams and visions; in a word the whole world of the unreal had been systematized into a complete code and body of supernatural mythology, believed alike by peasant and prince, by learned and unlearned, and by all classes of the community. Relics of this remain imbedded in our earlier literature, like flies in amber; and other relics still yet crop out in the fancies, the follies, and the crimes of the present generation. This vast machinery of mythology, which then represented to

the popular mind the secondary causes through which God governs his universe, seems to us but the kaleidoscopic phases of a disordered dream, a mirage, "an unsubstantial pageant." But to our ancestors it was as real and solid as the rock-ribbed earth.

In Shakespeare's day, the British people was in the prime of national manhood. The light was breaking, and the emancipated human intellect was waking from the dreams of a thousand years. The prophetic soul of Shakespeare accepted the popular beliefs as modes of expression, and employed them as symbols for the unseen forces of nature and spirit, in which dwell activities more potent than even superstition could conjure up. And it was through this high poetic and philosophic power, this eminent gift of imagination and understanding working together, that he produced the terrible and highly idealized conception of supernatural agency embodied in the Weird Sisters. These and Banquo's ghost, the apparitions, the omens, the air-drawn dagger, the mysterious voice, are but the signs and formulas through which he represents the problem of evil, with which Macbeth grapples, and which he solves to his own temporal and eternal ruin.

A canon of Shakespearian criticism, somewhat fanciful perhaps, has been advanced, that the first scene, or even the first words, of a play, will often strike the keynote of the entire action. In Macbeth, certainly, they have a curious significance. The enchanter waves his wand, and the tragedy begins. Where? "In a desert place," or "open place," as some will have it; "with thunder and lightning." Is it on land or sea, or do the witches "hover through the fog and filthy air?" Whether we picture it as a barren heath, or above the ferment of the deep, we know that "the secret, black, and midnight hags" are gathered on the confines of hell, with the gates ajar. Amid the tumult of the elements, and the mutterings of familiar spirits, the ominous question is shrieked forth,

When shall we three meet again?

This is answered by these "juggling fiends," when they next appear as tempters of Macbeth. The fine lyrical move-

ment of the scene reaches its highest pitch in the diabolic suggestions of the chorus:

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

This phrase symbolizes the reversal of the divine order of nature, the love of evil for its own sake, the unforgivable sin. That this is not a mere conceit is evinced by the very first words that Macbeth utters:

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

This is the human response to the infernal suggestion, and points to the moral confusion which infects the fairest state of man. This cannot be accidental. It is but one instance among many in Shakespeare where the echo of the mysterious footfall of the future is heard by an inner sense, and the word of unconscious prophecy is uttered. By this I do not mean that those omens and prodigies cited after Duncan's death, nor the predictions of the witches, but something subtler, akin to the derided and dreaded presentiment of evil.

* * * * * *

At the point of Duncan's doom, Macbeth trembled, and his wife chided him as "infirm of purpose." But his man's nature was made of the sterner stuff. As he stepped from crime to crime, what with the swing of his sceptre and his angry work of repression, he became "bloody, bold, and resolute." Baffled by juggling friends, betrayed by courtiers, and bereft of wife, his heart did not break, nor his brain become frenzied. He opposed himself like a Titan, to the vengeance of heaven and the dread of hell—fear of man he never knew. The props of infernal prophecy sank under him, and yet he would not fly. Then, "championed to the utterance with fate," at the last he falls like a soldier, sword in hand, unrepenting and defiant.

The poetic justice which assigns awakened sensibility as a necessary part of the penalty of sin is incorrect. Macbeth displays a more usual form of punishment. A gradual hardening of the heart, a constant moral descent, with neither ability nor wish to recall the lost innocence, and an increasing catalogue of crimes ensue, until the whip of scorpions and the

avenging Furies are needed to shake his obdurate soul. In him we learn that there is no disconnected sin, but that offences are the links in an endless chain, harnessing cause to remotest consequence, and dragging the guilt-burthened soul downward forever. We saw him at first, with "love, honor, obedience, troops of friends." And now, in their stead,

> Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
> Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

It is thus that Satan fulfills his promises. Even in the moment of fruition, when success seemed to have justified his usurpation, he received a bitter foretaste of his awful future. Shakespeare does not palter with this aspect of crime. He fills the meed of temporal prosperity for the murderer, crowns him, surrounds his throne with obsequious courtiers, crushes his enemies, and gives him all—

> Thou hast it now; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
> As the weird women promised.

But he does not give him one happy moment. Lady Macbeth says to him:

> How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
> Of sorriest fancies your companions making?

He bewails that they must

> Sleep
> In the affliction of the terrible dreams
> That shake us nightly; better be with the dead,
> Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace.

The moral isolation of Macbeth and his wife is marked from the moment of his crime. The fissure gradually widens until it becomes an abyss of distrust, hatred—and revolt. The thanes fall away, the soldiers blench—

> And none serve with him but constrained things,
> Whose hearts are absent too.

This moral isolation—this segregation from human sympathy—ends in the alienation of the guilty pair; and their mutual affection, once so tender, closes in cold disregard. Sel-

fishness is the essence of sin, and in absolute selfishness it finds its consummation.

Macbeth is a tragedy indeed. It is the spectacle of a human soul, which, under no despotism of destiny, but in the exercise of a lawless will, accepts the bribe of the tempter, and thus makes a destiny for itself—the destiny of perdition. We see a man of might, with his feet planted on a rock. To win a gilded bauble he plunges into the sea. He is a strong swimmer in the arms of the whirlpool; but they are arms which will not give up their prey. The lesson of Macbeth is a sad and solemn one. It bids us look into the abysses of our own souls, lest therein may lurk some motive to tempt us to our doom. And it teaches this lesson by exhibiting a human soul —a grand, heroic soul—tempted, struggling, betrayed, lost.

In the words of the Preacher, the son of David, King in Jerusalem: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

CREATION

Extract from "Evolution and Creation," in 'My Garden Walk.'

In the beginning was the Word;
It breathed its fiat, Chaos stirred;
Obedient to the First Great Cause,
It moved according to His laws,
And order reigned, design prevailed,
Nature was born, and life unveiled.
Whether our minds can grasp this plan,
Or trace the origin of man,
Why agonizing reel in doubt?
Why gibe and jeer and mock and flout
At those self-centred truths which stand
Like beacons on a desert strand?
On each soul's consciousness they rest,
Self-evidential, and impressed
With that sharp signet, on whose face,
Deep-graved, "Necessity," we trace.

We know that like a prisoner pale,
Who from the windows of his jail
Can catch but glimpses of that world
Whose constellations are unfurled
To happier eyes which freely gaze
On all the stars in midnight's maze,
The spirit fettered here to earth
By flesh and time and space, the worth
Of realms beyond its ken can guess
Only in purblind feebleness;
But still its ample pinions feel
The power to rise and soar and wheel
And revel where the bow is bent
Which spans with hope the firmament.
Why seek our Maker in the dust,
Rather than rest in solemn trust
On that great arm able to clasp
The universe within its grasp,
And hold the balance firm and sure
While time and space and worlds endure?
What does it matter whether man
Six thousand years ago began,
Or through a myriad centuries grew,
Becoming wiser and more true?
Go, boasting skeptic, forge the links
'Twixt dust and that which knows it thinks;
Teach science to span the abyss that gapes
'Twixt man and all the race of apes;
Tell why this self-sufficing force,
Which once gave life in nature's course,
No more informs the insensate clod,
And blindly does the work of God;
Else cease thy clamorous, strident claim
That science walks thus blind and lame,
Making hypothesis the base
For all the history of our race.
Through nature's realm law reigns supreme;
Its Giver is no dotard's dream;
The universe, built with design,
Is proof of power and will divine;

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And in creation, be the cause
His first or secondary laws,
By countless links this endless chain
Leads back at last to God again.

REV. B. M. PALMER, D. D

From 'Seekers after God.'

For fourscore years he trod this mortal earth,
Unsoiled by touch with all its devious ways;
So good men loved his genius and his worth
And freely gave him honest meed of praise;
And thus he rounded out his length of days
In usefulness and honor. So he became
The guide of souls lost in life's tangled maze;
But still his work was in his Master's name,
Willing to bear for Him the cross of shame.
With potent teaching his winged words went wide,
Searching the hearts of men as with a flame;
And as he told how Jesus lived and died,
On seraph's pinions his rapt spirit soared
And o'er the world its holy influence poured.

THE LADDER

From 'Pictures of the Patriarchs.'

Work plows the furrow, sows the seed,
And garners every golden deed,
Whose plenteous store and priceless worth
Spread peace and kindness through the earth.

Patience, long-suffering, will abide
In hope though angry fate may chide;
What ills its medicine may not cure,
It bids thee bear; wait and endure.

Love paints the lily, gilds the gold,
Relights the eye that waxeth old,
Gives earth its charm, gives heaven its bliss,
Forecasts a better world in this.

Faith is the light and prayer the eye
That to our vision ope the sky;
With prayer and patience, work and love,
We climb, we soar, we live above.

To work, to wait, to love, to pray;
If thus my life might wear away,
Not fortune's smile, nor fortune's frown,
Would lift me up, could cast me down.

LA GITANA

From 'My Garden Walk.'

As the tall lily, bending before the light breeze,
Lends her lips to his kisses with playful devotion,
Or the Niobe-willow, the saddest of trees,
Waves its silver-lined foliage with tremulous motion,
So sways La Gitana, Gitana, Gitana,
So waves La Gitana her light tambourine.

As bright cloudlets at sunset, all purple and gold,
Slowly soar in the amethyst liquid and tender,
Or the butterfly, flitting o'er woodland and wold,
Stoops to kiss for a moment the dahlia's proud splendor,
So glides La Gitana, Gitana, Gitana,
So bends La Gitana, with light tambourine.

As the mystic cicala repeats his shrill notes,
Or the mocking-bird woos, his serenade singing,
Or the lark, who at dawn in the midheaven floats,
O'er meadow and upland sends his clear carols ringing,
So trills La Gitana, Gitana, Gitana,
So sings La Gitana, with light tambourine.

CHARLES COLCOCK JONES, JR.

[1831—1893]

WILLIAM H. FLEMING

CHARLES COLCOCK JONES, JR., was highly representative of the finest type of our Southern civilization. Indeed, he was a natural product, physically, mentally, and morally, of the best lineage and the most favorable environments of that ante-bellum period of the South. Inheriting the blood of distinguished ancestors—the Pinckneys, Haynes, Swintons, and Legarés, who for generations had been prominent in the history of South Carolina—he was born October 28, 1831, in Savannah, Georgia, and spent his early youth on his father's plantation in Liberty County, a community noted for its culture and refinement. Here he engaged in the invigorating sports of hunting, fishing, and riding, which helped to give him the splendid physical development that contributed so much to his personal dignity and manly beauty—for in any assemblage his tall, well-proportioned figure, his shapely head, and finely chiseled features commanded instant attention, while he charmed all who met him with the courtly manners of a Chesterfield.

Here, too, under the guidance of his father, Rev. Charles C. Jones, D.D., a prominent Presbyterian minister, his mental faculties were carefully cultivated, and, after spending a few years at the South Carolina College at Columbia, he was sent to Princeton, New Jersey, then the most favored institution of learning among ambitious young Southerners, especially those of Presbyterian extraction. After graduating from Princeton in 1852, he entered the law school at Harvard University, received his degree in 1855, and was promptly admitted to the Bar for the practice of his chosen profession in Savannah, Georgia.

In 1860, he was, without solicitation on his part, elected Mayor of Savannah, but in the fall of the following year he resigned that civic office to take a more active part in military operations in the field as senior First Lieutenant of the Chatham Artillery. On October 7, 1862, he received a commission, first as Major, and then as Lieutenant-colonel of Artillery, in the regular Confederate Army, his command embracing Georgia, Florida, and the Third Military District of South Carolina.

In recognition of his ability, he was soon tendered a commission

as Brigadier-general of Infantry, but this honor he declined on account of his devoted preference for the artillery. This arm of the service had such a fascination for him that, subsequent to the war, after residing for twelve years in New York and Brooklyn, upon returning South and purchasing his new home, "Montrose," in the village of Summerville, near Augusta, Georgia, he produced a striking artistic effect by placing a mounted "Revolutionary cannon in the spacious grounds in front of the mansion—itself a structure of perfect architectural design. In the mouth of this engine of war, the birds in peace now build their nests, while the delicate tendrils of a jessamine vine have locked the stout wheels that once bore the cannon into action."

Colonel Jones was married November 9, 1858, to Miss Ruth Berrien Whitehead, of Burke County, Georgia, and this union was blessed with two children, Julia, who died in infancy, and Ruth Berrien, now the wife of Rev. S. B. Carpenter, rector of the Church of Atonement in Augusta. His first wife having died, he was married October 28, 1863, to Miss Eva Berrien Eve, of Augusta, Georgia, who bore him one child, Charles Edgeworth Jones, who has inherited much of his father's fondness and talent for historical research.

Though Colonel Jones was educated for the law, and was thoroughly equipped for the successful practice of his profession, in which he attained in his earlier years marked eminence, his natural bent of mind inclined him more toward historical research and the alluring paths of literature.

He gave much time to the study of the early Indians of the South, and accumulated some thirty thousand specimens of relics illustrating their customs and occupations. His work entitled 'Antiquities of the Southern Indians' (1873) showed painstaking research and scientific treatment, and at once introduced him to the scholars and scientists of the Old World as an archæologist of high authority.

Among his other interesting historical collections may be mentioned his series of autograph letters and portraits of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence; of Presidents of the Continental Congress; of Presidents and Vice-presidents of the United States; of Members of the Continental Congress; of the Chief Justices and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Attorney-generals of the United States; of the Delegates to the Constitutional Convention of 1787; and of the Signers of the Confederate Constitution.

His most important production was his 'History of Georgia,' (1883) in two volumes, covering the aboriginal, the colonial, and

the revolutionary epochs. The learning displayed in this work, as well as its elevated tone, its classic diction, and its striking style, won for its author, from no less an authority than the historian Bancroft, the title of "the Macaulay of the South."

Colonel Jones was not only a learned scholar and polished writer, but he was also an accomplished orator. His abilities in this respect were exemplified on many notable occasions, especially after his return to Georgia, in 1877, where he soon became the leading spirit in the Confederate Survivors' Association at Augusta—proclaiming always the righteousness of the Lost Cause, and extolling the valor and virtues of those who gave their lives in its defence.

Surrounded by his kindred and friends, he was loved and honored to the day of his death, July 19, 1893; and his body, wrapped in the flag of the Confederacy, was given by his surviving comrades a soldier's burial.

His capacity for work was marvelous. Aside from his achievements as a soldier and a lawyer, he left behind him eighty permanent publications, of which fourteen are books, eight are pamphlets, thirty are addresses, five are works edited and translated, and twenty-three are magazine articles, the most important of which are more particularly enumerated in the appended Bibliography.

In 1879 he visited England, Scotland, and the Continent, and has left a valuable journal of his travels, consisting of thirteen hundred manuscript pages.

The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of the City of New York in 1880, and also by Emory College, Georgia, in 1882. The wide recognition of his scholarly attainments is further evidenced by his membership in many learned societies, among the more prominent of which may be mentioned the following: Georgia Historical Society; New York Historical Society; American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Massachusetts; Long Island Historical Society; State Historical Society of Wisconsin; Rhode Island Historical Society; Virginia Historical Society; Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord, Copenhagen, Denmark; Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia; Maine Historical Society; Royale Società Didascalica Italiana, Rome, Italy; Mississippi Historical Society.

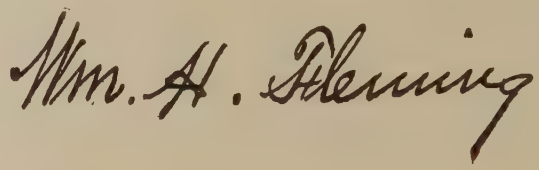
Dante, in grateful recognition of his indebtedness to Virgil, sang:

> "Thou, he, from whom alone I derive
> That style, which, for its beauty, into fame
> Exalts me."

The subject of this sketch has left no acknowledgment of his obligation to any particular "teacher" or "guide"; but a perusal

of the accompanying extracts from his writings will convince the reader that his style was modeled after the classical authors, which fact accounts, no doubt, for the frequent occurrence of inverted forms and involved sentences that might have overburdened thoughts less vigorous than his own. His companionship with the Greek and Latin historians, poets, and orators was so intimate that he glided imperceptibly into their way of thinking—and, after all, what is style, in writing or speaking, but the expresson of the manner in which the mind thinks?

He fills a unique and conspicuous place in Southern literature.



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JAMES OGLETHORPE

From 'History of Georgia.'

At his own request, Oglethorpe was selected to accompany the colonists and establish them in Georgia. He volunteered to bear his own expenses, and to devote his entire time and attention to the consummation of the enterprise. Himself the originator and the most zealous advocate of the scheme, this offer on his part placed the seal of consecration upon his self-denial, patriotism, and enlarged philanthropy. Most fortunate were the trustees in having such a representative. To no one could the power to exercise the functions of a colonial governor have been more appropriately confided. Attentive to the voice of suffering, and ready to lend a helping hand whenever the weak and oppressed required the aid of the more powerful and noble-minded for the redress of wrongs and the alleviation of present ills, "in the prime of life, very handsome, tall, manly, dignified, but not austere, the *beau ideal* of an English gentleman, and blessed with ample means for the gratification of every reasonable desire; possessing a liberal education, a fearless soul, a determined will, a tireless energy, a practical knowledge of military affairs and the management of expeditions, and an experience of men and climes and matters which only years of careful observation, intelligent travel,

and thoughtful study could supply, there was that about his person, character, attainments, and abilities which inspired confidence, and rendered Mr. Oglethorpe, beyond dispute, the man of his age and people best qualified to inaugurate and conduct to a successful issue an enterprise so entirely in unison with his own philanthropic sentiments and so important to the interests of both England and America. . . .

Promoted to a major-generalcy, and then to a lieutenant-generalcy, and finally commissioned as general in the British army, retaining his seat in Parliament until 1754, recognized as Governor of the colony of Georgia until the surrender of the charter of the province by the trustees in 1752, and always manifesting the liveliest interest in the welfare of that plantation, the companion and friend of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Miss Hannah More, Boswell, Horace Walpole, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Garrick, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Carter and of many others scarcely less distinguished for their social and intellectual qualities, the patron of learning, the soul of honor, the embodiment of loyalty and valor, and the model of manly grace and courtesy, he died on the 1st of July, 1785, full of years, and crowned with universal respect. The morning of his life had been stormy, the noon tempestuous, but the evening of his days was full of happiness and tranquillity.

"I have got a new admirer," writes Miss Hannah More from Mrs. Garrick's house in the Adelphi, "and we flirt together prodigiously; it is the famous General Oglethorpe, perhaps the most remarkable man of his time. He was foster-brother to the Pretender, and is much above ninety years old; the finest figure of a man you ever saw. He perfectly realizes all my ideas of Nestor. His literature is great, his knowledge of the world extensive, and his faculties as bright as ever. He is one of the three persons still living who were mentioned by Pope; Lord Mansfield and Lord Marchmont are the other two. He was the intimate friend of Southern, the tragic poet, and all the wits of his time. He is perhaps the oldest man of his generation living. I went to see him the other day, and he would have entertained me by repeating passages from Sir Eldred. He is quite a *preux chevalier,* heroic, romantic, and full of the old gallantry." Dr. Johnson wished

to write his life, and Edmund Burke regarded him as the most extraordinary person of whom he had ever read, because he had founded a province, and lived to see it severed from the empire which created it, and erected into an independent state. A short time before his death, he paid his respects to Mr. John Adams, who had arrived in London as the first minister plenipotentiary of the United States of America near the Court of St. James. There was something peculiarly interesting in this interview. He who had planted Georgia, and nurtured it in its earliest stages of its dependent condition as a colony, held converse with him who had come to a royal court as the representative of its separate national existence.

His body reposes within Cranham church, and a memorial tablet there proclaims his excellences; but here the Savannah repeats to the Alatamaha the story of his virtues and of his valor, and the Atlantic publishes to the mountains the greatness of his fame, for all Georgia is his living, speaking monument.

STIRRING SCENES OF THE REVOLUTION

From 'History of Georgia.'

FORWARDED by day and by night came the news of the affairs at Lexington and Concord. It reached Savannah on the evening of the 10th of May, and created the profoundest excitement. Gage's order, promulgated by the haughty lips of Major Pitcairn on that epochal day—"Disperse, ye Villains: ye Rebels disperse;"—was answered with defiant shouts from the granite hills of New England to the echoing savannahs of the south. The blood of yeoman shed on Lexington green, cemented the union of the colonies. The thunders of the 19th of April awoke the Georgia parishes from their lethargy and turned the popular tide in favor of resistance to parliamentary rule.

The magazine at the eastern extremity of Savannah, built of brick and sunk some twelve feet under ground, contained a considerable supply of ammunition. So substantial was

this structure, that Governor Wright deemed it useless to post a guard for its protection. The excited Revolutionists all over the land cried aloud for powder. Impressed with the necessity of securing the contents of this magazine for future operations, quietly assembling and hastily arranging a plan of operations, Dr. Noble W. Jones, Joseph Habersham, Edward Telfair, William Gibbons, Joseph Clay, John Milledge and some other gentlemen, most of them members of the council of safety, and all zealous in the cause of American liberty, at a late hour on the night of the 11th of May, 1775, broke open the magazine, and removed therefrom about six hundred pounds of gunpowder. A portion was sent to Beaufort, South Carolina, for safe keeping, and the rest was concealed in the garrets and cellars of the houses of the captors. Upon ascertaining the robbery, Governor Wright immediately issued a proclamation offering a reward of £150 sterling for the apprehension of the offenders. It elicited no information on the subject, although the actors in the matter are said to have been well known in the community. The popular heart was too deeply stirred, and the "Sons of Liberty" were too potent to tolerate any hindrance or annoyance at the hands of Royalist informers. The tradition lives, and is generally credited that some of the powder thus obtained was forwarded to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was actually expended by the patriots in the memorable battle of Bunker Hill. We know that the liberty-loving citizens of Savannah, on the 1st day of June, 1775, deeply moved by the distresses which the Bostonians were experiencing from the enforcement of the "late acts of a cruel and vindictive Ministry," and ardently desiring that the noble stand they had taken in the defense of those rights to which as men and British subjects they were entitled might be crowned with success, transmitted by the *Juliana,* Captain Stringham, and under the special conduct of John Eaton LeConte, Esq., sixty-three barrels of rice, and one hundred and twenty-two pounds sterling in specie for the relief of such as had recently left the town of Boston. It is not improbable that the powder in question may have been forwarded in some such way at an earlier day.

It has been the custom in the province to celebrate with

festivities and military salutes the king's birthday, which occurred on the 4th of June. Notwithstanding the unsettled condition of affairs, Governor Wright was loath to omit the usual formalities. He accordingly on the 1st of June issued orders for suitable preparations in anticipation of the event. On the night of the 2nd, a number of the inhabitants of Savannah came together, and having spiked all the cannon on the bay, dismounted and rolled them to the bottom of the bluff. Such was the pointed insult offered to the memory of his majesty. It was with great difficulty that some of these disabled guns could be drilled and restored to their positions in battery in time to participate in the loyal ceremonies of the 4th, which as that day chanced to fall on Sunday, were observed on Monday following.

The first liberty pole erected in Georgia was elevated in Savannah on the 5th of June, 1775. The Royalists were then celebrating the king's birthday. The "Liberty Boys," in testimony of their desire for a reconciliation with the mother country on the basis of a recognition of constitutional principles and colonial privileges, at the feast which they prepared, drank as the first regular toast THE KING. The second was AMERICAN LIBERTY.

Within a week afterwards thirty-four leading friends to the union of the colonies convened in Savannah and adopted a series of spirited resolutions recommending an early association of Georgia with her sister colonies and suggesting an equitable adjustment of the unhappy differences existing between Great Britain and America.

On the 21st of June was published a call signed by Noble W. Jones, Archibald Bulloch, John Houstoun, and George Walton, requesting the inhabitants of the town and district of Savannah to meet at the liberty pole on the following day at ten o'clock in the forenoon for the purpose of selecting a committee to bring about a union of Georgia with the other colonies in the cause of freedom. The alarming situation of the affairs in America, and particularly in this province, was urged as a reason for punctual and general attendance.

At the appointed place and designated hour many were present. A council of safety, consisting of William Ewen,

president, William LeConte, Joseph Clay, Basil Cooper, Samuel Elbert, William Young, Elisha Butler, Edward Telfair, John Glenn, George Houstoun, George Walton, Joseph Habersham, Francis H. Harris, John Smith, and John Morel, members, and Seth John Cuthbert, Secretary, was nominated with instructions to maintain an active correspondence with the Continental Congress, with the councils of safety in other provinces, and with the committees appointed in the other parishes in Georgia. This business concluded, a number of gentlemen dined at Tondee's tavern. The union flag was hoisted upon the liberty pole, and two field pieces were posted at its foot. Thirteen patriotic toasts were drunk, each being responded to by a salute from the cannon and by martial music.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER

From "Oration at the Unveiling of the Confederate Monument," Augusta, Georgia, October 31, 1878.

And now above Brigadier-general, and Major-general, and Lieutenant-general, and full General, yea, upon the very summit of this imposing cenotaph, see the manly form of the PRIVATE SOLDIER of the Confederate army; the eloquent embodyment of the spirit and prowess alike of this County and State, and all the sleeping hosts who, in our crusade for freedom, gave their lives to country, and a record to history than which none more conspicuous dignifies the annals of civilized warfare. In this attitude of PARADE REST, in this elevation far above the hum of every day life and the busy cares of mortals, we recognize the *palin-genesis* from a vale of smoke and sacrifice and blood and death, to the abode of peace and eternal repose.

With a pathos entirely its own does this statue appeal to our hearts and rivet our attention, for who is there in this vast concourse who does not recognize some father, son, husband, brother, friend, who fresh-lipped and full of ardor, left us when the trumpet summoned patriots to the field, and came not home again when in the end the martial gray was exchanged for the habiliments of mourning, and the Stars and

Bars, borne aloft so long and so well, went down in the dust and carnage of the strife; went down,

> * * for the hands that grasped it,
> And the hearts that fondly clasped it
> Cold and dead are lying low;
> And that Banner it is trailing,
> While around it sounds the wailing
> Of its people in their woe;
> For, though conquered, they adore it,
> Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
> Weep for those who fell before it.

In the grand procession made by the Athenians in honor of their soldiers killed in action, was borne a sumptuous bier, quite empty, in remembrance of those whose bodies could not be found or identified among the slain. To-day we exalt this characteristic eidolon in perpetual recollection of the non-commissioned officers and privates, known and unknown, recorded and unrecorded, recovered or lost, who fell in the Confederate ranks. . . .

It is deservedly our boast that no mercenary element, no adventitious aids, entered into the composition of our armies. They were drawn from the bosom of the Confederacy, and were the aggregation of the manhood, the intelligence, and the noblest passions of our land. Animated by impulses and aims unusual in the history even of defensive wars, our soldiers possessed an appreciation of the issues involved, and acknowledged a moral and personal accountability in the conduct of the contest, which rendered their acts and utterances remarkable under all circumstances. They were in very deed the representatives of the rights, the property, the intellectual and social worth, the resolution and the honor of the Confederacy. "Wonderful men! What age or country has produced their equals?" No marvel that we had great leaders. They are begotten of worthy subalterns, and are made illustrious by the achievements of those whom they command. While it is true that the discipline and efficiency of an army are in large measure due to the ability of the chief, it is equally beyond dispute that in the last analysis we must rely upon the individual manhood, the clear apprehension, the indomi-

table will, the personal pride, and the inherent bravery of the troops for the highest exhibitions of heroic action and patient endurance.

"I am commissioned by the President to thank you in the name of the Confederate states, for the undying fame you have won for their arms." Thus did General Lee, by published order, acknowledge the general obligation. Earth from her present and past can furnish no higher illustrations of fortitude, no loftier examples of self-denial, no surer proofs of patriotic devotion than were exhibited in the lives, acts, and deaths of the private soldiers of the Confederate revolution.

Meet it is that their virtues and the honors they have won should here find,

> A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
> And rasure of oblivion.

Deeply graven on this enduring monument, open to the light of Heaven, and to be known and read of all men, we record this sentiment in honor of our Confederate dead: "Worthy to have lived and known our gratitude; worthy to be hallowed and held in tender remembrance; worthy the fadeless fame which Confederate soldiers won who gave themselves in life and death for us, for the honor of Georgia, for the rights of the States, for the liberties of the people, for the sentiments of the South, for the principles of the Union, as these were handed down to them by the fathers of our common country."

While the names of chief captains survive and are preserved on the lists of fame, scant is the memory of those who bore their banners, and, by their toil and blood purchased the victories which made their commanders immortal.

History furnishes numerous instances in proof of this assertion, and the record of our Confederate war offers no exception.

Miltiades, Aristides, and the war-ruler Callimachus are remembered as the heroes of that decisive engagement which broke the spell of Persian invincibility, preserved for mankind the intellectual treasures of Athens, and paved the way for the liberal enlightenment of the Western world. The ten

columns erected on the plain of Marathon, whereon were engraven the names of those whose glory it was to have fallen in the great Battle of Liberation, have long since perished. Their inscriptions are dust, and nothing now, save a rude earth mound marks the spot where the noblest heroes of antiquity—the Marathonomakoi—repose.

For more than twenty centuries have the victories of Alexander the Great astounded the world. Will the student of history recall the name of a single private in the celebrated Macedonian Phalanx? And yet, it was by the indomitable valor, the unswerving discipline, and the heroic endurance of the veterans who composed it, that the fiery conqueror established his universal empire.

To Livius and Nero—the heroes of the Metaurus—public triumphs were decreed by the Roman senate; but where is the roster of the brave men who achieved the victory?

Armenius has been well-nigh deified, but who has erected statues to the lion-hearted Germans who overcame the Legions under Varrus?

Priscus has left us a portrait of the Royal Hun, but tradition preserves no muster roll of his followers, who upon the ample plains of Chalons, met and overcame the Confederate armies of the Romans and Visigoths?

Who was that Saxon wrestler, with his heavy hatchet, in the battle of Hastings, doing great mischief to the Normans, and well nigh striking off the head of Duke William himself? Men of Kent and Essex, who fought so wondrous well, where are your graves? Best friends of the brave Harold, who rallied longest around the golden standard and plied so valiantly the ghastly blow in defence of home and patriot King, have your names been forgotten by the Muse of history?

Admiral Buchanan we remember and revere, but who will name the crew of the *Virginia*—that iron diadem of the South, whose thunders in Hampton Roads consumed the *Cumberland,* overcame the *Congress,* put to flight the Federal Navy, and achieved a victory, the novelty and grandeur of which convulsed the maritime nations of the world?

The leader lives while the memory of the subordinate

actors survives only in the general recollection of the event. In the very nature of things, it happens that

> A thousand glorious actions that might claim
> Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
> Confused in clouds of glorious actions lie,
> And troops of heroes undistinguished die.

Because this is so; because we desire in the present and for all time to render honor to all who, without reward, and amid privations and perils the most appalling, in comparative obscurity bore the brunt of our battles and won our victories; because our wish is that none, however humble, who followed the Red Cross to the death, should lie without stone and epitaph, do we now exalt this statue of the private soldier, and dedicate this monument to our Confederate dead.

> * * We give in charge
> Their names to the sweet Lyre. The Historic Muse,
> Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
> To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
> Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass,
> To guard them and to immortalize her trust.

SKETCH OF ROBERT TOOMBS

From "Address before the Confederate Survivors' Association," Augusta, Georgia, April 26, 1886.

A MAN of marked physical beauty, the idol of a princely people—golden-tongued and lion-hearted—the blood of the Cavaliers flashing in his veins and the heart of the South throbbing in his breast—he recalled the gifted Mirabeau who, amid scenes scarcely less fiery or fateful, "walked the forum like an emperor and confronted the commune with the majesty of a God." He gloried in the whirlwind and caught his inspiration from the storm. As though born to kindle a conflagration, he inflamed by his wonderful power of speech and swayed by his electric fire. Like unto a Scythian archer scouring the plain, he traversed the field of argument and invective and, at full speed, discharged his deadliest arrows. In forensic battle the wheels of his war-chariot, sympathizing

with the ardent and resistless valor of him who guided them, grew incandescent.

Demosthenes, mingling the thunders of his eloquence with the roar of the Ægean—Cicero, his eyes fixed on the Capitol, wielding at will the fierce democracy and inspiring all hearts with a love of freedom and an admiration for the triumphs of the Roman race—Otis, kindling a patriotic flame wherein the "Writs of Assistance" were wholly consumed—Warren, inscribing upon the banners of the Sons of Liberty "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God"—Henry, the "incarnation of Revolutionary Zeal," ringing the alarum bell and giving the signal to a continent—the impassioned Barre, defending even within the shadow of the throne the claims of the oppressed —were not more forcible in utterance, magnetic in action, or majestic in mien than Robert Toombs when contending for the privilege of free speech, or proclaiming the rights of the South as he comprehended them. The latter were paramount in his esteem. To their assertion was his supreme devotion pledged, his best efforts directed. Bold even to temerity in his assertions—in tone and manner emphatic to the verge of menace—by sudden bursts, savoring almost of inspiration, essaying at critical moments to decide the fate of great questions —iconoclastic sometimes in his suggestions—he was nevertheless always true to the principles of exalted statesmanship, and loyal in the last degree to the best interests of the South as he forecast them. Mighty was his influence in precipitating the Confederate revolution. Most potent were his persuasions in inducing Georgia to secede from the Union. It was his boast that he would live and die an uncompromising opponent of the unconstitutional acts and assumed authority of the General Government. . . .

His last public utterance, we believe, was heard when with tearful eye, trembling voice, and feeble gesture, he pronounced in the Hall of Representatives at Atlanta a funeral oration over the dead body of his life-long friend, Governor Alexander H. Stephens. For sometime prior to his demise, General Toombs had been but the shadow of his former great self. The death of a noble wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, proved an affliction too grievous for his declining years. The light went out of his home, and gladness no

longer dwelt in the chambers of his heart. Impaired vision deprived him of his ability either to read or to write except at intervals and with difficulty. His idols broken—his companions departed—his ambition blighted—his physical and intellectual forces abated, he lingered almost alone in a later generation which knew him not in his prime. His splendid person, months agone, suffered impairment at the advance of age and the multiplication of sorrows, and the commanding presence gave place to the bent form and the unsteady gait of the feeble old man. His intellect, too, formerly so authoritative, massive and captivating, became uncertain in its action. To the last, however, he continued to denounce the reconstruction measures of Congress, and proclaimed himself an "unpardoned, unreconstructed, and unrepentant Rebel."

In the morning, at high noon, and even beyond the meridian of his manhood, he was intellectually the peer of the most gifted, and towered Atlas-like above the common range. His genius was conspicuous. His mental operations were quick as lightning, and like the lightning, they were dazzling in their brilliancy and resistless in their play. Remarkable were his conversational gifts, and most searching his analyses of character and event. In hospitality he was generous, and in his domestic relations tender and true. The highest flights of fancy, the profoundest depths of pathos, the broadest range of biting sarcasm and withering invective, generalizations of the boldest character, and arguments the most logical, were equally at his command. As a lawyer, he was powerful, as an advocate, well-nigh resistless. He was a close student, and deeply versed in the laws, state-craft and political history of this commonwealth and nation. In all his gladiatorial combats, whether at the bar, upon the hustings, or in the legislative halls, we recall no instance in which he met his overmatch. Even during his years of decadence, there were occasions when the almost extinct volcano glowed again with its wonted fires—when the ivy-mantled keep of the crumbling castle resumed its pristine defiance with deep-toned culverin and ponderous mace—when amid the colossal fragments of the tottering temple, men recognized the unsubdued spirit of Samson Agonistes.

THE OLD SOUTH AND THE NEW SOUTH

From "Address before the Confederate Survivors' Association," Augusta, Georgia, April 26, 1889.

In this epoch of commercial methods—of general and increasing poverty in the agricultural regions of the South—of absorption by foreign capital of favored localities, and of the creation in our midst of gigantic corporations intent upon self-aggrandizement, in this era of manifest modification, if not actual obliteration of those sentiments and modes of thought and action which rendered us a peculiar people—I call you to witness that there is a growing tendency to belittle the influences, the ways, the services, the lessons, and the characteristics of former years. I call you to witness that the moral and political standard of the present is not equal to that set up and zealously guarded by our fathers. I call you to witness that in the stern battle with poverty—in the effort to retrieve lost fortunes, and in the attempt to amass large moneys by speculation—in the commercial turn which the general thought and conduct have recently taken—and in the struggle by shifts and questionable devices to outstrip the profits of legitimate ventures, there has occurred a lowering of the tone which marked our former manly, conservative, patriarchal civilization. I call you to witness that many have attempted and are now endeavoring by apologizing for the alleged short comings of the past to stultify the record of the olden time, and by fawning upon the stranger to cast a reproach upon the friend. I call you to witness that by false impressions and improper laudations of the new order of affairs, men in our midst have sought to minimize the capabilities of the past, and unduly to magnify the development of the present. I call you to witness that by adulation and fulsome entertainment of itinerant promoters and blatant schemers, seeking to inaugurate enterprises which are designed to benefit those only who are personally interested in them, the public has been sadly duped to its shame and loss. I call you to witness that the truest test of civilization lies not in the census, in the growth of cities, in railway combinations and the formation of Gargantuan trusts, in the expan-

sion of manufactures, in the manipulation of land schemes and corporate securities, or in the aggregation of wealth, but in the mental, moral, political, and economic education and elevation of the population. I call you to witness that the present inclination to make one part of society inordinately affluent at the expense of the wretchedness and unhappiness of the other, is in derogation of natural rights, impairing the equilibrium and disturbing the repose of the elements essential to the entity and the happiness of a great, honest, virtuous and democratic nation. I call you to witness, that a reign of plutocrats—a subjection of men, measures and places to the will of millionaires and plethoric syndicates—is antagonistic to the liberty of the Republic and subversive of personal freedom. I call you to witness that this adoration of wealth—this bending the knee to the Golden Calf—this worship of mortals gifted with the Midas touch, savors of a sordid debasing fetichism at variance with the spirit of true religion and emasculatory of all tokens of robust manhood. I call you to witness that "Mammon is the largest slave-holder in the world," and that the integrity of station and principle is seriously imperiled when subjected to the pressure of gold. I call you to witness that cardinal doctrines and exalted sentiments, when assailed, should, like troops of the line, stand fast; and at all times, and under all circumstances be held above and beyond all price. I call you to witness that the alleged prosperity of this commonwealth, except in limited localities, is largely a matter of imagination. I call you to witness that eliminating from the computation the value of slaves as ascertained by the returns of 1860, the state of Georgia is now poorer by more than twelve millions of dollars than she was twenty-nine years ago. I call you to witness that behind this fan-fare of trumpets proclaiming the attractions and the growth of the New South may too often be detected the deglutition of the harpy and the chuckle of the hireling. I call you to witness that the important problem involving the remunerative cultivation of the soil, and the employment of our agricultural population upon a basis of suitable industry, economy, compensation and independence, is largely unsolved. The occupation of the planter lying at the foundation of all engagements and constituting the nor-

mal, the indispensable, the legitimate, and the honorable avocation of the masses, I call you to witness that every reasonable encouragement should be extended in facilitating his labors and in multiplying the fruits of his toil. I call you to witness that general prosperity can not be expected while such extensive areas of our territory remain uncultivated, while so many of our farmers annually crave advances. I call you to witness that the potentialities of our former civilization, so far from being improved, have been sadly retarded by the issues of war. I call you to witness that the promises of the ante-bellum days, had they not thus been rudely thwarted, would have yielded results far transcending those which we now behold. I call you to witness that the grand effort now is and should be to preserve inviolate the sentiments and to transmit unimpaired the characteristics of the Old South. I call you to witness that in the restoration of the good order, the decorum, the honesty, the veracity, the public confidence, the conservatism, the security to person and property, the high toned conduct and the manliness of the past lies best hope for the honor and lasting prosperity of the coming years. I call you to witness that the heroic example of other days constitutes, in large measure, the source of the courage of the succeeding generation; and that "when beckoned onward by the shades of the brave that were," we may the more confidently venture upon enterprises of pith and moment and, without fear, work out our present and future salvation.

Palsied be the Southern tongue which would speak disparagingly of a Confederate past, and withered be the Southern arm that refuses to lift itself in praise of the virtue and the valor which characterized the actors from the highest to the lowest, in a war not of "rebellion," but for the conservation of home, the maintenance of constitutional government, and the supremacy of law, and the vindication of the natural rights of man.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

From "Funeral Oration," Augusta, Georgia, December 11, 1889.

When Wilkie was in the Escurial studying those famous pictures which have so long attracted the notice of all lovers of art, an old Jeronymite said to him: "I have sat daily in sight of those paintings for nearly four score years. During that time, all who were more aged than myself have passed away. My contemporaries are gone. Many younger than myself are in their graves; and still the figures upon those canvases remain unchanged. I look at them until I sometimes think they are the realities and we but the shadows."

The battle scenes which the heroes of the South have painted; the memories which Confederate valor, loyalty and endurance have bequeathed; the blessed recollections which the pious labors, the saintly ministrations, and the more than Spartan inspiration of the women of the Revolution, have embalmed—these will dignify for all time the annals of the civilized world; but the actors in that memorable crisis, they, the shadows—will pass away. Johnston—the Bayard of the South—Jackson—our military meteor streaming upward and onward in an unbroken track of light and ascending to the skies in the zenith of his fame—Lee—the most stainless of earthly commanders and, except in fortune, the greatest—and multitudes of their companions in arms have already gone.

To where beyond these voices there is peace.

But yesterday Jefferson Davis—the commander of them all—the most distinguished representative of a cause which electrified the civilized world by the grandeur of its sacrifices, the dignity and rectitude of its aims, the nobility of its pursuit, and the magnitude and brilliancy of the deeds performed in its support, entered into rest. . . . Ours be the mission to guard well his memory—accepting it in the present, and commending it to the future as redolent of manhood most exalted, of virtues varied and most admirable.

Although no federal flag be displayed at half mast, or Union guns deliver the funeral salute customary upon the demise of an ex-Secretary of War, we may regard with com-

posure the littleness of the attempted slight, and pity the timidity, the narrow-mindedness, and the malevolence of the powers that be. The great soul of the dead chief has passed into a higher, a purer sphere uncontaminated by sectional hatred, wholly purged of all dross engendered by contemptible human animosity. . . .

I have no desire, my countrymen, in this presence and on this occasion, to discuss issues that have been, at least for the present, settled at the cannon's mouth; and yet, in justice to the illustrious dead who by ribald tongue has been denounced as a "rebel" and a "traitor"—in defense of your brave women and gallant men of the South—who followed the fortunes of the Confederacy and who are now gathered together to pay homage at the shrine of him who occupied the chief seat of honor in the day of our nation's hope and peril, I can not refrain from saying in all truth and soberness, that the States never having surrendered their sovereignty, "it is a palpable absurdity to apply to them and to their citizens when obeying their mandates, the terms rebellion and treason; that the Confederate States so far from making war against, or seeking to destroy the United States, so soon as they had an official organ, strove earnestly, by peaceful recognition, to equitably adjust all questions growing out of the separation from their late associates," and that the "arraignment of the men who participated in the formation of the Confederacy and who bore arms in its defense as the instigators of a controversy leading to disunion" is wholly unjustifiable.

For many years prior to the Civil War, the Honorable Jefferson Davis was one of the most commanding figures in the public eye. His services in the Mexican War had won for him military distinction, while his intellect, his oratory, his statesmanship, and his ability in dealing with questions of moment in the Senate of the United States, and in conducting the affairs of the bureau of war, were admitted by his opponents and applauded by his friends.

In his esteem, constitutional liberty was dearer than life. Possessing in an extraordinary degree those moral traits which are intensified under the test of heroic trial, he lived to show to the world "the matchless and unconquerable grandeur of Southern character."

"In mind, manners and heart, he was a type of that old race of Southern gentlemen whom these bustling times are fast crowding out of our civilization." With him fidelity, chivalry, honor and patriotism were realities, not words—entities, not abstractions. To the South and the cause which it represented, he remained faithful, even unto death. . . .

With the surrender of the armies of Generals Lee and Johnston, and upon the disintegration of the Confederate government at Washington, Georgia, the end came. While attempting to reach the trans-Mississippi Department, and cherishing the hope that with the assistance of General E. Kirby Smith and J. B. Magruder and the forces under their command he would there be able to prolong the struggle, President Davis was captured by a detachment of Federal cavalry. Subjected to petty pillage and to annoyances inconsistent with the usages of civilized warfare, he was conveyed under guard to Fortress Monroe, where charged with being an accomplice in the assassination of President Lincoln, and accused of treason, separated from family and companions, heavy fetters riveted upon him, he was immured in a stone casemate. "Bitter tears have been shed by the gentle, and stern reproaches" have been uttered by the "magnanimous on account of the needless torture" to which he was then subjected. For two long years did this illustrious prisoner endure this unmerited disgrace—this unwarranted and oppressive confinement. Could you, my friends, at this moment, with uncovered heads approach the coffin which encloses the mortal remains of our dead President, and reverently lift the shroud which enfolds his precious body, you would even now discover on those pale and shrunken limbs, the abrasions caused by Federal gyves. Behold, my countrymen, what he suffered as the representative of the South! Behold the martyrdom he then endured for the alleged sins of his people. He was indeed "a nation's prisoner."

Bravely did he bear himself during this season of privation, of loneliness, of insult, and of attempted degradation, protracted until satiated by their own cruelty and baffled in their rage, the prison doors were opened, and the Federal authorities were forced to acknowledge that the charge of complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln was a lie;

and that Jefferson Davis—President of the Confederate States—was not a traitor.

If anything were needed to consecrate his memory in the affection and gratitude of the Southern people, it is surely supplied in this vicarious suffering, and in the nobleness of spirit with which it was endured.

Time and again since his liberation have the shafts of falsehood, of hatred, of detraction, and of jealousy, been directed against him, but successfully parried, they have returned to wound the hands which launched them.

In his quiet home at Beauvoir, ennobled by the presence of the live oak—that monarch of the Southern forest—beautified by the queenly magnolia, redolent of the perfumes of a semi-tropical region, fanned by the soft breezes from the Gulf, and cheered by exhibitions of respect, affection, and veneration most sincere, President Davis passed the evening of his eventful life. Since the hush of that great storm which convulsed this land, he has borne himself with a dignity and a composure, with a fidelity to Confederate traditions, with a just observance of the proprieties of the situation, and with an exalted manhood worthy of all admiration.

Conspicuous for his gallantry and ability as a military leader—prominent as a Federal Secretary of War—as a senator and statesman, renowned in the political annals of these United States—illustrious for all time as the President of a nation which, although maintaining its existence for only a brief space, bequeathed glorious names, notable events, and proud memories which will survive the flood of years—most active, intelligent, and successful in vindicating the aims, the impulses, the rights and the conduct of the Southern people during their phenomenal struggle for independence—his reputation abides unclouded by defeat, unimpaired by the mutations of fortune and the shadows of disappointment.

EDWARD SOUTHEY JOYNES

[1834—]

W. S. CURRELL

THE most widely known of all the professors of modern languages in the South is Professor Joynes, now Professor Emeritus in the University of South Carolina, residing in Columbia, on the campus of that institution.

Edward Southey Joynes was born in Accomac County, on the eastern shore of Virginia, March 2, 1834. He is a son of Thomas R. and Anne Bell (Satchell) Joynes, and a grandson of Major Levin Joynes of the Continental Army, who was descended from the earliest English settlers of Eastern Virginia. His early educational advantages were exceptional. Besides the training acquired at the local "old field" school, of which he writes so charmingly in the South Carolina *Educational Journal,* he enjoyed the rare privilege of attending the famous Concord Academy, near Fredericksburg, Virginia. A favorite with the principal, Mr. Frederick Coleman, a prince of teachers, he was fired with a great enthusiasm for the study of languages, especially Latin and Greek. Before attending the Concord School of Mr. Coleman he had spent one year at Delaware College (1848-'49). This college honored him later (1875) with the degree LL.D., as did William and Mary College also in 1878. In 1850 he entered the University of Virginia, where he took B.A. in 1852, and M.A. in 1853, and served as assistant professor of ancient languages under Dr. Gessner Harrison, 1853-'56. He studied at the University of Berlin, 1856-'58, where he had the privilege of hearing lectures from such noted scholars as Boeckh, Haupt, and Bopp. In 1858 he was elected professor of Greek and German in William and Mary College, Virginia. At Williamsburg he married one of Virginia's gifted daughters, Miss Eliza Waller Vest, whose gracious manners and charming hospitality have endeared her to many generations of students. Their four children are Lieutenant Walker W. Joynes, of the United States Revenue Cutter Service, Mrs. A. G. Fite, of Nashville, Tennessee, Mrs. Robert Macfarlan, of Darlington, South Carolina, and Mrs. James W. Ragsdale, of Florence, South Carolina.

When the war began William and Mary College was closed, and Professor Joynes became chief clerk in the Confederate War Depart-

ment, serving under Secretaries Walker, Randolph, Benjamin, and Seddon. In 1864-'65 he was instructor in modern languages at Hollins Institute, Virginia. Here he first acquired his fondness for modern languages, especially English. In 1866 he became professor of modern languages in Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), where he enjoyed the privilege of being associated with General Robert E. Lee, who had accepted the presidency of Washington College, August 4, 1865. This association Mr. Joynes has always regarded as one of the most precious and inspiring influences of his life. Though elected professor of modern languages, Professor Joynes insisted that English be included in his chair. He was thus one of the pioneers in the teaching of English as a distinct branch of collegiate study, and has always been an enthusiastic and enlightened advocate of the claims of the mother tongue in all schemes of primary, secondary, and collegiate education.

Professor Joynes became a member of the first faculty of Vanderbilt University, which he helped to organize, and from 1875 to 1878 filled the chair of modern languages and English in this institution. He occupied the same chair in the University of Tennessee at Knoxville from 1878 to 1882, and in South Carolina College, Columbia, from 1882 to 1888. In the latter year this chair was divided and since that time he has been professor of modern languages, including French, German, and Spanish. After fifty-five years of noteworthy services as an educator he received, in June, 1908, a retiring allowance from the Carnegie Foundation, "in consideration of unusual and distinguished service as a professor of modern languages." "Probably few, if any American professors," says a writer in the New York *Nation,* "have personally taught so many students in foreign tongues, and certainly no American professor living has so widely influenced the study of modern languages in America."

Despite the fact that Dr. Joynes has always had a large department and many subjects to teach, he has found time to edit books, make addresses, write educational articles for various journals, and take an active part in the various phases of collegiate life. Further, he has zealously promoted the public school work in Virginia, Tennessee, and South Carolina, and has ever been ready with tongue or with pen to advance the cause of general education. He is one of the founders and trustees of the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College for Women, at Rockhill, South Carolina; and it is largely due to his efforts that the State College at Columbia was changed by the Legislature into the University of South Carolina. A like service was rendered by him in Tennessee (1879), in securing from the Legislature the name "University of Tennessee," for the State Institution at Knoxville.

In reviewing Dr. Joynes's career, what first impresses us is his unusual versatility. He is a ready and graceful speaker at a banquet or an unveiling, he can interest an audience of college students at a commencement, or instruct an assembly of educators by the lucid discussion of some theme of pedagogic interest; but he is never happier or brighter than at home in his study, with his books, his pipe, and his friends. His delightful accounts of his early school-days, at "old field" schools and at Concord Academy, whet our appetites for further autobiographic sketches, and it is to be hoped that in the evening of his days he will give us more reminiscences of his rich and varied life.

But speaking, writing, and even the making of text-books were really avocations with Professor Joynes. His most memorable achievement, and the one of which he is justly proud, is his fifty years and more of successful teaching. As a teacher he was inspiring and always attractive, fascinating his pupils by his literary acumen, his ready wit, his wonderful memory, and more than all, by his genial personality.

W. S. Currell

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LEE, THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT

An Address delivered at Washington and Lee University January 19, 1907.

I AM to speak of General Lee as college president, not as military commander. In this humbler capacity it was my privilege to serve him and to know him intimately. To-day, all over the South, in many colleges as elsewhere, this Centennial is fitly celebrated; for General Lee, as college president, has ennobled every college in the land, and the memory of his great example will be cherished so long as recurring centennials shall come.

In what I shall say, I shall speak without ornament or oratory, but simply, and of intimate personal knowledge. I shall make large use of material written by myself soon after General Lee's death, when recollection was fresher than now.

General Lee accepted the presidency of Washington College, in the first place, from a profound and deliberate sense of duty. The same high principle of action that had characterized his conduct in the gravest crises of public affairs marked his decision here. There was absolutely nothing in this position that could have tempted him. The college to which he was called was broken in fortune and in hope. The war had practically closed its doors. Its buildings had been

pillaged and defaced, and its library scattered. The faculty were few in number, disorganized and dispirited. Of the slender endowment that had survived the war hardly anything was available. Under these circumstances the offer of the presidency to General Lee seemed well-nigh presumptuous; and surely it was an offer from which he had nothing to expect, either of fortune or of fame. The men, however, who made this election, the trustees of Washington College—ever honored be their memory for their noble conception—had not calculated in vain in their estimate of General Lee's character. Suffice it to say here, that it was a deliberate sense of duty to his fellow-countrymen, and a desire to pay back as far as he could, through their sons, the sufferings and sorrows of his own generation in the South, that determined his decision. He had already fully resolved not to leave Virginia under any circumstances; and this position, humble as it then seemed to be, gave him the wished-for opportunity of laboring for her people and for the South. Therefore he accepted it.

The profound sense of duty which marked General Lee's acceptance of this office characterized also his whole administration of it. He entertained the deepest sense of personal responsibility in his own office. He felt that an institution like Washington College owed duty not only to its own students but to the whole country, and that its moral obligations were not only supreme within its own sphere, but were attached to the wider interests of public virtue and of true religion among all the people. Nothing else, indeed, could have sustained him so serenely through so many and so constant details of labor and of trial. He felt that he was *doing his duty*. Again and again, during his life at Lexington, were tempting offers urged upon him—offers of large income, with comparative ease and more active and congenial employment; but though he fully appreciated these considerations and was not indifferent to the attractions presented by such offers, he turned from them all with the same reply. He had chosen his post of duty and he clung to it. Year by year the conception of his duty seemed to grow stronger with him; and year by year the college, as its instrument and representative, grew dearer to him.

His sense of personal duty was also expanded into a warm solicitude for all who were associated with him. To the facul-

ty he was an elder brother, beloved and revered, and full of all tender sympathy. To the students he was a father in carefulness, in encouragement, in reproof. Their welfare and their conduct and character as gentlemen were his chief concern; and this solicitude was not limited to their collegiate years, but followed them abroad into life. He thought it to be the office of a college not merely to educate the intellect, but to make *Christian men*. The moral and religious character of the students was more precious in his eyes even than their intellectual progress, and was made the special object of his constant personal solicitude.

Such were the principles which actuated General Lee as president of Washington College, and their effects showed themselves in all the details of his administration. In the discipline of the college his moral influence was supreme. A disciplinarian in the ordinary sense of the term, as it is often most unworthily applied, he was not. He was no seeker-out of small offences, no stickler for formal regulations. Youthful indiscretion found in him the most lenient of judges; but falsehood or meanness had no toleration with him. He looked rather to the principles of good conduct than to mere outward acts. Hence in the use of college punishments he was cautious, forbearing, and lenient; but he was not the less firm in his demands and prompt, when need was, in his measures. His reproof was stern, yet kind, and often melting in its tenderness; and his appeals, always addressed to the noblest motives, were irresistible. The hardiest offenders were alike awed by his presence, and moved often to tears by his words; and there was no student who did not dread a reproof from General Lee more than every other punishment.

The influence of this policy, aided especially by the mighty influence of his personal character, was all-powerful. The elevation of tone and the improvement in conduct were steady and rapid. I doubt, indeed, whether at any other college in the world so many young men could have been found as free from misconduct, or marked by as high a tone of feeling and opinion, as were the students of Washington College during these latter years of General Lee's life.

Yet not the less was he rigidly exacting of duty and scrupulously attentive to details. By a system of reports, weekly

and monthly—almost military in their exactness—which he required of each professor, he made himself acquainted with the standing and progress of every student in every one of his classes. These reports he studied carefully and was quick to detect shortcomings. He took care, also, to make himself acquainted with each student personally. Nor was it a moral influence alone that he exerted in the college. He was equally careful of its intellectual interests. Though not personally engaged in teaching he watched the progress of every class, attended all the examinations and frequently the recitations. The whole college, in a word, felt his influence as an ever-present motive, and his character was quietly yet irresistibly impressed upon it, not only in the general working of all its departments, but in all the details of each.

General Lee was also most laborious in the duties of his office as college president. He gave himself wholly to his work. His occupation was constant, almost incessant. He went to his office daily at eight o'clock, and rarely returned home until one or two. During this time he was almost incessantly engaged in college matters, giving his personal attention to the minutest details. His office was always open to students or professors, all whose interests received his ready consideration. His correspondence meanwhile was very heavy, yet no letter that called for an answer was ever neglected. It was stated by the editor of a Virginia paper that to a circular letter of general educational interest, addressed by him to a large number of college presidents, General Lee was the only one that replied. Yet he was the greatest and perhaps the busiest of them all. In addition to the formal reports, which he always revised and signed himself, his correspondence with the parents and guardians of students was intimate and explicit, on every occasion that required such correspondence. Many of these letters are models of beautiful composition and noble sentiment.

These varied duties grew upon him year after year with the expanding interests of the college; and year after year he seemed to become more devoted to them. Again and again did the trustees and faculty seek to lessen his labors; but his carefulness of duty and natural love of work seemed to render it impossible. Equally, he declined donations offered expressly

to raise his salary. For the college, he said, needed money more than he did. It can be truly said that he was wholly absorbed in his work, his noble conception of which made it great, and worthy even of him.

But General Lee was not only earnest and laborious, he was also able, as college president. He was perfectly master of the situation. To this let the results of his administration bear testimony. He found the college practically bankrupt, disorganized, deserted; he left it strong, progressive, and crowded with students. It was not merely numbers that he brought to it, for these his great fame alone would have attracted. He gave it organization, unity, energy, and practical success. He had from the beginning a distinct policy which he had fully conceived and to which he steadily adhered. His object was nothing less than to establish and perfect an institution which should meet the highest needs of education in every department. Under his advice new chairs were created, and professors called to fill them; so that before the end of the first year the faculty was doubled in numbers. Later, additional chairs were created, and finally a complete system of departments was established and brought into full operation. The courses of study were so adapted and mutually arranged as to avoid alike the errors of the purely elective system on the one hand and of the close curriculum on the other, and to secure, by a happy compromise, the best advantages of both.

Under this organization, and especially under the inspiration of General Lee's central influence, the utmost harmony and the utmost energy pervaded all the departments of the college. The standards of scholarship were rapidly advanced; and soon the graduates of Washington College were the acknowledged equals of those from the best institutions elsewhere, and were eagerly sought after for the highest positions as teachers in the best schools. These results which even in the few years of his administration had become universally acknowledged throughout the South, were due directly and immediately, more than to all other causes, to the personal ability and influence of General Lee, as president of the college.

General Lee's plans for the development of Washington College were not simply progressive; they were distinct and definite. He aimed to make the college represent at once the

wants and the genius of the country. He fully realized the needs of the present age, and he desired to adapt the education of the people to their condition and their destiny. He was the ardent advocate of complete classical and literary culture. Yet he recognized the fact that material well-being is a condition of all high civilization, and therefore he sought to provide the means for the development of science and for its practical applications. He believed fully in the *university* idea and not in separate technical schools; but that, as hereafter they must live together, so young men of different pursuits should be educated together. He sought, therefore, to establish this mutual connection, and to consolidate all the departments of literary, scientific, and professional education under a common organization. Hence, at an early day, he called into existence the departments of applied mathematics and engineering, of modern languages, and of law, as part of the collegiate organization; and, later, he submitted to the trustees a plan for the complete development of the scientific and professional departments of the college, which will ever remain as an example of his enlarged wisdom, and which anticipated, by many years, the actual attainments of any school in this country.

Outside of these more official statements there is much that I might say of General Lee in his more personal and private relations. Yet such detail might be wearisome, and, besides, much of what I would say might be unsuitable for public utterance. But no one who ever enjoyed the privilege of intercourse with General Lee can forget that splendid and captivating personality. He was the handsomest man I have ever seen. Besides the utmost perfection of form and feature he had a mingled sweetness and dignity of expression—an unconscious grace and majesty of appearance—"the like of which," says General Lord Wolseley, "I have never seen in other men." His familiar conversation was kind and gracious, and often lightened by the play of genial humor. He enjoyed a joke and could tell one with a keen zest—but never was there any approach to unseemly levity, and no man could have dared to take liberties with General Lee.

In what is called "society" General Lee mingled but little —he had neither time nor inclination. But he was never forgetful of the "small, sweet courtesies of life." A stranger

visiting Lexington, a father or mother visiting a son at college, was sure of a call from General Lee, and with scrupulous courtesy he repaid the social attentions that he received. At his table he presided with his accustomed sweet and gentle dignity, and shared fully in social, often playful conversation. He was fond of riding—almost every afternoon, when he had time; and General Lee on Traveller, booted and gauntleted—in winter with his military cloak—was the finest sight on which the eye could rest.

In business matters, private or official, General Lee was accurate and methodical, and his annual reports were models of clear and comprehensive statement. In correspondence he was careful and scrupulously punctual. In private conversation he was quiet and genial. He never spoke—at least not in my hearing—of the war or of politics, except with the utmost reserve. Here his recollections were, doubtless, too painful. I never heard from his lips a word either of bitterness or of apology, nor any criticism of others. It is known, I believe, that he had intended to write the history of his army, but that he desisted, because he thought this could not be done "without causing too much pain." Thus, for the sake of others, he forbore what would have been his own supreme vindication. So tender, so self-denying, was this great heart.

In the weekly meetings of the faculty General Lee exerted rather an influence which seemed unconscious both to himself and to us, than any visible authority. Faculty meetings are apt to be wordy, and sometimes a little excited; but General Lee never showed impatience, and his quiet presence calmed every rising storm. He exerted himself to minimize his own authority, and to leave to each professor the full sense of independence and responsibility. He never made a speech; rarely, indeed, spoke from his chair or attempted by any expression of opinion to influence a pending vote. It need not be added, however, that when General Lee's views were known, they were always decisive, and no really important measure was ever introduced without consultation with him. Besides its exceptionally great ability, his was the best organized and most efficient faculty I have ever served with. Its important work was done by standing committees,

and General Lee was always consulted in every case of importance or difficulty. . . .

Of General Lee's religious character I do not feel myself worthy to speak. That he was deeply, sincerely religious, with a perfect trusting faith in God is manifest from all the course of his life, as from his writings. His last afternoon was spent in a vestry meeting, and his last conscious act was, on that same evening, to attempt to ask a blessing upon the evening meal—when God called him, and he sank, unconscious, in his chair.

Such, most imperfectly sketched, was General Lee, as college president. And surely this part of his life deserves to be remembered and commemorated by those who hold his memory dear. In it he exhibited all those great qualities of character which had made his name already so illustrious. This life at Washington College, so devoted, so earnest, so laborious, so full of far-reaching plans and of wise and successful effort, was begun under the weight of a disappointment which might have broken any ordinary strength, and was maintained, in the midst of private and public misfortune, with a serene patience and a mingled firmness and sweetness of temper, which give additional brilliancy even to the glory of his former fame.

It is a privilege henceforth for the teachers of our country that their profession, in its humble yet arduous labors, its great and its petty cares, has been illustrated by the devotion of such a man. It is an honor for all our colleges that one of them is henceforth identified with the memory of his name and of his work. It is a boon for us all; an honor to the country, which in its whole length and breadth will soon be proud to claim his fame; an honor to human nature itself, that this great character, so often and so severely tried, has thus proved itself consistent, serene and grand, alike in peace and in war, in the humblest as well as the highest offices.

SCHOOL TRAINING IN THE EARLY DAYS

Extract from "The 'Old Field' School," in *The Educational*, May, 1902.

THESE were some of the results of my "old field school" training at home. I can say without boasting—and I think it due to say—that when I entered college at fourteen I was better prepared in the essentials of a sound and liberal scholarship, than the average Sophomore of to-day in our Southern colleges.

Now, what produced these results? What were the conditions of early training which carried me, at fourteen, into and through the Sophomore class in one of the most respectable of the smaller colleges of that day (and of this)? Or, to eliminate entirely the personal equation, to give the question a larger and worthier scope: What were the qualities of the teaching, under the irregular organization and imperfect methods of that day, which sent boys little older than myself, thoroughly prepared, from similar schools in this State into the Sophomore class of the South Carolina College? For such, up to the war, was habitually the fact.

Of course, an analysis, undertaken in old age, of the conditions of boyhood and youth must be more or less partial and imperfect. But there are some things which I think I see clearly thro' this long lapse of time. I would answer.

First: Concentration.—Only a few subjects were attempted, but these were studied continuously and thoroughly. We had no extras. There was none of that dissipation of attention, or of that superficial smattering of small knowledge, which are too often the result of the overcrowded school curriculum of the present day. And with continuous and thorough study came the discipline of conscious progress, and finally the strength of conscious mastery.

Second: Compulsion.—There was no severity of discipline or of punishment—still less any rigor of rule or regulation. But we felt, simply, that our work had to be done and that we had to do it. This was the unwritten but accepted law. For failure or defect, penalty was expected and was felt to be deserved. The "law of liberty," to work or not as we pleased—that other law, that pleasure, not pain, must alone mark the

performance of duty; and that "moral suasion," sentiment and conscience are the only legitimate motives to effort, were not recognized—any more than was the sacredness of the human body from the "degrading touch of corporal punishment." Our motives were manifold; *ab extra* as well as *ab intra; a posteriori* as well as *ab ante;* and altogether, somehow, they came to us with compelling force.

Yet, even under such admitted compulsion, I will mention also:

Third: Self-reliance.—We felt that we had to do our work ourselves. Of teaching, showing, explaining, there was but little—I now clearly see, only too little. Of method, in the pedagogical sense, there was, perhaps, nothing at all, except the old and simple method of "root, little pig, or die." Our text books, too, were condensed and dogmatic, with little attempt at explanation. "Reading without tears" was not known; the gradual and "easy" style had not yet been discovered. And so, almost alone, we had to do our best. We blundered often enough, I am sure; but still we blundered ahead, and somehow we "got there." We became early accustomed to difficulties, as something to be faced and overcome; and thus, I think, the best of us acquired that fine habit of the true student—indeed of all true manhood; patience in self-reliant work—a habit which, I fear, is rarer in the children and youths of the present day than it ought to be. There cannot be too much teaching of the right sort; but teaching is not always telling.

To these premises follows, as an almost necessary conclusion, that within the narrow limits of our scheme of study, our work, such as it was, was done thoroughly, and by dint of repetition and review its results were made our own. It is an axiom that what is easily acquired is easily lost—"quick got, quick forgot," says the adage. The memory at least was well trained, at its most plastic age; and how many there are who late in life, when it is too late, have to regret the early neglect of that invaluable faculty.

Fourth: To these I must add another quality, not indeed for praise, but for remark, namely: the positive and dogmatic character of our teaching. We asked no questions, and hardly any were asked us that were not in the book. What the book

said we took for gospel, and we learned it with reverent faith. Often enough we did not understand it; but that was not deemed necessary. So, more or less mechanically, we worked processes, and applied rules, and learned words and definitions which we did not understand. This, of course, was far from ideal teaching and must have produced a somewhat wooden quality of mind; but yet it was not wholly without value. We learned to learn, by force of will and of work—often blindly indeed, but still we learned. And therewith, though often with but little substance, we unconsciously learned forms of thought, and gained capacities for knowledge, which were later to be filled, naturally and easily, with substantial content. So the bee builds his comb-cell, in symmetrical form, for the honey that is to come; and so, later, our growing intelligence fell naturally into the forms and phrases we had so laboriously and often blindly acquired. Often have I thus found the rules and definitions that I had learned at school become, later, luminous with truth.

THE EDUCATIONAL AWAKENING

Extract from an address on "The University and the State" (University of Tennessee, 1898).

As I consider this great State; as I remember the journeys I have made up and down her spacious borders, to speak for education; as I study upon the map her beautiful configuration, and think of her vast and undeveloped resources, I am reminded of a fairy tale we have all read in childhood. A lovely princess was sunk, by the influence of a malign fairy, into a deep sleep. Her officers and servants all fell into a like slumber. Around her palace grew up a hedge of bushes and thorns that shut it from the world; and it was fated that she should so sleep until, after a hundred years, a beautiful chosen prince should come, and call her and her palace back to life. Yet even in her sleep, the story says, she was beautiful; her heaving breast gave signs of life, the bloom of youth mantled her cheeks, and she grew into ever more lovely womanhood; but still she slept on, till the time had come. So too, it seems to me, lies this virgin State—this sleeping beauty of Empire! Her feet bathed in the waters of the mighty Mississippi—her

lovely body clasped in the sinuous arms of the Cumberland and the Tennessee—her head pillowed where the morning sunlight kisses the summits of the Unaka Mountains, and flashes thence over this glorious valley, she sleeps. Yet beautiful, too, in her sleep—her bosom heaving with the breath of unconscious and undeveloped power, her limbs instinct with all the potent forces of life—she lies dormant in the gorgeous palace of her rich inheritance, while around her rankle the hedges that hide her glories from the world. She sleeps: the hundred years are past, and the beautiful prince that shall awake her is not yet come. But he is coming. His herald trumpet has already sounded to the world in your capital city. His approaching footsteps are tipping your mountain-tops with light, deepening your valleys with richer verdure, touching your rippling streams to sweeter music. His voice is heard in the whirring wheels of industry, in the scream of the steam engine, in the church bell—in every note that sounds the march of progress or of hope for mankind. His name is ENLIGHTENMENT. His watchword is EDUCATION—his tabernacle is the SCHOOL—his palace, the UNIVERSITY. He is coming; and when he comes, in full and gracious presence, he will set his throne on this very hill where we now are. Let him come, and come quickly. Let him rouse this Sleeping Princess, and taking the crown that has so long awaited her, let him crown Tennessee the Queen that she should be, and shall be, if she will but awake. May God bless Tennessee; and through the awakened heart and hand of Tennessee, may God bless this University.

HELEN ADAMS KELLER

[1880—]

D. S. BURLESON

HELEN ADAMS KELLER was born June 27, 1880, in Tuscumbia, Alabama. On her father's side she is the great-granddaughter of Alexander Moore, an aide of La Fayette's, and a great-great-granddaughter of Alexander Spotswood, an early colonial governor of Virginia; she is also a fourth cousin of General Robert E. Lee. On her mother's side she is related to the celebrated Adams and Everett families of Massachusetts. Her maternal grandfather, Charles Adams, was a brigadier-general in the Confederate Army, while her father, Arthur H. Keller, was a captain. The latter for many years was editor of the *Northern Alabamian,* a weekly newspaper published in Tuscumbia. Captain Keller was a man of liberal culture and unbounded hospitality; kindly, generous, and chivalrous—a true representative of the old school of Southern gentlemen.

At the age of nineteen months, Miss Keller, through the effects of acute congestion of the stomach and brain, was left totally and permanently deaf and blind. From this time till almost seven years of age she lived a long night of almost total darkness and silence. She refers to this period as a dream throughout and says that her only consciousness of it is merely tactual. "As near as I can tell," says she, "asleep or awake, I felt only with my body. I can recollect no process which I should now dignify with the term thought."

As she grew older, however, and the necessity for expression became more and more urgent, she was often rebellious and gave way to frequent outbursts of passion. "'Light! give me light!'" says she, "was the wordless cry of my soul, and the light of love shone on me in that very hour."

She here refers to the coming of her teacher, Miss Anne Mansfield Sullivan (now Mrs. John Albert Macy). Acting on the advice of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, Captain Keller had applied for a teacher to the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and in response three months later Miss Sullivan arrived in Tuscumbia, on March 3, 1887, to enter upon a work that has brought both teacher and pupil into international prominence. Miss Sullivan had not been with her pupil more than a month, when perhaps the most significant event in the life of Miss Keller occurred. On the fifth of April, Miss Sullivan writes: "She has learned that everything has a name . . .

We went out to the pump-house and I made Helen hold her mug under the spout while I pumped. As the cold water gushed forth, filling the mug, I spelled 'w-a-t-e-r' in Helen's free hand. The word coming so close upon the sensation of cold water rushing over her hand seemed to startle her. She dropped her mug and stood as one transfixed. A new light came into her face." This light Miss Keller refers to as marking the awakening of her soul. To quote her own words: "Suddenly I felt the misty consciousness of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought; and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew that 'w-a-t-e-r' meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free!"

Thereupon Miss Keller's education went forward with astonishing rapidity. On the seventeenth of June, about three and a half months after the first word was spelled into her hand, she wrote her first letter. By the eighteenth of September, she knew six hundred words. By October she was telling stories in which the imagination played an important part. In November, she wrote Dr. Alexander Bell a letter of one hundred and forty-five words, marking her sentences correctly, with capitals and periods.

In the spring of 1890 Miss Keller learned to speak. Miss Sarah Fuller, principal of the Horace Mann School, gave her eleven lessons in all. The method was to have Miss Keller move her hand lightly over Miss Fuller's face and feel the position of her tongue and lips when she made a sound. In an hour Miss Keller had learned six sounds. "I shall never forget the surprise and delight I felt," says she, "when I uttered my first connected sentence—'It is warm.'"

In 1892, at the age of twelve, Miss Keller wrote a sketch of her life for *The Youth's Companion.* Her style in this was excellent for one of her youth, and promised much that has been fulfilled in her later writings.

Before October, 1893, she had read the histories of Greece, Rome, and the United States, knew a little French, and had begun the study of Latin. In 1894 she entered the Wright-Humason School for the Deaf in New York City, chiefly for the purpose of vocal culture and training in lip reading, but also studied arithmetic, physical geography, French and German. Here she remained for two years. In the fall of 1896 she entered the Cambridge School for Young Ladies to be prepared for Radcliffe, for, says she, "A potent force within me, stronger than the persuasion of my friends, stronger even than the pleadings of my heart, had impelled me to try my strength by the standards of those who see and hear." She continued in the Cambridge School for a little over one session; was then withdrawn and placed under the instruction of Mr. Merton S. Keith of Cambridge

until she took her examinations in June, 1899, to enter Radcliffe. These, despite many perplexing difficulties, she passed successfully, with credit in Advanced Latin.

In the fall of 1900 Miss Keller entered Radcliffe. During her four years there she had many disadvantages to labor against. She was practically alone in the presence of her instructors, getting only so much of their lectures as could be spelled into her hand, and could take no notes, as her hand was occupied. She had to write her exercises on a typewriter so that her professors, who knew nothing of Braille, could read them. Most of her text-books had to be spelled to her, since very few of those she needed were in raised print.

In 1904 Miss Keller took her degree at Radcliffe. During this same year she was honored with a special day, known as "Helen Keller Day," at the St. Louis Exposition, on which occasion she was present and made an address. A part of the following winter she spent at the home of her mother in Florence, Alabama. Since that time she has been living at Wrentham, Massachusetts, with her former teacher, Mrs. John A. Macy. Here, so she tells us in her article in the *Ladies' Home Journal,* September, 1905, "What I am Doing," she leads a very busy life; attending to her little domestic duties, answering letters, preparing addresses, writing articles, for Miss Keller is an occasional contributor to a number of leading periodicals, such as *The Century, The Ladies' Home Journal, The World's Work, Current Literature, Charities,* and others. She has also found time to get out another volume entitled 'The World I Live In,' which appeared in 1908.

Such are some of the facts in the life of Miss Keller. But, to understand better her station as a writer, we must inquire into her personality and inner life.

First of all, we must not forget how Miss Keller "sees" and "hears" the world about us. As a kind of compensation for the loss of her sight and hearing, nature has very generously endowed her remaining senses. Yet the fact remains that Miss Keller never can see and hear the world as do those who have the full complement of senses. In her own words, "The calamity of the blind is immense, irreparable." It is only by the eye of the soul that she can look upon the majestic form of noble mountains, can scan the glory of heaven by night, behold the radiance of early morning, and listen to the melody of its birds' song and laughing streams. But with the most beautiful resignation she bears this loss. Throughout her life, ever since she was freed from the dark night of "complete and heart-subduing silence," even in the midst of perplexity and difficulty, she has

manifested a steadfast cheerfulness, irrepressible buoyancy, and invincible determination to make the most of life.

So Miss Keller, in spite of her loss, takes life very much as do other people, and thoroughly enjoys living. She loves the outdoors and its sports, often taking tramps through the woods regardless of scratches and bruises. Her favorite amusement is sailing, and next to this she enjoys a walk. She has her tree, dog, and pony friends. She loves children and enjoys romping and frolicking with them. When she is kept indoors, she likes to knit, crochet, or play checkers or chess. She attends the theater and enjoys it, feeling, as the play is described to her, as if she "were living in the midst of stirring events."

But of her books she says: "In a word, literature is my Utopia." From her earliest years she had this passion for reading. When she was only eight, her teacher found her in a corner of the library poring over 'The Scarlet Letter.' Only three months after her education began, Miss Sullivan, on going to bed, so she tells us, found her asleep with a book clasped in her arms.

She enjoys music also; but, as her recognition of it is merely tactile, she feels it most when she holds her hands upon the instrument or upon the singer's throat. She is especially sensitive to the vibration of the pipe-organ, and says that "it fills to an ecstasy the act of feeling."

We are not surprised, then, that Miss Keller is happy. "If I tried," says she, "I could not check the momentum of my first leap out of the dark."

In her poem, "A Chant of Darkness," her soul thus overflows:

> "I am shaken with gladness;
> My limbs tremble with joy;
> My heart and the earth
> Tremble with happiness;
> The ecstasy of life
> Is abroad in the world."

She infuses life and sunshine into all she writes. It is only when her soul grows indignant at needless sufferings, or at the evils of oppression, that she manifests impatience. Then for a moment she becomes a little stern, as in her article in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, January, 1907, in which she sorely arraigns those whose sins are responsible for unnecessary blindness. This, however, is the remonstrance of an optimistic soul, which lives in the sunshine of love.

So Miss Keller's is not a happiness of self-sufficiency and indifference. Even the most superficial of her readers will soon perceive

the mighty impulse of love and sympathy filling and thrilling her whole being. Miss Keller thinks that "self-love is at the root of all evil." Her religion is one of faith, hope, and love. Of her dear friend, Phillips Brooks, she writes: "He impressed upon my mind two great ideas—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and made me feel that these truths underlie all creeds and forms of worship. God is love, God is our Father, and we are His children."

How poetic the soul that can say,

"My fingers are ever athirst for the earth,
And drink up its wonders with delight.
Draw out earth's dear delights;
My feet are charged with the murmur,
The throb, of all things that grow.

* * * * * *

The noiseless little noises of earth
Come with softest rustle;
The shy, sweet feet of life;
The silky flutter of moth-wings
Against my restraining palm;
The strident beat of insect-wings,
The silvery tickle of water;
Little breezes busy in the summer grass;
The music of crisp, whisking, scurrying leaves,
The swirling, wind-swept, front-tinted leaves;
The crystal splash of summer rain,
Saturate with the odors of the sod."

Being of intense sympathy; entering into the fullest appreciation of life; thoroughly responsive to beauty, melody, and symmetry; withal, endowed with the temperament of a poet, Miss Keller is naturally a writer of feeling. Her style readily responds to the charm of her personality. It yields to her varying moods, now becoming rapid and flowing to keep pace with her animation, now growing slower and heavier as she becomes thoughtful or philosophic; now taking a poetic leap when she approaches the heart of nature, or enters the realm of the soul, as in the case of "A Chant of Darkness," which developed during the writing of her essay on "Sense and Sensibility."

As she lives largely in her books, moreover, we would naturally expect her conception of life to be highly colored and idealistic, yet she displays a surprising poise and balance, an unfailing common-sense and mother-wit; and, in all her references to nature, which occur so often, she never strikes a discordant note. Her sky has the same natural tint we see; her breezes and streamlets sing the same

merry song we hear; her roses have the same delicate outlines and exquisite hues that appeal to us. From the very first, she was taught to approach nature directly and get close to its heart. "All my early lessons," she writes, "have in them the breath of the woods . . . Indeed, everything that could hum or buzz, or sing, or bloom, had a part in my education."

Her style abounds in motion, color, life; abounds in concrete expression, tropes, similes, personal terms applying to the inanimate. So vigorous and distinct is the grasp of her ideas that she places you in a sunlit atmosphere, with no fogs or mists about the horizon.

Hence, her style easily holds you. One secret of this force lies in her diction. This is remarkably simple, pure, and euphonious; abounding in monosyllables, yet never growing stiff or harsh. Her sentences, too, are lively, forcible, and full of rhythm. These are often short, frequently periodic, yet present such a happy blending of all types that no one kind ever becomes strained or conspicuous. Along with this, she displays great variety in the length of her paragraphs, which variety, while it enlivens her style, never betrays conscious art or palpable device.

Miss Keller's style is easy to follow: easy because she holds your interest; easy because she has a vigorous and well-defined grasp of her ideas, and for the expression of these has a wealth of pure, simple, and happy words, which she weaves into a fabric of beautiful English.

Miss Keller's themes are, within themselves, of special interest. Most that she has written is largely personal and subjective. She speaks to us upon subjects in which she is vitally interested and concerned, and about which she alone can hold such effective discourse. Hence, in the true sense, she is strikingly original, and stamps upon every sentence her charming personality.

'The Story of My Life' first appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal* (April-September, 1902), and was written while she was at Radcliffe. It afterward appeared in a volume of 431 pages; about a third of which is taken up with her autobiography, a third with her letters, and the rest with a supplementary account, by Mr. John Albert Macy, of her life and education. The story of her life is in her characteristic charming style, full of interesting and hopeful matter. The letters are both interesting and important, tracing, as nothing else can, the development of her mind and the evolution of her style. They also throw much light upon her character and are greatly helpful in enabling the reader to appreciate her later writings.

'Optimism' also appeared while Miss Keller was a student at Radcliffe. In this little volume she preaches the gospel of love and hope. The book is largely subjective and bears the stamp of the author's convictions. It is written in an easy, lively, and fascinating style,

and ends with her creed of faith in God and man, and her belief in helping the unfortunate.

Her latest book, 'The World I Live In,' contains Miss Keller's contributions to *The Century*. These articles are most valuable as being expositions of the inner life of the author. They represent Miss Keller's more mature style, and hold us not only because of the happy vein and fascinating language in which they are told, but because through them, as through nothing else, we learn of this "wonder-child

Moving about in worlds not realized."

Among these contributions is her poem, "A Chant of Darkness." It transports us to a night of perpetual darkness, but, as we enter the dusky borderland, it sings to us a song of cheer, that in this night of blindness is riches past computing. It then lifts the veil, love dispels the darkness, and "all sight is of the soul." The earth trembles with happiness and

"The ecstasy of life
Is abroad in the world."

Then, quietly and beautifully as day lies down and goes to sleep on the bosom of night, her soul chants these last sweet words:

"O fathomless, soothing Night!
Thou art a balm to my restless spirit,
I nestle gratefully in thy bosom,
Dark, gracious Mother! Like a
Dove I rest in thy bosom."

Even aside from their intrinsic worth and excellence, Miss Keller's writings appeal to us with a peculiar interest. Her message comes to us from a realm dark and silent, yet made cheerful and beautiful by the radiance of her own personality. Between us and her is a wall through which we were helpless either to peer or speak, yet her soul has broken through the confines of its captivity, and sends out continually to the world its messages of cheer, encouragement, admonition, and love. It sits in its silent abode and preaches happiness, brotherly-kindness, and hope. What a lesson!

D. S. Burleson.

[NOTE: The writer of the foregoing articles wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company for the kind permission to quote from 'The Story of My Life'; also to The Century Company for permission to quote from Miss Keller's contributions to *The Century*.]

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Besides these contributions, Miss Keller is the author of three books, 'The Story of My Life,' 'Optimism,' and 'The World I Live In.'

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

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It was a rare poet who thought of the mountain as "the first dim outline of God's plan." That is the real wonder of the poem, and not that a blind man should speak so confidently of sky and sea. Our ideas of the sky are an accumulation of touch-glimpses, literary allusions, and the observations of others, with an emotional blending of all. My face feels only a tiny portion of the atmosphere; but I go through continuous space and feel the air at every point, every instant. I have been told about the distances from our earth to the sun, to the other planets, and to the fixed stars. I multiply a thousand times the utmost height and width that my touch compasses, and thus I gain a deep sense of the sky's immensity.

Move me along constantly over water, water, nothing but

water, and you give me the solitude, the vastness of ocean which fills the eye. I have been in a little sail-boat on the sea, when the rising tide swept it toward the shore. May I not understand the poet's figure: "The green of spring overflows the earth like a tide?" I have felt the flame of a candle blow and flutter in the breeze. May I not then, say: "Myriads of fireflies flit hither and thither in the dew-wet grass like little fluttering tapers?"

Combine the endless space of air, the sun's warmth, the prevalence of fitful odors, the clouds that are described to my understanding spirit, the frequent breaking through the soil of a brook or the expanse of the wind-ruffled lake, the tactual undulation of the hills, which I recall when I am far away from them, the towering trees upon trees as I walk by them, the bearings that I try to keep while others tell me the directions of the various points of the scenery, and you will begin to feel surer of my mental landscape. The utmost bound to which my thought will go with clearness is the horizon of my mind. From this horizon I imagine the one which the eye marks.

Touch cannot bridge distance—it is fit only for the contact of surfaces—but thought leaps the chasm. For this reason I am able to use words descriptive of objects distant from my senses. I have felt the rondure of the infant's tender form. I can apply this perception to the landscape and to the far-off hills.

I have not touched the outline of a star nor the glory of the moon, but I believe that God has set two lights in my mind, the greater to rule by day and the lesser by night, and by them I know that I am able to navigate my life-bark, as certain of reaching the haven as he who steers by the North Star. Perhaps my sun shines not as yours. The colors that glorify my world, the blue of the sky, the green of the fields, may not correspond exactly with those you delight in; but they are none the less color to me. The sun does not shine for my physical eyes, nor does the lightning flash, nor do the trees turn green in the spring; but they have not therefore ceased to exist, any more than the landscape is annihilated when you turn your back on it.

I understand how scarlet can differ from crimson because

I know that the smell of an orange is not the smell of a grapefruit. I can also conceive that colors have shades, and guess what shades are. In smell and taste there are varieties not broad enough to be fundamental; so I call them shades. There are half a dozen roses near me. They all have the unmistakable rose scent; yet my nose tells me that they are not the same. The American Beauty is distinct from the Jacqueminot and the La France. Odors in certain grasses fade as really to my sense as certain colors do to yours in the sun. The freshness of a flower in my hand is analogous to the freshness I taste in an apple newly picked. I make use of analogies like these to enlarge my conceptions of colors. Some analogies which I draw between qualities in surface and vibration, taste and smell, are drawn by others between sight, hearing, and touch. This fact encourages me to persevere, to try to bridge the gap between the eye and the hand.

Certainly I get far enough to sympathize with the delight that my kind feel in beauty they see and harmony they hear. This bond between humanity and me is worth keeping, even if the ideas on which I base it prove erroneous.

Sweet, beautiful vibrations exist for my touch, even though they travel through other substances than air to reach me. So I imagine sweet, delightful sounds, and the artistic arrangement of them which is called music, and I remember that they travel through the air to the ear, conveying impressions somewhat like mine. I also know what tones are, since they are perceptible tactually in a voice. Now, heat varies greatly in the sun, in the fire, in hands, and in the fur of animals. Indeed, there is such a thing for me as a cold sun. So I think of the varieties of light that touch the eye, cold and warm, vivid and dim, soft and glaring, but always light, and I imagine their passage through the air to an extensive sense, instead of to a narrow one like touch. From the experience I have had with voices I guess how the eye distinguishes shades in the midst of light. While I read the lips of a woman whose voice is soprano, I note a low tone or a glad tone in the midst of a high, flowing voice. When I feel my cheeks hot, I know that I am red. I have talked so much and read so much about colors that through no will of my own I attach meanings to them, just as all people attach certain meanings to abstract terms like

hope, idealism, monotheism, intellect, which cannot be represented truly by visible objects, but which are understood from analogies between immaterial concepts and the ideas they awaken of external things. The force of association drives me to say that white is exalted and pure, green is exuberant, red suggests love or shame or strength. Without the color or its equivalent, life to me would be dark, barren, a vast blackness.

Thus through an inner law of completeness my thoughts are not permitted to remain colorless. It strains my mind to separate color and sound from objects. Since my education began I have always had things described to me with their colors and sounds by one with keen senses and a fine feeling for the significant. Therefore I habitually think of things as colored and resonant. Habit accounts for part. The soul sense accounts for another part. The brain with its five-sensed construction asserts its right and accounts for the rest. Inclusive of all, the unity of the world demands that color be kept in it, whether I have cognizance of it or not. Rather than be shut out, I take part in it by discussing it, imagining it, happy in the happiness of those near me who gaze at the lovely hues of the sunset or the rainbow.

My hand has its share in this multiple knowledge, but it must never be forgotten that with the fingers I see only a very small portion of a surface, and that I must pass my hand continually over it before my touch grasps the whole. It is still more important, however, to remember that my imagination is not tethered to certain points, locations, and distances. It puts all the parts together simultaneously as if it saw or knew instead of feeling them. Though I feel only a small part of my horse at a time—my horse is nervous and does not submit to manual explorations—yet, because I have many times felt hock, nose, hoof and mane, I can see the steeds of Phœbus Apollo coursing the heavens.

With such a power active it is impossible that my thought should be vague, indistinct. It must needs be potent, definite. This is really a corollary of the philosophical truth that the real world exists only for the mind. That is to say I can never touch the world in its entirety; indeed, I touch less of it than the portion that others see or hear. But all creatures, all ob-

jects, pass into my brain entire, and occupy the same extent there that they do in material space. I declare that for me branched thoughts, instead of pines, wave, sway, rustle, make musical the ridges of mountains rising summit upon summit. Mention a rose too far away for me to smell it. Straightway a scent steals into my nostril, a form presses against my palm in all its dilating softness, with rounded petals, slightly curled edges, curving stem, leaves drooping. When I would take view the world as a whole, it rushes into vision—man, beast, bird, reptile, fly, sky, ocean, mountains, plain, rock, pebble. The warmth of life, the reality of creation is over all—the throb of human hands, glossiness of fur, lithe windings of long bodies, poignant buzzing of insects, the ruggedness of the steeps as I climb them, the liquid mobility and boom of waves upon the rocks. Strange to say, try as I may, I cannot force my touch to pervade this universe in all directions. The moment I try, the whole vanishes; only small objects or narrow portions of a surface, mere touchsigns, a chaos of things scattered at random, remain. No thrill, no delight is excited thereby. Restore to the artistic, comprehensive internal sense its rightful domain, and you give me joy which best proves the reality.

Before my teacher came to me, I did not know that I am. I lived in a world that was a no-world. I cannot hope to describe adequately that unconscious, yet conscious time of nothingness. I did not know that I knew aught, or that I lived or acted or desired. I had neither will nor intellect. I was carried along to objects and acts by a certain blind natural impetus. I had a mind which caused me to feel anger, satisfaction, desire. These two facts led those about me to suppose that I willed and thought. I can remember all this, not because I knew that it was so, but because I have tactual memory. It enables me to remember that I never connected my thought in the act of thinking. I never viewed anything beforehand or chose it. I also recall tactually the fact that never in a start of the body or a heart-beat did I feel that I loved or cared for anything. My inner life, then, was a blank without past, present, or future, without hope or anticipation, without wonder or joy or faith.

It was not night—it was not day,
* * * * * *
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness, without a place;
There were no stars—no earth—no time—
No check—no change—no good—no crime.

My dormant being had no idea of God or immortality, no fear of death.

I remember, also through touch, that I had a power of association. I felt tactual jars like the stamp of a foot, the opening of a window or its closing, the slam of a door. After repeatedly smelling rain and feeling the discomfort of wetness, I acted like those about me; I ran to shut the window. But that was not thought in any sense. It was the same kind of association that makes animals take shelter from the rain. From the same instinct of "aping" others, I folded the clothes that came from the laundry, and put mine away, fed the turkeys, sewed bead-eyes on my doll's face, and did many other things of which I have the tactual remembrance. When I wanted anything I liked—ice-cream, for instance, of which I was very fond—I had a delicious taste on my tongue (which, by the way, I never have now), and in my hand I felt the turning of the freezer. I made the sign, and my mother knew I wanted ice-cream. I "thought" and desired in my fingers. If I had made a man, I should certainly have put the brain and soul in his finger-tips. From reminiscences like these I conclude that it is the opening of the two faculties, freedom of will, or choice, and rationality, or the power of thinking from one thing to another, which makes it possible to come into being first as a child, afterward as a man.

Since I had no power of thought, I did not compare one mental state with another. So I was not conscious of any change or process going on in my brain when my teacher began to instruct me. I merely felt keen delight in obtaining more easily what I wanted by means of the finger motions she taught me. I thought only of objects, and only objects I wanted. It was the turning of the freezer on a larger scale. When I learned the meaning of "I" and "me" and found that I was something, I began to think. Then consciousness first existed for me. Thus it was not the sense of touch that

brought me knowledge. It was the awakening of my soul that first rendered my senses their value, their cognizance of objects, names, qualities, and properties. Thought made me conscious of love, joy, and all the emotions. I was eager to know, then to understand, afterward to reflect on what I knew and understood, and the blind impetus, which had before driven me hither and thither at the dictates of my sensations, vanished forever.

I cannot represent more clearly than any one else the gradual and subtle changes from first impressions to abstract ideas. But I know that my physical ideas, that is, ideas derived from material objects, appear to me first in ideas similar to those of touch. Instantly they pass into intellectual meanings. Afterward the meaning finds expression in what is called "inner speech." When I was a child, my inner speech was inner spelling. Although I am even now frequently caught spelling to myself on my fingers, yet I talk to myself, too, with my lips, and it is true that when I first learned to speak, my mind discarded the finger-symbols and began to articulate. However, when I try to recall what some one has said to me, I am conscious of a hand spelling into mine.

It has often been asked what were my earliest impressions of the world in which I found myself. But one who thinks at all of his first impressions knows what a riddle this is. Our impressions grow and change unnoticed, so that what we suppose we thought as children may be quite different from what we actually experienced in our childhood. I only know that after my education began the world which came within my reach was all alive. I spelled to my blocks and my dogs. I sympathized with plants when the flowers were picked, because I thought it hurt them, and that they grieved for their lost blossoms. It was years before I could be made to believe that my dogs did not understand what I said, and I always apologized to them when I ran into or stepped on them.

As my experiences broadened and deepened, the indeterminate, poetic feelings of childhood began to fix themselves in definite thoughts. Nature—the world I could touch—was folded and filled with myself. I am inclined to believe those philosophers who declare that we know nothing but our own feelings and ideas. With a little ingenious reasoning one may

see in the material world simply a mirror, an image of permanent mental sensations. In either sphere, self-knowledge is the condition and the limit of our consciousness. That is why, perhaps, many people know so little about what is beyond their short range of experience. They look within themselves —and find nothing. Therefore they conclude that there is nothing outside themselves, either.

However that may be, I came later to look for an image of my emotions and sensations in others. I had to learn the outward signs of inward feelings. The start of fear, the suppressed, controlled tensity of pain, the beat of happy muscles in others, had to be perceived and compared with my own experiences before I could trace them back to the intangible soul of another. Groping, uncertain, I at last found my identity, and after seeing my thoughts and feelings repeated in others, I gradually constructed my world of men and of God. As I read and study, I find that this is what the rest of the race has done. Man looks within himself and in time finds the measure and the meaning of the universe.

MY DREAMS

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. . . I USED to wonder why scientific men and others were always asking me about my dreams. But I am not surprised now, since I have discovered what some of them believe to be the ordinary waking experience of one who is both deaf and blind. They think that I can know very little about objects even a few feet beyond the reach of my arms. Everything outside of myself, according to them, is a hazy blur. Trees, mountains, cities, the ocean, even the house I live in, are but fairy fabrications, misty unrealities. Therefore it is assumed that my dreams should have peculiar interest for the man of science. In some undefined way it is expected that they should reveal the world I dwell in to be flat, formless, colorless, without perspective, with little thickness and less solidity—a vast solitude of soundless space. But who shall put into words limitless, visionless, silent void? One should be a disembodied

spirit indeed to make anything out of such insubstantial experiences. A world, or a dream, for that matter, to be comprehensible to us, must, I should think, have a warp of substance woven into the woof of fantasy. We cannot imagine even in dreams an object which has no counterpart in reality. Ghosts always resemble somebody, and if they do not appear themselves their presence is indicated by circumstances with which we are perfectly familiar.

During sleep we enter a strange, mysterious realm, which science has thus far not explored. Beyond the border-line of slumber, the investigator may not pass with his common sense rule and test. Sleep with softest touch locks all the gates of our physical senses and lulls to rest the conscious will, the disciplinarian of our waking thoughts. Then the spirit wrenches itself free from the sinewy arms of reason and, like a winged courser, spurns the firm, green earth and speeds away upon wind and cloud, leaving neither trace nor footprint by which science may track its flight and bring us knowledge of the distant, shadowy country that we nightly visit. When we come back from the dream-realm, we can give no reasonable report of what we met there. But once across the border, we feel at home, as if we had always lived there and had never made any excursions into this rational, daylight world.

My dreams do not seem to differ very much from the dreams of other people. Some of them are coherent, and safely hitched to an event or a conclusion; others are inconsequent and fantastic. All attest that in Dreamland there is no such thing as repose. We are always up and doing, with a mind for any adventure. We act, strive, think, suffer, and are glad to no purpose. We leave outside the portals of Sleep all troublesome incredulities and vexatious speculations as to probability. I float wraithlike upon clouds, in and out among the winds, without the faintest notion that I am doing anything unusual. In Dreamland I find little that is altogether strange or wholly new to my experience. No matter what happens, I am not astonished, however extraordinary the circumstances may be. I visit a foreign land where I have not been in reality, and I converse with people whose language I have never heard. Yet we manage to understand one another perfectly. Into whatsoever situation or society my wanderings bring me, there

is the same homogeneity. If I happen into Vagabondia, I make merry with the jolly folk of the road or the tavern.

I do not remember ever to have met persons with whom I could not at once communicate, or to have been shocked or surprised at the doings of my dream-companions. It is strange wandering in those dusky groves of Slumberland; my soul takes everything for granted and adapts itself to the wildest phantoms. I am seldom confused. Everything is as clear as day. I know events the instant they take place, and wherever I turn my steps, mind is my faithful guide and interpreter.

I suppose every one has had in a dream the exasperating, profitless experience of seeking something urgently desired at the moment, and the aching, weary sensation that follows each failure to track the thing to its hiding-place. Sometimes with a singing dizziness in my head I climb and climb, I know not where or why. Yet I cannot quit the torturing, passionate endeavor, though again and again I reach out blindly for an object to hold to. Of course, according to the perversity of dreams, there is no object near. I clutch empty air, and then I fall downward and still downward, and in the midst of the fall I dissolve into the atmosphere upon which I have been floating so precariously.

Some of my dreams seem to be traced one within another like a series of concentric circles. In sleep I think I cannot sleep. I toss about in the toils of tasks unfinished. I decide to get up and read for a while. I know the shelf in my library where I keep the book I want. The book has no name, but I find it without difficulty. I settle myself comfortably in the Morris-chair, the great book open on my knee. Not a word can I make out. The pages are utterly blank. I am not surprised, but keenly disappointed. I finger the pages, I bend over them lovingly, the tears fall on my hands. I shut the book quickly as the thought passes through my mind, "The print will be all rubbed out if I get it wet." Yet there is no print tangible on the page!

This morning I thought that I awoke. I was certain that I had overslept. I seized my watch, and, sure enough, it pointed to an hour after my rising time. I sprang up in the greatest hurry, knowing that breakfast was ready. I called my mother, who declared that my watch must be wrong. She

was certain it could not be so late. I looked at my watch again, and, lo! the hands wiggled, whirled, buzzed, and disappeared. I awoke more fully as my dismay grew, until I was at the antipodes of sleep. Finally my eyes opened actually, and I knew that I had been dreaming. I had only waked into sleep. What is still more bewildering, there is no difference between the consciousness of the sham waking and that of the real one.

It is fearful to think that all that we have ever seen, felt, read, and done, may suddenly rise to our dream-vision, as the sea casts up objects it has swallowed. I have held a little child in my arms in the midst of a riot and spoken vehemently, imploring the Russian soldiers not to massacre the Jews. I have relieved the agonizing scenes of the Sepoy Rebellion and the French Revolution. Cities have burned before my eyes, and I have fought the flames until I fell exhausted. Holocausts overtake the world, and I struggle in vain to save my friends.

Once in a dream a message came speeding over land and sea that winter was descending upon the world from the North Pole, that the Arctic zone was shifting to our mild climate. Far and wide the message flew. The ocean was congealed in midsummer. Ships were held fast in the ice by thousands, the ships with large white sails were held fast. Riches of the Orient and the plenteous harvests of the Golden West might no more pass between nation and nation. For some time the trees and flowers grew on, despite the intense cold. Birds flew into the houses for safety, and those which winter had overtaken lay on the snow with wings spread in vain flight. At last the foliage and blossoms fell at the feet of winter. The petals of the flowers were turned to rubies and sapphires. The leaves froze into emeralds. The trees moaned and tossed their branches as the frost pierced them through bark and sap, pierced into their very roots. I shivered myself awake, and with a tumult of joy I breathed the many sweet morning odors wakened by the summer sun.

One need not visit an African jungle or an Indian forest to hunt the tiger. One can lie in bed amid downy pillows and dream tigers as terrible as any in the pathless wild. I was a little girl when one night I tried to cross the garden in front of my aunt's house in Alabama. I was in pursuit of a large cat with a great, bushy tail. A few hours before he had clawed

my little canary out of its cage, and crunched it between his cruel teeth. I could not see the cat; but the thought in my mind was distinct: "He is making for the high grass at the end of the garden. I'll get there first." I put my hand on the box border and ran swiftly along the path. When I reached the high grass, there was the cat gliding into the wavy tangle. I rushed forward and tried to seize him and take the bird from between his teeth. To my horror, a huge beast, not the cat at all, sprang out from the grass, and his sinewy shoulder rubbed against me with palpitating strength! His ears stood up and quivered with anger. His eyes were hot. His nostrils were large and wet. His lips moved horribly. I knew it was a tiger, a real live tiger, and that I should be devoured—my little bird and I. I do not know what happened after that. The next important thing seldom happens in dreams.

* * * * * *

In my dreams I have sensations, odors, tastes, and ideas which I do not remember to have had in reality. Perhaps they are the glimpses which my mind catches through the veil of sleep of my earliest babyhood. I have heard "the trampling of many waters." Sometimes a wonderful light visits me in sleep. Such a flash and glory as it is! I gaze and gaze until it vanishes. I smell and taste much as in my waking hours; but the sense of touch plays a less important part. In sleep I almost never grope. No one guides me. Even in a crowded street I am self-sufficient, and I enjoy an independence quite foreign to my physical life. Now I seldom spell on my fingers, and it is still rarer for others to spell into my hand. My mind acts independent of my physical organs. I am delighted to be thus endowed, if only in sleep; for then my soul dons its winged sandals and joyfully joins the throng of happy beings who dwell beyond the reaches of bodily sense.

The moral inconsistency of dreams is glaring. Mine grow less and less accordant with my proper principles. I am nightly hurled into an unethical medley of extremes. I must either defend another to the last drop of my blood or condemn him past all repenting. I commit murder sleeping, to save the lives of others. I ascribe to those I love best acts and words which it mortifies me to remember, and I cast reproach after re-

proach upon them. It is fortunate for our peace of mind that most wicked dreams are soon forgotten. Death, sudden and awful, strange loves and hates remorselessly pursued, cunningly plotted revenge, are seldom more than dim, haunting recollections in the morning, and during the day they are erased by the normal activities of the mind. Sometimes, immediately on waking, I am so vexed at the memory of a dream-fracas that I wish I may dream no more. With this wish distinctly before me I drop off again into a new turmoil of dreams.

Oh, dreams, what opprobrium I heap upon you—you, the most pointless things imaginable, saucy apes, brewers of odious contrasts, haunting birds of ill omen, mocking echoes, unseasonable reminders, oft-returning vexations, skeletons in my Morris-chair, jesters in the tomb, death's-heads at the wedding feast, outlaws of the brain that every night defy the mind's police service, thieves of my Hesperidean apples, breakers of my domestic peace, murderers of sleep! "Oh, dreadful dreams that do fright my spirit from her propriety!" No wonder that Hamlet preferred the ills he knew rather than run the risk of one dream-vision.

Yet remove the dream-world, and the loss is inconceivable. The magic spell which binds poetry together is broken. The splendor of art and the soaring might of imagination are lessened because no phantom of fadeless sunsets and flowers urges onward to a goal. Gone is the mute permission or connivance which emboldens the soul to mock the limits of time and space, forecast and gather in harvests of achievement for ages yet unborn. Blot out dreams, and the blind lose one of their chief comforts; for in the visions of sleep they behold their belief in the seeing mind and their expectation of light beyond the blank, narrow night justified. Nay, our conception of immortality is shaken. Faith, the motive-power of human life, flickers out. Before such vacancy and bareness the shock of wrecked worlds were indeed welcome. In truth, dreams bring us the thought independently of us and in spite of us that the soul

> may right
> Her nature, shoot large sail on lengthening cord,
> And rush exultant on the Infinite.

* * * * * *

The likeness between my waking state and the sleeping one is still marked. In both states I see, but not with my eyes. I hear, but not with my ears. I speak, and am spoken to, without the sound of a voice. I am moved to pleasure by visions of ineffable beauty which I have never beheld in the physical world. Once in a dream I held in my hand a pearl. I have no memory-vision of a real pearl. The one I saw in my dreams must, therefore, have been a creation of my imagination. It was a smooth, exquisitely molded crystal. As I gazed into its shimmering deeps, my soul was flooded with an ecstasy of tenderness, and I was filled with wonder, as one who should for the first time look into the cool, sweet heart of a rose. My pearl was dew and fire, the velvety green of moss, the soft whiteness of lilies, and the distilled hues and sweetness of a thousand roses. It seemed to me, the soul of beauty was dissolved in its crystal bosom. This beauteous vision strengthens my conviction that the world which the mind builds up out of countless subtle experiences and suggestions is fairer than the world of the senses. The splendor of the sunset my friends gaze at across the purpling hills is wonderful; but the sunset of the inner vision brings purer delight because it is the worshipful blending of all the beauty that we have known and desired.

I believe that I am more fortunate in my dreams than most people; for as I think back over my dreams, the pleasant ones seem to predominate, although we naturally recall most vividly and tell most eagerly the grotesque and fantastic adventures in Slumberland. I have friends, however, whose dreams are always troubled and disturbed. They wake fatigued and bruised, and they tell me that they would give a kingdom for one dreamless night. There is one friend who declares that she has never had a felicitous dream in her life. The grind and worry of the day invade the sweet domain of sleep and weary her with incessant, profitless effort. I feel very sorry for this friend, and perhaps it is hardly fair to insist upon the pleasure of dreaming in the presence of one whose dream-experience is so unhappy. Still, it is true that my dreams have uses as many and sweet as those of adversity. All my yearning for the strange, the weird, the ghostlike is gratified in dreams. They carry me out of the accustomed and

commonplace. In a flash, in the winking of an eye, they snatch the burden from my shoulder, the trivial task from my hand, and the pain and disappointment from my heart, and I behold the lovely face of my dream. It dances round me with merry measure, and darts hither and thither in happy abandon. Sudden, sweet fancies spring forth from every nook and corner, and delightful surprises meet me at every turn. A happy dream is more precious than gold and rubies.

I like to think that in dreams we catch glimpses of a life larger than our own. We see it as a little child, or as a savage who visits a civilized nation. Thoughts are imparted to us far above our ordinary thinking. Feelings nobler and wiser than any we have known thrill us between heart-beats. For one fleeting night a princelier nature captures us, and we become as great as our aspirations.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY

[1795—1870]

JESSE LEWIS ORRICK

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY was born in Baltimore, Maryland, October 25, 1795. He was one of the four sons of John Kennedy, a merchant of Baltimore, and Nancy Clayton Kennedy, *née* Pendleton, a native of Martinsburg, Berkeley County (then), Virginia. John Kennedy was an immigrant of Scotch-Irish descent. Nancy Clayton Pendleton was a descendant of old English gentlefolk, who throughout several generations on American soil had maintained, particularly in Virginia, a position of social and political distinction.

While the subject of this sketch was yet a young man, the father met with certain reverses in fortune which compelled the relinquishment of his estate in Baltimore and retirement from his business there. He then moved his household to a country property, owned by his wife, situated near Charles Town, Jefferson County, Virginia, but John Pendleton remained in Baltimore to practice his profession, the law.

Young Kennedy had been graduated in the academic courses of Sinclair's Academy in 1808, and at Baltimore College in 1812, and these courses, though one-sided (in the preponderance of the classics and neglect of mathematics and the physical sciences), yet afforded as good educational opportunities as were to be had in Maryland in that day. Moreover, Kennedy derived great broadening of this basis from his own reading, much of which was done under the guidance of older men of culture who seem early to have recognized his aptitude for literature and scholarship. At the Bar of Baltimore, where then practiced a group of distinguished lawyers, he soon won an honorable place, and through the Bar came into politics and public life. His public career began with his election to the Legislature of Maryland in 1820; he was reëlected in 1821-'22, making his term three successive years. His other principal public offices were: Member of Congress, two terms, beginning in 1838; Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore; Speaker of the Maryland House of Delegates in 1847. He declined other offices, both State and Federal, but his interest in politics was constant, though elevated and patriotic, throughout his life. He held other semi-public

but non-political offices. He was once Provost of the University of Maryland, a trustee of the Peabody Institute, and a commissioner to the Paris Exposition. He was also a director in a railway corporation. While in Congress he was chiefly instrumental in obtaining for the inventor, Morse, the necessary appropriation for a convincing public demonstration of the practicability of the telegraph. A channel in Arctic regions bearing the name of Kennedy testifies to Dr. Kane's appreciation of the service rendered by this Secretary of the Navy in obtaining Government aid for the organization of the first Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. To this variety of interests he added a love of letters and, though ever busy with politics and affairs, found leisure hours in which literary production became his pastime. Of his earlier efforts, as for example, his contributions to *The Red Book*, a journal of humor, philosophy, and satire in the style of the "Salamagundi Papers," there is now scarcely a scrap to be found. Mention should be made here of his having once essayed journalism in its proper form, as he was for a time editor of the *Baltimore American*.

It was not until he had reached middle life that he published the first of the three novels on which rests his literary fame. 'Swallow Barn' appeared in 1829, and 'Horse-Shoe Robinson' and 'Rob-of-the-Bowl' during the years 1834-'39, inclusive.

These novels should not be overlooked by the student of American literature who would faithfully trace its development. Kennedy was among those who, like his friend Irving, "succeeded in showing the incredulous abroad that an American book might be richly worth the reading"; and he was one of the pioneers in the field of American literature; so, more especially, was he one of the first and one of the ablest makers of a literature distinctly Southern.

'Swallow Barn,' as its author admits, is not a novel in the technical sense of the term, but a series of originally detached sketches which have been "linked together by the hooks and eyes of a traveler's notes." Nevertheless, the author's design to afford a complete picture of country life in Virginia, as existing in the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century, is skilfully accomplished. Typical characters move in typical scenes. The reader becomes well acquainted with the Virginia country gentleman in Frank Meriwether; with the ante-bellum lawyer in Philly Wart, and with the dependent scholar, the provincial teacher and preacher in Parson Chubb. We attend "Court Day," witness an "Opossum Hunt," and enjoy the mirth and hospitality of a "Country Gathering." Mystery is afforded in the accounts of "Goblin Swamp" and its ghosts; pathos, in the story of "A Negro Mother"; while love

and gallantry are not forgotten. Humor is the dominant note of the work, and it is humor of a most excellent kind. Especially in the delineation—or rather in the supposed self-revelation—of Frank Meriwether (master of the estate, Swallow Barn, a character which has been compared with Addison's Sir Roger de Coverly), does the reader find "a source of innocent merriment." Indeed the Addisonian method is apparent throughout, and one is compelled to forgive this imitation—partly unconscious it was, no doubt—in consideration of the appropriateness of the style to the subject-matter.

In 'Horse-Shoe Robinson: A Tale of the Tory Ascendancy' we discover the method and style of the modern romantic novel, resembling in certain phases the accomplishments of James Fenimore Cooper and in others the influence of Sir Walter Scott. A well defined plot and an abundance of action combine to make 'Horse-Shoe Robinson' a spirited production, and it was these popular qualities that won for the work an immediate success. Mr. Kennedy had encountered the prototype of the character, Sergeant Galbraith (alias Horse-Shoe) Robinson in life, and not only conveyed a portrait of the original to the pages of his novel, but utilized the actual adventures of this rough-and-ready soldier of the Revolution as the web and woof of the plot. Henry Theodore Tuckerman has well summarized the principal incidents of this characteristically American novel: "The scenes are authentic as well as picturesque; we have vivid glimpses into the woodland camps of Marion; we follow the bold and swift raid of Sumpter; we witness the ravages of the isolated troopers at Tarleton; the glare of the burning farm-house; the drunken revelry of the bivouac; the solemn funeral of the martyred patriot in the forest; the escape of the prisoner of war; the grief of the bereft; the terror of the captive; the exultation of the victors; the suspense, privation, weariness, hope and despair born of civil war."

The intense humanity of the tale, as well as the skilfulness of the narrator, has won its recognition as a work of true genius and is likely to charm the American readers of generations yet to come. 'Horse-Shoe Robinson' was dramatized and played at the Holliday Street Theater, Baltimore, Maryland, in 1856, but, from Kennedy's own account of one of the performances we are led to conclude that the play was too much in the melodramatic style to be voted an artistic success; yet in the book a skilful playwright will find excellent material ready to his hand. Many of its quaint characters are the original types from which certain humorous figures of the stage have been drawn.

In 'Rob-of-the-Bowl: a Legend of St. Inigoes,' Kennedy was successful in an attempt to reproduce (in a vivid picture) the old Town

of St. Mary's (or St. George's), the sometime seat of the Lord Proprietary of Maryland Colony, of which nearly every physical trace had been obliterated, and to re-people that place with such men and women as had dwelt therein nearly two centuries before. In this achievement he not only contributed worthily to American fiction but to the history of his native State as well. Though this work has been less widely read than either 'Swallow Barn' or 'Horse-Shoe Robinson,' yet perhaps it excels either in literary merits, and it is truly entertaining and instructive. While there is some justice in the criticism that "the characters are so various and strongly marked, several of them so elaborately finished as to divide the interest and present the story as one without a hero," yet, after all, it is in this very abundance and variety of character-study that Kennedy's charm lies. His native talent was for portraiture, and so in his groups one figure is nearly as prominent as another, and all are drawn with equal care.

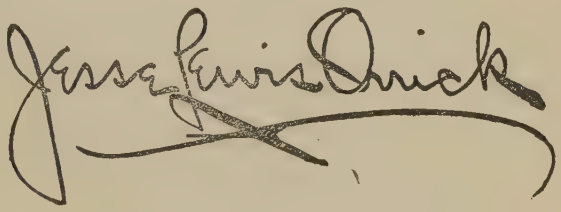
Of Kennedy's political writings only two have been preserved in book form, viz: 'The Annals of Quodlibet,' and 'Mr. Ambrose's Letters on the Rebellion.' The first is a political satire on the times in which it was published (1840). The politically independent reader of to-day should find much diversion in the pages of this literary extravaganza which so successfully holds blind partisanship and sham patriotism up to ridicule.

The "Ambrose Letters" were contributed to a Washington (D.C.) newspaper while the Civil War was in progress, and at the conclusion of the war they were collected, after revision, into a small volume. In a style made forceful by simplicity and directness, these letters set forth the views of one of that Southern minority who from conscientious and not from selfish motives adhered to the Federal cause.

Between the publication of 'Quodlibet' and of 'Mr. Ambrose's Letters' (in 1849), appeared 'Memoirs of William Wirt.' "This was alike a labor of love and a work of interest and utility," observed Tuckerman. "In many points of character and taste there existed a remarkable affinity between the biographer and his subject; they possessed a kindred love of literature and were endowed with social aptitudes and sympathies at once endearing and characteristic. During Mr. Wirt's practice at the Baltimore Bar, Mr. Kennedy had become familiar with his professional triumphs and his personal charm and worth. The principal sources of the memoir were drawn from the intimate correspondence of Wirt, from his official records, and from the reminiscences of attached friends."

This biography is not the least valuable of Kennedy's achievements in the realm of letters. Without attempts at profound character analysis, it nevertheless gives, through Wirt's correspondence, an excellent insight into his mental and spiritual make-up, and chiefly through the same medium casts many valuable side-light rays upon the politics and statesmanship of the early days of the Republic.

Admirers of Kennedy must regret that he was not a more prolific writer. The reasons for his producing no more in literature than he did are readily apparent and very simple. Until he was nearly sixty years of age Mr. Kennedy had many concerns besides literature: then soon came the Civil War, checking all literary productions; while at the conclusion of the war he was well advanced in years, and in declining health. He died August 18, 1870. "Author, Statesman, Patriot—he adorned every path which he pursued" were the words of his epitaph; and from the record of his life and the study of his writings we know this praise was deserved; but, even were no such record available and no line of his writings preserved, we might still judge him by the company he kept; for the friend of Irving and Thackeray and Cooper, of Bancroft and Prescott, of Pinckney and Wirt, of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, the patron of Poe, the counselor of Simms, must have been a man of unusual character, talent, and culture.



THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN

From 'Horse-Shoe Robinson.'

Every corps was now in motion, and the two flanking divisions were soon lost to view in the intervening forest. An incident of some interest to our story makes it necessary that we should, for a moment, follow the track of Cleveland in his march upon the left side of the mountain.

The principal road of travel northwards extended along the valley on this side; and upon this road Cleveland and Williams conducted their men, until they arrived at a point sufficiently remote to enable them, by ascending the height, to place themselves in Ferguson's rear. They had just reached this point when they encountered a picquet of the enemy, which after a few shots, retired hastily up the mountain.

The little outpost had scarcely begun to give ground, before the leading companies of the Whigs had their attention drawn to the movements of a small party of horsemen who at that moment appeared in sight upon the road, some distance in advance. They were approaching the American column; and, as if taken by surprise at the appearance of this force, set spurs to their horses and made an effort to ride beyond the reach of Cleveland's fire, whilst they took a direction up by the mountain towards Ferguson's stronghold. From the equipment of these individuals, it might have been inferred that they were two gentlemen of some distinction connected with the royal army, attended by their servants, and now about arriving, after a long journey, at the British camp. The first was habited in the uniform of an officer, was well mounted, and displayed a light and active figure, which appeared to advantage in the dexterous management of his horse. The second was a gentleman in a plain riding costume, of slender and well-knit proportions, and manifestly older than his companion. He rode a powerful and spirited horse, with a confidence and command not inferior to those of his associates. The others in attendance, from their position in the rear, and from the heavy portmanteaus that encumbered their saddles, we might have no difficulty in conjecturing to be menials in the service of the two first.

The course taken by this party brought them obliquely across the range of the fire of the Whigs.

"It is a general officer and his aide," exclaimed one of the subalterns in the advance. "Ho there! Stand. You are my prisoners!"

"Spur, spur, and away! For God's sake fly!" shouted the younger of the two horsemen to his companion, as he dashed the rowels into his steed and fled up the mountain. "Push for the top—one moment more and we are out of reach!"

"Stop them, at all hazards!" vociferated Cleveland, the instant his eye fell upon them. "Quick, lads—level your pieces —they are messengers from Cornwallis. Rein up, or I fire!" he called aloud after the flying cavalcade.

The appeal and the threat were unheeded. A score of men left the ranks and ran some distance up the mountain side, and their shots whistled through the forest after the fugitives. One of the attendants was seen to fall, and his horse to wheel round and run back, with a frightened pace, to the valley. The scarlet uniform of the younger horseman, conspicuous through the foliage some distance up the mountain, showed that he had escaped. His elder comrade, when the smoke cleared away, was seen also beyond the reach of Cleveland's fire; but his altered pace and his relaxed seat in his saddle, made it apparent that he had received some hurt. This was confirmed when, still nearer to the summit, the stranger was seen to fall upon his horse's neck, and thence to be lifted to the ground by three or four soldiers who had hastened to his relief.

These incidents scarcely occupied more time in their performance than I have taken in the narrative; and all reflection upon them, for the present, was lost in the uproar and commotion of the bloody scene that succeeded.

Meanwhile, Campbell and Shelby, each at the head of his men in the centre division of the army, steadily commenced the ascent of the mountain. A long interval ensued, in which nothing was heard but the tramp of the soldiers and a few words of almost whispered command, as they scaled the height; and it was not until they had nearly reached the summit that the first peal of battle broke upon the sleeping echoes of the mountain.

Campbell here deployed into line, and his men strode briskly upwards until they had come within musket-shot of the British regulars, whose sharp and prolonged volleys, at this instant, suddenly burst forth from the crest of the hill. Peal after peal rattled along the mountain side, and volumes of smoke, silvered by the light of the sun, rolled over and enveloped the combatants.

When the breeze had partially swept away this cloud, and opened glimpses of the battle behind it, the troops of Campbell were seen recoiling before an impetuous charge of the bayonet, in which Ferguson himself led the way. A sudden halt by the retreating Whigs, and a stern front steadfastly opposed to the foe, checked the ardor of his pursuit at an early moment, and, in turn, he was discovered retiring towards his original ground, hotly followed by the mountaineers. Again, the same vigorous onset from the royalists was repeated, and again the shaken bands of Campbell rallied and turned back the rush of battle towards the summit. At last, panting and spent with the severe encounter, both parties stood for a space eyeing each other with deadly rage, and waiting only to gather breath for the renewal of the strife.

At this juncture, the distant firing heard from either flank furnished evidence that Sevier and Cleveland had both come in contact with the enemy. The uprising of smoke above the trees showed the seat of the combat to be below the summit on the mountain sides, and that the enemy had there half-way met his foe; whilst the shouts of the soldiers, alternating between the parties of either army, no less distinctly proclaimed the fact that, at these remote points, the field was disputed with bloody resolution and varying success.

It would overtask my poor faculty of description, to give my reader even a faint picture of this rugged battle-field. During the pause of the combatants of the centre, Campbell and Shelby were seen riding along the line, and by speech and gesture encouraging their soldiers to still more determined efforts. Little need was there for exhortation; rage seemed to have refreshed the strength of the men, who, with loud and fierce huzzas, rushed again to the encounter. They were met with a defiance not less eager than their own; and, for a time, the battle was again obscured under the thick haze engendered

by the incessant discharges of fire-arms. From this gloom, a yell of triumph was sometimes heard, as momentary success inspired those who struggled within; and the frequent twinkle of polished steel glimmering through the murky atmosphere, and the occasional apparition of a speeding horseman, seen for an instant as he came into the clear light, told of the dreadful earnestness and zeal with which the unseen hosts had now joined in the conflict. The impression of this contact was various. Parts of each force broke before their antagonists; and in those spots where the array of the fight might be discerned through the shade of the forest or the smoke of battle, both royalists and Whigs were found, at the same instant, to have driven back detached fragments of their opponents. Foemen were mingled hand to hand, through and among their adverse ranks; and for a time no conjecture might be indulged as to the side to which victory would turn.

The flanking detachments seemed to have fallen into the same confusion, and might have been seen retreating and advancing upon the rough slopes of the mountain, in partisan bodies, separated from their lines; thus giving to the scene an air of bloody riot, more resembling the sudden insurrection of mutineers from the same ranks, than the orderly war of trained soldiers.

* * * * * *

The victory was won. In the last assault, Campbell had reached the crest of the mountain, and the royalists had given ground with decisive indications of defeat. Ferguson, in the hopeless effort to rally his soldiers, had flung himself into their van, but a bullet at this instant reached his heart; he fell from his seat, and his white horse, which had been conspicuous in the crowd of battle, bounded wildly through the ranks of the Whigs, and made his way down the mountain side.

Campbell passed onward, driving the royalists before him. For a moment the discomfited bands hoped to join their comrades in the rear, and, by a united effort, to effect a retreat; but the parties led by Sevier and Cleveland, cheered by the shouts of their victorious companions, urged their attacks with new vigor, and won the hill in time to intercept the fugitives. All hopes of escape being thus at an end, a white flag was displayed in token of submission; and the remnant of Fergu-

son's late proud and boastful army, now amounting to between eight and nine hundred men, surrendered to the assailants.

It has scarcely ever happened that a battle has been fought in which the combatants met with keener individual exasperation than in this. The mortal hatred which embittered the feelings of Whig and Tory along this border, here vented itself in the eagerness of conflict, and gave the impulse to every blow that was struck—rendering the fight, from beginning to end, relentless, vindictive, and bloody. The remembrance of the thousand cruelties practiced by the royalists during the brief Tory dominion to which my narrative has been confined, was fresh in the minds of the stern and hardy men of the mountains, who had pursued their foe with such fierce animosity to this his last stage. Every one had some wrong to tell, and burned with an unquenchable rage of revenge. It was, therefore, with a yell of triumph that they saw the symbol of submission raised aloft by the enemy; and for a space, the forest rang with their loud and reiterated huzzas.

Many brave men fell on either side. Upon the slopes of the mountain and on its summit, the bodies of the dead and dying lay scattered amongst the rocks, and the feeble groans of the wounded mingled with the fierce tones of exultation from the living.

The Whigs sustained a grievous loss in Colonel Williams, who had been struck down in the moment of victory. He was young, ardent, and brave; and his many soldier-like virtues, combined with a generous and amiable temper, had rendered him a cherished favorite with the army. His death served still more to increase the exacerbation of the conquerors against the conquered.

The sun was yet an hour high when the battle was done. The Whigs were formed in two lines on the ridge of the mountain; and the prisoners, more numerous than their captors, having laid down their arms, were drawn up in detached columns on the intervening ground. There were many sullen and angry glances exchanged, during this period of suspense, between victors and vanquished; and it was with a fearful rankling of inward wrath, that many of the Whigs detected, in the columns of the prisoners, some of their bitterest persecutors.

THE MANSION OF DOVE COTE

From 'Horse-Shoe Robinson.'

THE site of the Dove Cote was eminently picturesque. It was an area of level ground, perhaps, two acres, on the summit of a hill that, on one side, overhung the Rockfish River, and on the other rose by a gentle sweep from the champaign country below. This summit might have been as much as two hundred feet above the bed of the stream, and was faced on that side by a bold, rocky precipice, not absolutely perpendicular, but broken into stages or platforms, where grassy mould had accumulated, and where the sweet-brier and the laurel, and clusters of the azalea, shot up in profuse luxuriance. The fissures of the crag had also collected their handful of soil and gave nourishment to struggling vines, and everywhere the ash or pine, and not unfrequently the dogwood, took possession of such spots upon the rocky wall, as these adventurous and cliff-loving trees had found congenial to their nature. The opposite or northern bank of the river had an equal elevation, and jutted forward so near to the other as to leave between them a cleft, which suggested the idea of some sudden abruption of the earth in those early paroxysms that geologists have deemed necessary to account for some of the features of our continent. Below was heard the ceaseless prattle of the waters, as they ran over and amongst the rocks which probably constituted the *débris* formed in the convulsion that opened this chasm. It was along through this obscure dell that the road, with which my reader is acquainted, found place between the margin of the stream and the foot of the rocks. The general aspect of the country was diversified by high knolls and broken masses of mountain land, and the Dove Cote itself occupied a station sufficiently above the surrounding district to give it a prospect, eastward, of several miles in extent. From this point the eye might trace the valley of the Rockfish, by the abrupt hillsides that hemmed it in, and by the growth of sombre pines that coated the steeps where nothing else could find a foot-hold. Not far below, in this direction, was to be seen the Fawn's tower, a singular pinnacle of rock, which had acquired its name from the protection it was

said to have afforded to a young deer against the assault of the hounds; the hard pressed animal, as the tradition relates, having gained this insulated point by a bound that baffled the most adventurous of his pursuers, and admiration of the successful boldness of the leap having won from the huntsman the favor that spared his life.

With the exception of a large chestnut near the edge of the cliff, and of some venerable oaks, that had counted centuries before the white man rested his limbs beneath their shade, the native growth of the forest had been removed by Lindsay from the summit I have described, and he had substituted for the wild garniture of nature a few of the choicest trees of the neighboring woods. Here he had planted the elm, the holly and the linden tree, the cedar and the arbor vitæ. This platform was semi-circular, and was bounded by a terrace or walk of gravel that swept around its circumference. The space enclosed was covered with a natural grass, which the frequent use of the scythe had brought to the resemblance of velvet; and the lower side of the terrace was guarded by a hedge-row of cedar. Over this green wall, as the spectator walked forth in fair summer time, might he look out upon the distant woods and meadows; and there he might behold the high-road showing itself, at distant intervals, upon the hill-sides; and in the bottom lands, that lay open to the sun through the forest-bound valleys, might he see herds of grazing cattle, or fields of yellow grain, or perchance, the slow moving wain burdened with hay, or slower moving plough.

The mansion itself partook of the character of the place. It was perched—to use a phrase peculiarly applicable to its position—almost immediately at that point where the terrace made an angle with the cliff, being defended by a stone parapet, through which an iron wicket opened upon a flight of rough-hewn steps, that terminated in a pathway leading down to the river.

The main building was of stone, consisting of one lofty story and capped with a steep roof, which curved so far over the front as to furnish a broad rustic porch that rested almost upon the ground. The slim pillars of this porch were concealed by lattice-work, which was overgrown with creeping vines: and the windows of the contiguous rooms, on either side

of a spacious hall, opened to the floor, and looked out upon the lawn and upon the quiet landscape far beyond. One of these apartments was also accessible through the eastern gable, by a private doorway shaded by a light veranda, and was appropriated by Lindsay for his library. This portal seemed almost to hang over the rock, having but the breadth of the terrace between it and the declivity, and showing no other foreground than the parapet, which was here a necessary defence against the cliff, and from which the romantic dell of the river was seen in all its wildness.

There were other portions of the mansion constructed in the same style of architecture, united to this in such a manner as to afford an uninterrupted communication, and to furnish a range of chambers for the use of the family. A rustic effect was everywhere preserved. Stacks of chimneys shot up in grotesque array; and heavy, old-fashioned windows looked quaintly down from the peaked roof. Choice exotics, planted in boxes, were tastefully arranged upon the lawn; cages with singing-birds were suspended against the wall and the whole mass of building, extending along the verge of the cliff, so as to occupy the entire diameter of the semi-circle, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, sorted by its simplicity of costume, if I may so speak, and by its tidy beauty, with the close-shaven grass-plot and its trim shades.

Above the whole, flinging their broad and gnarled arms amongst the chimney tops, and forming a pleasing contrast with the artificial embellishments of this spot, some ancient oaks, in primeval magnificence, reared their time-honored trunks, and no less sheltered the habitation from the noontide heats, than they afforded an asylum to the ringdove and his mate, or to the countless travellers of the air that here stopped for rest and food. Such was the general aspect of the Dove Cote; a spot where a philosopher might glide through life in unbroken contemplation; where a wearied statesman might betake himself to reassemble the scattered forces of intellect for new enterprises; where the artist might repair to study with advantage the living graces of God's own painting; where young beauty might bud and bloom amongst the most delicate and graceful forms of earth.

The interior of the dwelling was capacious and comfort-

able. Its furniture, suitable to the estate of the owner, was plain and adapted to a munificent rather than to an ostentatious hospitality. It was only in the library that evidence might be seen of large expense. Here, the books were ranged from the floor to the ceiling, with scarcely an interval, except where a few choice paintings had found space, or the bust of some ancient worthy. One or two ponderous lounging chairs stood in the apartment; and the footstep of the visitor was dulled into silence by the soft nap of (what, in that day, was a rare and costly luxury) a Turkey carpet. This was in all respects, an apartment of ease, and it was provided with every incentive to beguile a student into silent and luxurious communion with the spirit of the sages around him—whose subtlest thoughts and holiest breathings, whose most volatile fancies, had been caught up, fixed, and turned into tangible substance, more indestructible than adamant, by the magic of letters.

I have trespassed on the patience of my reader to give him a somewhat minute description of the Dove Cote, principally because I hope thereby to open his mind to a more adequate conception of the character of Philip Lindsay. By looking at a man in his own dwelling, and observing his domestic habits, I will venture to affirm, it shall scarcely in any instance fail to be true, that, if there be seen a tasteful arrangement of matters necessary to his comfort; if his household be well ordered and his walks clean and well rolled, and his grassplots neat; and if there be no slovenly inattention to repairs, but thrift against waste, and plenty for all; and, if to these be added habits of early rising and comely attire—and, above all, if there be books, many books, well turned and carefully tended—that man is one to warm up at the coming of a gentleman; to open his doors to him; to take him to his heart, and to do him the kindnesses of life. He is a man to hate what is base, and to stand apart from the mass, as one who will not have his virtue tainted. He is a man, moreover, whose worldly craft may be so smothered and suppressed in the predominance of the household affections, that the skilful and designing, alas, may ever practice with success their plans against him.

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF MARYLAND

From 'Rob-of-the-Bowl.'

It is now more than one hundred and forty-four years since the ancient capital of Maryland was shorn of its honors, by the removal of the public offices, and along with them, the public functionaries, to Annapolis. The date of this removal, I think, is recorded as of the year of grace sixteen hundred and ninety-four. The port of St. Mary's up to that epoch, from the first settlement of the province, comprehending rather more than three score years, had been the seat of the Lord Proprietary's government. This little city had grown up in hard-favored times, which had their due effect in leaving upon it the visible tokens of a stunted vegetation: it waxed gnarled and crooked, as it perked itself upward through the thorny troubles of its existence, and might be likened to the black jack, which yet retains a foothold in this region—a scrubby, tough, and hardy mignon of the forest whose elder day of crabbed luxuriance affords a sour comment upon the nurture of its youth.

Geographers are aware that the city of St. Mary's stood on the left bank of the river which now bears the same name (though of old it was called St. George's) and which flows into the Potomac at the southern extremity of the state of Maryland, on the western side of the Chesapeake Bay, at a short distance westward from Point Lookout: but the very spot where the old city stood is known only to few—for the traces of the early residence of the Proprietary government have nearly faded away from the knowledge of this generation. An astute antiquarian eye, however, may define the site of the town by the few scattered bricks which the ploughshare has mingled with the ordinary tillage of the fields. It may be determined, still more visibly, by the mouldering and shapeless ruin of the ancient State House, whose venerable remains —I relate it with a blush—have been pillaged, to furnish building materials for an unsightly church, which now obtrusively presents its mottled, mortar-stained and shabby front to the view of the visitor, immediately beside the wreck of this early monument of the founders of Maryland.

Over these ruins a storm-shaken and magnificent mulberry, aboriginal, and contemporary with the settlement of the province, yet rears its shattered and topless trunk, and daily distils upon the sacred relics at its foot, the dews of heaven —an august and brave old mourner to the departed companions of its prime. There is yet another memorial in the family tomb of the Proprietary, whose long-respected and holy repose, beneath the scant shade of the mulberry, has within twenty years past, been desecrated by a worse than Vandal outrage, and whose lineaments may now with difficulty be followed amidst the rubbish produced by this violation. These faded memorials tell their story like honest chronicles. And a brave story it is of hardy adventure, and manly love of freedom! The scattered bricks, all mouldered in the motherland, remind us of the launching of the bark, the struggle with the unfamiliar wave, the array of the wonder-stricken savage, and the rude fellowship of the first meeting. They recall the hearths whose early fires gleamed upon the visage of the bold cavalier, while the deep, unconquerable faith of religion, and the impassioned instincts of the Anglo-Saxon devotion to liberty, were breathed by household groups, in customary household terms. They speak of sudden alarms, and quick arming for battle—of stout resolve, and still stouter achievement. They tell of the victory won, and quiet gradually confirmed, and of the increasing rapture as, day by day, the settler's hopes were converted into realities, when he saw the wilderness put forth the blossoms of security and comfort.

The river penetrates from the Potomac some twelve miles inland, where it terminates in little forked bays which wash the base of the woody hills. St. George's Island stretches half across its mouth, forming a screen by which the course of the Potomac is partly concealed from view. From this island, looking northward, up St. Mary's River, the eye rests upon a glittering sheet of water about a league in breadth, bounded on either shore by low meadow-grounds and cultivated fields girt with borders of forest; whilst in the distance, some two leagues upward, interlocking promontories, with highlands in their rear, and cedar-crowned cliffs and abrupt acclivities which shut in the channel, give to the river the features of a lake. St. Inigoe's Creek, flowing into the river upon the right hand,

along the base of these cliffs, forms by its southern shore a flat, narrow and grass-clad point, upon which the ancient Jesuit House of the patron saint whose name distinguishes the creek, throws up, in sharp relief, its chateau-like profile, together with its windmill, its old trees, barns, and cottages—the whole suggesting a resemblance to a strip of pasteboard scenery on a prolonged and slender base line of green.

When the voyager from the island has trimmed his sail and reached the promontories which formed his first perspective, the river, now reduced to a gun-shot in width, again opens to his view a succession of little bays, intercepted by more frequent headlands and branching off into sinuous creeks that lose themselves in the hills. Here and there, amongst these creeks, a slender beach of white sand separates from its parent flood a pool, which reposes like a mirror in the deep forest; and all around, high hills sweep down upon these placid lakes, and disclose half-embowered cottages, whose hoary roofs and antique forms turn the musings of the spectator to the palmy days of the Lord Proprietary. A more enchanting landscape than St. Mary's River—a lovelier assemblage of grassy bank and hoary grove, upland slope, cliff, cot and strand, of tangled brake and narrow bay, broad, seaward roadstead and air-suspended cape, may not be found beneath the yearly travel of the sun!

The ancient city was situated nearly two miles beyond the confluence of St. Inigoe's Creek, upon a spacious level plain which maintained an elevation of some fifty feet above the river. The low-browed, double-roofed, and cumbrous habitations of the towns-people were scattered at random over this plain, forming snug and pleasant groups for a painter's eye, and deriving an air of competence and comfort from the gardens and bowers in which they were sheltered. The State House stood at the upper extremity of the town, upon a cedar-clad headland which, by an abrupt descent, terminated in a long, flat, sandy point, that reached almost half across the river. In regard to this building, tradition—which I find to be somewhat inclined to brag of its glory—affirms it to have been constructed in the shape of a cross, looking towards the river, with walls thick enough to resist cannon, and perilous steep roofs, from the top of the chief of which shot up a spire, whereon was im-

paled a dolphin with a crooked, bifurcated tail. A wooden quay and warehouse on the point showed this to be the seat of trade, and a crescent-shaped bay or indentation between this and a similar headland at the lower extremity of the town, constituted the anchorage or harbor for the scant shipping of the port.

The State House looked rearward over the town common—a large space of open ground, at the farther end of which, upon the border of a marshy inlet, covered with bulrushes and cattails, stood a squat, sturdy, and tight little jail, supported—to use the military phrase—on one flank by a pillory and stocks, and on the other by an implement of government which has gone out of fashion in our day, but which found favor with our ancestors as an approved antidote to the prevalent distemper of an unnecessary or too clamorous loquacity in their dames—a ducking stool, that hung suspended over a pool of sufficient depth for the most obstinate case that might occur.

Without wearying my reader with too much description, I shall content myself with referring to but two or three additional particulars as necessary to my future purpose: a Catholic chapel devoted to St. Ignatius, the patron of the province, in humble and unostentatious guise, occupied, with its appurtenances, a few acres in the centre of the plain, a short distance from that confine of the city which lay nearest to St. Inigoe's; and in the opposite quarter, not far from the State House, a building of much more pretension, though by no means so neat, had been erected for the service of the Church of England, which was then fast growing into the ascendant. On one of the streets leading to the beach was the market-house, surrounded by its ordinaries and ale-houses: and lastly, in the year 1681, to which this description refers, a little hostelry of famous report, known by the sign of "The Crow and Archer," and kept by Master Garret Weasel, stood on the water's edge, at the foot of the bank below the State House, on a piece of level ground looking out upon the harbor, where the traveller may still find a luxuriant wilderness of pear trees, the scions of a notable ancestor which, tradition says, the aforesaid Garret planted with his own hand.

The country around St. Mary's bore, at the period I have designated, the same broad traces of settlement and cultivation

which belong to it at the present day. For many miles the scene was one of varied field and forest, studded over with dwellings and farm-yards. The settlement had extended across the neck of land to the Chesapeake, and along both shores of St. Mary's River to the Potomac. This open country was diversified by woodland, and enlivened everywhere by the expanse of navigable water which reflected sun and sky, grove and field and lowly cottage in a thousand beautiful lights. Indeed, all the maritime border of the province, comprehending Calvert, St. Mary's, and Charles, as well as the counties on the opposite shore of the Chesapeake, might be said, at this date, to be in a condition of secure and prosperous habitation. The great ocean forest had receded some hundred miles westward from St. Mary's. The region of country comprising the present county of Anne Arundel, as well as Cecil and the Isle of Kent, was a frontier already settled with numerous tenants of the Lord Proprietary. All westward from this was the birthright of the stern Sasquesahannoch, the fierce Shenandoah, and their kindred men of the woods.

They are gone! Like shadows have these men of might sunk on the earth. They, their game, their wigwams, their monuments, their primeval forests—yea, even their graves, have flitted away in this spectral flight. Saxon and Norman, bluff Briton and heavy Suabian inherit the land. And in its turn, well-a-day! our pragmatical little city hath departed. Not all its infant glory, nor its manhood's bustle, its walls, gardens, and bowers—its warm housekeeping, its gossiping burghers, its politics and its factions—not even its prolific dames and gamesome urchins could keep it in the upper air until this our day. Alas, for the vaulting pride of the village, the vain glory of the city, and the metropolitan boast! St. Mary's hath sunk to the level of Tyre and Sidon, Balbec and Palmyra! She hath become trackless, tokenless.

I have wandered over the blank field where she sank down to rest. It was a book whose characters I could scarce decipher. I asked for relics of the departed. The winter evening tale told by father to son, and the written legend, more durable than monument of marble, have survived to answer my question, when brick and tile, hearth and tomb have all vanished from the quest of the traveller.

CONFESSIONS OF AN OFFICE HOLDER

From 'At Home and Abroad.'

I WISH it to be observed that, being a timid and cautious man, with a wife and five small and helpless children, I never was *decidedly* for either Adams or Jackson, but *measurably* in favor of both. And here was the State of Maryland equally split between the two; and fierce as dragons on both sides. Now the vexation of my case was this, that it was not only required of me to be, but universally believed that I was as fierce as the rest. It belonged to my office to be so. What right had a man, who was serving the people, to be prudent and reflecting and sensible? God knows! I was willing to be as ferocious as they could have wished, if I could only have foreseen where things would settle down. I had a frightful presentiment that the offices hereafter would be confined to the diabolical "good men and true," but on what side, it puzzled me to tell. Maryland had been last year against the old General, and it was a deep speculation to find out how many turncoats there would be on the first Monday of October. I never was so distracted in opinion, and yet I was obliged to be as decided as if I knew all about it. I watched the bets—but fools will bet on any thing. I understand *reaction* pretty well—we had experience enough in that last year—but I confess I could form no idea where it would hit this time: Harry Clay's dinners might or might not work miracles, and feed the hungry in Maryland, as well as in Kentucky; but I felt considerable doubt. Besides Maryland never fights with much heart against the General Government. Our people are sensible, and have objections, like myself, to minorities. Then the newspapers! Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was gospel to them: it was like children building with cards, one party set every thing "erect," and the other laid every thing prostrate. I never had such difficulty to make up my mind in my life. Yet, notwithstanding, all this time I was obliged to be thoroughgoing on both sides, and give the people the worth of their money. There was a kind of horror, among the belligerents, of all neutrals. *In medio tutissimus,* was mere nonsense—you might as well stand with one foot on the cross of St. Paul's.

Moderation, which was once a virtue in a man with a wife and five small and helpless children, was clean out of fashion. What signifies it that Zeno has said, "Seek the Golden mean;" and Socrates, "Suit your action to the times;" and Confucius, "Stand in the middle, nor bend to either side;" or that St. Paul advises, "Be all things to all men;" or that Euclid demonstrates that the means are equal to the extremes; or that Suvarof commands, "Duck your head to a cannon ball;" or that the celebrated Vicar of Bray supported seven administrations! All this philosophy is dust in the balance when a legion of good men and true want the philosopher's office. Some idea may be formed of my perplexities when it is considered that I was, strictly, a good and true man, on both sides—and yet, what so opposite in nature? I consulted with a few confidential friends who were as unfortunate as myself, and we gradually began to form a little club and exchange opinions. What a miserable set of wretches we were! Our society took in the holders of office, and the moderate editors, and we cheered each other up during the ravings of the storm. The editors made out better than we poor devils—they determined to print nothing, on either side, unless paid for it as an advertisement, or if they did venture into the field at all, to keep a running posted account, of debit and credit, for both sides; one column of "Table Orator," and another of the "Battle of the Penny Posts"—Amos Kendall Cr., Toby Watkins Dr.—and, in this way, it would have posed a Philadelphia lawyer to make any thing out of them. But our case was horrible. A mistake in mathematics, or metaphysics, or in any matter of opinion, except in politics, is mere moonshine: but in our luckless vocation, the slightest straying out of that inscrutable path, which the wretched traveller can only keep in by chance, takes the very meat out of his pot, and consigns him and his helpless progeny to the charity of the good men and true—from which, St. Nicholas deliver us! I never ventured abroad without encountering the dismal memorials of these mistakes. At every corner I could hear of some "good man and true" who had wasted his breath and substance in his zeal to retain his office, expiating his rashness in retirement; they were like stranded sharks, floundering on the sand and showing their harmless teeth. The wreck of an office-holding world was

around me—Styx and Avernus, with their ghosts, could not have frightened me more. It would be my very case, if I were found out. I dreamed of these skeletons at night, and grew nervous with them all day.

I fancied that I saw, in every man I met, an aspirant after my office. My servants and companions were converted, in imagination, into spies; there were mines and torpedoes beneath my feet. If I read the papers, it was only to look at the advertisements, lest some stander-by should be watching my countenance, to gather my opinion of the administration. I became suspicious and equivocating on the most harmless subject of conversation. In another year, I am sure I shall be fit for the stage, so successful have I been in my late performances. A rampant politician would sometimes seize upon me to cheer me with our successful prospects. I would brighten up, smile, and say with an admirable significance of manner, "Let *us* alone, my dear fellow, for contriving the thing." And I would say exactly the same thing, with the same success, to a teasing declaimer on the other side. Special committees were my abhorrence—of course I never attended them —a public officer ought not to be expected to take an *open* part. But the pain of this continual watchfulness!—and worse than that, the perpetual fear that two antagonists might, perchance, meet and find that they were confidential friends of mine—or, that I might, in some incautious moment, take a bottle too much, and realize the dreadful proverb, *in vino veritas;* or that some vile conjunction might fall in my horoscope, that should commit me, by circumstances. Never did man drag a more miserable chain. On the day of the election I was sore beset; at first I thought of having a letter written to me, informing me that my grandmother, or aunt, or cousin was desperately ill, and summoning me instantly out of town; again, it occurred to me to be ill myself. But the truth was, I was in that nervous and restless state that I could neither remain in my house nor leave town; a spell seemed to be thrown over me. Just in this condition of mind, a rantipole whip and spur Jacksonian burst into my room. I would as lief have seen the hangman. He came to take me to the polls; it was equivalent to being caught *in the manour,* to be seen going to the polls with him. "Poh, come along—not sick—

we can't afford to have a *true blue* like you sick to-day." Blue enough thought I. "It's a beautiful day for it," said I, assuming a jaunty manner to show my heartiness in the cause. "No time to be looking at the weather—we must be up and doing—if you want to keep your office you must stay at the polls all day." "Never fear me," said I—"keep up your spirits —don't wait for me, I'll follow you time enough." So off he went—and *time enough* it will be when I follow him. He was hardly gone, before a sober-visaged, deep-scheming old stager, who had been a kind of polar star on the other side, came in to exhort me to perseverance and zeal in the cause. I nodded, looked thoughtful and said in an expressive whisper, "My dear sir, you know *how far* you can depend on me"—and, strange as it might seem, this satisfied the old gentleman, and off he walked, thinking, absolutely, that he knew *how far.*

Well, it is now very certain that we have won the election, and I hope to be rewarded for my troubles. For the last three or four days it was very doubtful whether we had got *the State,* and, until that was known, my difficulties were not over; I had to condole with the disappointed, and rejoice with the victors of this district, and, I must say, I did it admirably. "How *do* you account for *the thing?*" I would say, with an earnest nod of the head, and in a confidential undertone, to a long-faced leader of the beaten party. While to a gay straggler on the other side, as we swung past each other in the street, it was sufficient to give a broad laugh and passing cheer, "I think we gave them a dose on Monday." But now, thank our good stars! the thing is settled. *We* have won the State, and for the year to come I can afford to have an opinion (which I wish to be understood, is in favor of the old General), and to take my place among the "good men and true"—a class of men for which I have the highest respect, and of which, though unworthy, I have always been, *at bottom,* a zealous member. But may the saints preserve me from a repetition of the sufferings I have passed! My solicitude has worn me to a thread-paper! It has been a constant dripping—a bore by day and a bugbear by night. It has given me the dyspepsia; added a pound to my liver, and vexed my diaphragm; obstructed the fluids of my brain; dried up the pancreatic juice, and almost paralyzed my eighth pair of nerves. I am

afraid if this state of things is to last, neither Swaim's Panacea nor Judkin's Ointment can save me. Such is the immeasurable vexation of holding an office, with a wife and five small and helpless children, in these days when Reform flourishes like a pestilence.

October 3, 1829. ZACHARIAH WINTERBOTTOM.

TRIAL BY VIEW

From 'Swallow Barn.'

VARIOUS other papers were now produced and read; and when all this documentary evidence had been brought to view, Philly remarked, with a manner that seemed to indicate profound reflection upon the case in hand:

"An idea strikes me, which appears to have an important influence upon the subject under consideration. I confess I should like to be satisfied upon this point. Mr. Swansdown and myself, I presume, will not differ about the construction of the deed, nor upon the nature of the law by which it is to be determined," he added, smiling; "but, if my present suspicions be confirmed, it is more than probable that our labor will be very much abridged. I rather suspect that this case will be found, upon examination, to turn upon certain matters of fact which have never yet been brought into the view of the courts."

"A very shrewd old gentleman that, Mr. Hazard," whispered the tutor, who stood by all this time listening with profound attention; "a man of genius, I assure you, Mr. Edward!"

"The facts to which I allude are these; namely, in the first place, to what distance did the mill-dam anciently and originally extend, from the present margin of the Apple-pie, in upon the land belonging to the tract called The Brakes? Secondly, how long did the mill-pond exist within the said original limits; and when did it first begin to recede from the same? And, thirdly, which is the most important point of all, did the same mill-pond contract in its dimensions by gradual and imperceptible stages, or did it sink into the present narrow

channel of the Apple-pie, by any violent and sudden disruption of its banks?

"The bearing and value of these questions," continued the lawyer, "will be understood by referring to the conceded fact, namely, that the two contiguous estates were divided by the water-line or margin of the mill-dam on the side of The Brakes. Now, it is a principle of law, upon which Mr. Swansdown and myself cannot possibly disagree—for it is asserted without contradiction by the ablest writers—both in the common and civil law, Mr. Swansdown, that where a river, holding the relation which this mill-dam occupied between these two estates, changes its course by slow and invisible mutations, so as to leave new land where formerly was water, then he to whose territory the accretions may be made in such wise, shall hold them as the gain or increment of his original stock. But if the river change its course by some forcible impulse of nature, as by violent floods, or the like, then shall he who suffers loss by such vicissitude, be indemnified by the possession of the derelict channel. And it would seem to me, that in case the river, in the instance put, should merely dwindle and pine away, as this famous mill-pond seems to have done," said Philly, with a smile, "then, the possessors of the banks on either side should consider it to be the will of Heaven that they should be separated by narrower partitions, and should, straightway, follow the retreating waters; and, when these become so small as to allow them to do so, they should shake hands from the opposite banks, and thank God they were such near neighbors"

"He's a man of a clear head, Mr. Riggs," said the tutor again, with increased admiration, "and expounds law like a sage—and with a great deal of wit too! He reminds me of the celebrated Mr. Ponsonby whom I once heard at the Four Courts, in a cause—"

"I am entirely of Mr. Wart's opinion of the value of these considerations," said Swansdown.

"They seem to me sagacious and reasonable," said Mr. Tracy, "and concur to strengthen the first views which I took upon this subject."

"Let these facts then, gentlemen, be inquired into," said Meriwether.

Wart arose from his seat, and walking carelessly a short distance from the group, beckoned Meriwether to follow him, and, when they were together, said—

"I have thrown out enough to put Mr. Tracy upon a new scent, which, if it be well followed up, will answer our purpose; and now, I think I will give our friend Swansdown a walk into the marsh."

"Since it is agreed, Mr. Swansdown," said Philly, returning to the party, "that testimony should be heard upon the questions I have proposed, we shall be able to form a better judgment by a cautious survey of the ground ourselves. It is scarcely possible that the mill-pond should have vanished without leaving some traces to show whether it went off in a night, or wasted away, like a chestnut fence-rail under the united attacks of sun and wind. There is nothing like the Trial by View."

"In what manner do you propose, Mr. Wart, to enjoy this view?" asked Swansdown, with some concern. "Can we see it from the hill-side? for it seems rather hazardous for a passage on horseback."

"By walking over it," replied Philly very coolly. "With a little circumspection we can get across tolerably dry. Leap from one tuft to another, and keep your balance. The thing is very easy."

"We shall find brambles in our way," said the reluctant Swansdown.

"*E squilla non nascitur rosa,* Mr. Swandown," replied the other. "It is not the first time I have explored a marsh. Why man, if you had your gun with you, the woodcock would take you twice through the thickest of it! This is a notorious place for woodcock—"

"There are snakes, and some of them of a dangerous species. I have an utter horror of snakes," persisted Swansdown.

"There are some copperheads and a few moccasins," replied Philly, "whose bite is not altogether harmless. As to the black snake, and viper, and common water snake, you may assure yourself with taking them in your hand. Or take St. Patrick's plan, Mr. Swansdown; cut a hazel rod, and if you

use it properly you may conjure every snake of them out of striking distance."

"Ha, ha! A facetious man, that Mr. Philly Wart," said the parson again, to Harvey Riggs.

"Come, Mr. Swansdown, I will lead the way. Don't be alarmed: We shall be better acquainted with the boundary when we get back."

Saying these words, Philly walked forward along the margin of the marshy ground which was once the bed of the dam, and having selected a favorable point for entering upon this region, he turned into it with a prompt and persevering step, taking advantage of such spots as were firm enough to sustain his weight, and, pushing the shrubbery to one side, was soon lost to view. Swansdown, ashamed of being outdone, but protesting his reluctance, and laughing with a forced and dry laugh, cautiously entered at the same point, and followed in Philly's footsteps. When they were both still within hearing, Philly's voice could be recognized, saying—

"Look where you step, Mr. Swansdown! That's the true rule of life, and particularly for a man who meddles with law. Have your eyes about you, man! *Latet anguis in herba,* ha, ha, ha!"

"Hark to him!" exclaimed the parson. "A prodigious smart man, that Philly Wart!"

After a short interval, Philly's voice was heard calling out, "Mr. Swansdown, Mr. Swansdown, where are you? Not lost, I hope! This way, man; take the left side of the gum-tree, and you will reach the bank of the Apple-pie as dry as a bone. And a monstrous stream it is, as you will find when you get here!"

"I have encountered shocking obstacles, Mr. Wart," exclaimed the voice of Swansdown, at some distance; "I have one leg submersed in water and mud, up to the knee; and have had a score of black snakes hissing at me, ever since I got into this abominable place. Pray allow me to return!"

"Come on man!" was the reply, "you will reach dry ground presently. What signifies a wet foot! Here's a noble prospect for you."

Another interval of silence now ensued, and this being

followed by a distant hum of conversation, showed us that the two wanderers had fallen again into company.

Whilst we sat amongst the willows that skirted the original margin of the dam, expecting to see the counsellor and his companion emerge from the thicket on the opposite side, our attention was all at once aroused by the deep tongue of Wart's hounds, who had been exploring the fastness contemporaneously with their master. They had evidently turned out a fox; and the rapidly retreating and advancing notes informed us of the fact that the object of their pursuit was doubling, with great activity, from one part of the swamp to another. This sudden outbreak threw a surprising exhilaration into our party.

We sprang to our feet and ran from place to place, expecting every moment to see the fox appear upon the field: these movements were accompanied with a general hallooing and shouting, in which the voice of Philly Wart, amongst the recesses of the marsh, was distinctly audible. Rip, at the first note, had run to his horse, and now came galloping past us, half wild with delight. Mr. Chubb was in a perfect ecstasy, jumping, flinging out his arms and vociferating all the technical cries of encouragement usual amongst the votaries of the chase. Even old Mr. Tracy was roused by the vivacity of the scene. His eyes sparkled and his gestures became peculiarly animated. All the dogs of our train had taken into the swamp, and barked with a deafening clamor as they pursued the track of the hounds, whose strong musical notes were now fast dying away in distance, as these eager animals pursued their prey directly up the stream for more than a mile. For a time, they were even lost to the ear, until, having made another double, they were heard retracing their steps, and coming back to their original starting point, as their short and sonorous notes crowded upon the ear with increasing distinctness.

At length, the little animal, that had given rise to all this uproar, was descried on the opposite side of the swamp, some distance ahead of her pursuers, speeding with terrific haste to a hole in the bank, where she was observed safely to accomplish her retreat.

The duration of this episode was not above half an hour;

and for the greater portion of that period we had totally lost all intelligence of Wart and Swansdown, but were now greatly amused to perceive the old lawyer breaking out of the cover, immediately at the spot where the fox had taken to the earth. And there he stood, guarding the place against the invasion of the dogs, who seemed to be frantic with disappointment at not being permitted to enter this entrenchment of their enemy. By whipping, hallooing, and scolding, Philly succeeded in drawing them away; and now, for the first time during this interval, turned his attention to the fate of his comrade. Swansdown was no where to be seen. Wart called aloud several times without receiving an answer and at length the party on our side, also, began to vociferate the name of the lost gentleman. This was no sooner done than we were surprised to receive an answer from the midst of the bushes, within ten paces of the spot where we stood. In one instant afterwards, Mr. Swansdown reappeared, almost exactly at the point where he had first entered the swamp. His plight was sadly changed. A thick coat of black mud covered the lower extremities of his pantaloons, and his dress, in places, was torn by briars; but as if glad to be extricated from his perils, on any terms, he came forth with a face of good humor, and readily joined us in the laugh that his strangely discomfited exterior excited.

"Well," he remarked, "to gratify Mr. Wart, I have seen the Apple-pie; and I can truly say that I have enjoyed more pleasure in my life, at less cost. A fine figure I make of it!" he exclaimed, pointing to his clothes. "We had no sooner reached what Mr. Wart called the bank of the rivulet, than those whelps of dogs set up such a hideous yelling as turned my excellent friend, the counsellor, crazy upon the spot; and thereupon he set off at full speed, like an old hound himself, leaving me to flounder back or forward as best I might. I scarcely know what course I took, and when I thought I had reached the other side, it seems I had arrived just where I started. I can't say I think as highly of Mr. Wart's trial by the view, as he does!"

We gave the unfortunate gentleman all the consolation his case admitted of; and returning to the ruins of the mill, there took our seats to await the return of Mr. Wart. It was not long before he appeared, followed by the two dogs. He had

crossed from the side on which we left him, as little concerned as if he had been walking on the firmest ground, and joined our company, more in the guise of an experienced woodman than of a gentleman of the learned profession intent upon disentangling points of law.

It may well be supposed that the labors of the day terminated at this point. Our spirits had been too much roused by the events of the morning to allow us to sit down again to the business of the lawsuit; and the uncomfortable condition of Swansdown made it necessary that he should, as soon as possible, be allowed an opportunity to change his dress. It was therefore intimated by Mr. Wart, that the question of the boundary line should be adjourned until the next morning, when he remarked, he thought he should be able to give testimony himself that would be material to the case.

In accordance with this intimation, it was arranged that the parties should convene the next morning at The Brakes; and having determined upon this, old Mr. Tracy and Swansdown mounted their horses and pursued their road to the mansion house at The Brakes, which was not above two miles distant.

The rest of the party returned to Swallow Barn.

GRACE ELIZABETH KING

[1852—]

ALBERT PHELPS

IT is unfortunate, perhaps, that the inherent imperfection in human nature requires the existence of professional opinion-makers, whom we call literary critics. It is a pity that their trade is necessary at all. One always feels the futile suspicion that works of prose fiction, at least, are better left to make their own fate and produce their own impressions. Certainly no other impression is of much value to readers. About the only function the critic can perform with profit to the public is in those cases where he may be able to act as mediator between author and reader, and perhaps point out to people something they have missed.

Where one is dealing with the work of a contemporary, the difficulties are multiplied. Time alone is the infallible critic who "places" our writers for us. After a generation or so, the work of the artist becomes detached from its contemporary environment. We can see for ourselves what is really permanent and essential in it. The mannerisms and superficialities which every work must inevitably borrow from its own time and fashion can no longer be mistaken for anything else. They are left as plain and glaring as the stark obsoleteness of a once fashionable hat in a woman's old photograph. But when one feels that, for any special reason, there is need for an attempt to give a true idea of the work of a contemporary writer, he is very likely to find that he must fall back upon some more or less artificial classification or comparison.

I feel, for instance, that the writing of Miss Grace King—particularly her short stories—has a quality, somewhat peculiar to itself, which has won high praise from the discriminating both in other countries and America, but without winning as wide acceptance from our fiction-glutted American public as its merit deserves. I mean that she has written some short stories in that direct, incisive style which we recognize as highest art and vivid interpretation in the stories of Daudet, De Maupassant, and certain Russian writers. There is nothing esoteric about them. They are not intended for any superior cult. They are bits of significant life told simply, truthfully, and with that clear directness which implies art of the highest kind. They are little flashes of illumination into elemental moments of

human life when nature is uppermost. They are written, however, for people who demand these qualities of fiction.

These assertions may sound somewhat broad to those who have not read the best of the stories. It is such a possibility as this that makes the task of the critical middleman difficult. About the only service one can perform in such a case is to try to show what the writer has aimed to do and the motive behind the writing.

Roughly speaking, then, and to form a means of comparison, so as to range Miss King's work into some familiar class, we may take count of a few of the incentives which offer a less artificial classification of fiction.

One writer's intention is to construct a story whose interest is solely in its incidents. He must use such incidents as might conceivably happen in human life to human beings, but he casts them along artificial lines which experience has shown to be infallibly successful with that part of the public which reads to kill time. Most of this class produce those "snappy stories of love and adventure, with happy endings" which the newspaper syndicates demand of their hacks in these very words for the daily market. Other writers attempt to transcribe life literally and without change. Another class, composed apparently of lyric poets who have missed their vocation, use their stories merely as the means of expressing their own emotions. To yet others, fiction's only excuse for existence is to serve as a parable, a sugar-coated pill of morality, or an illustration of some social theory.

It seems to me that writers who are drawn to their work by such motives as any of these miss the unique opportunity which their special art offers. The one quality of the art of prose fiction which it possesses more fully than any other art is its power to portray human life as it really is, taking count equally of its deeper meanings and its superficialities. In its other qualities of picture-making, emotional expressiveness, and didactic power, fiction is forced to compete, at a disadvantage, with painting, poetry, music, and scientific study. The most impressive masters of this art, therefore, have been those whose experience of human life, knowledge of human character, keenness of observation, sympathy with human joy and pain, and power of truthful and moving expression enable them to illuminate and interpret phases of life which have meaning to all men and women who are engaged in the somewhat common but usually unintelligent business of living. The understanding of as much as possible of this puzzling existence of ours is a necessity to thinking people. Hard as it is to guess, even vaguely, we all feel that there is a plot fraught with meaning underlying the comedy of living, and even in the little parts for which we ourselves are cast. The

master of fiction is he who recognizes, and makes the rest of us see, those phases of life in which he thinks he has caught a hint of that meaning which we feel dimly to lie behind the mystery of common things.

Such is the aim of writers as diverse as Balzac and De Maupassant, Meredith and Gorki, Tourgénev and Thackeray. When I say now that the stories of Miss Grace King are written in this spirit, I feel that a better idea of what they are and what they aim to be is conveyed to one who has not read them than would be by any amount of critical discussion of the stories themselves.

At any rate, one merit will scarcely be denied her work. She has given the most sympathetic and intimate portrayal of the half French, half English life of Southern Louisiana. The stories of Mr. George Cable have perhaps attracted a wider notice, because they gave the unfamiliar reader more of the picture which his own fancy or prejudice had led him to expect; but Mr. Cable views his characters and their life from a temperamentally unsympathetic isolation, and portrays them usually through the extremes of sentiment or caricature. Miss King, on the contrary, has been fitted by temperament and training to understand her people.

She was born in New Orleans, and received that bi-lingual and bi-racial training in the French schools of the place which was the rule with girls of her station in life. With the exception of the usual travels, and a temporary residence in Europe of two years or more, the life of New Orleans and Southern Louisiana has been hers; for her father, William M. King, one of the leading lawyers of the city, had the ambition, not always fortunate, of most well-to-do lawyers of his day to be a sugar-planter; and the earliest days of his daughter's childhood were passed on the plantation, while the city was in the hands of the Federal army after its surrender to Farragut.

Under her father's guidance her reading was broad, and the rich history of her State and the historic era under which she grew to womanhood led her naturally to the writing of history, as her own life and the stories she saw enacted around her during the breaking up of the old order of living led her to the writing of fiction. Her account of the Sieur de Bienville, and the first settlement of the Gulf Coast and the Mississippi Valley, was the direct result of a journey to France and researches in uncollated records of the Department of the Marine. This book was the first really thorough relation of this romantic episode of American history. Besides this work, and numerous papers and articles for the magazines and the Louisiana Historical Society, she has given, in her 'New Orleans, the Place and the People,' the most vivid portrayal of what might be called the personality of the old city. It is something more than a history, for it

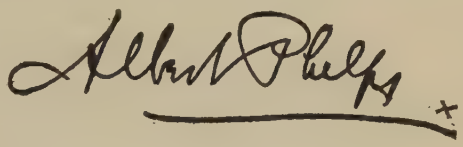
adds to the historian's fidelity to fact the novelist's sense of life and the poet's feeling for romance.

Her first printed work was a novel, 'Monsieur Motte,' published in the *New Princeton Review* in 1886. It attracted instant attention in this country and in England and France, and caught the fancy as a fresh picture of a passing civilization. It was followed by another novel, 'Earthling,' published in *Lippincott's Magazine*, but never reissued in book form.

These are her only published novels, but the many short stories which have appeared over her name in *Harper's* and *The Century*, and in the two volumes entitled 'Balcony Stories' and 'Tales of a Time and Place,' represent her art at its maturity and seem to be the form most congenial to her temperament. In subject these stories do not cover a wide range, but each in itself is a fundamental study of character and a vivid record of incident. Some are sketches of isolated personalities, as for instance the masterly little study of "Pupasse"; but most of them are connected, at least in the general sense of bearing upon one or the other of two themes which have dominated her work—the passing of the old aristocracy of feudalism into the commercialism of the present, and the struggle of the womenfolk since the war to meet the dire needs of an inconceivably changed existence. Certain stories of this time have been written by other writers of the South, but, too often, either from the viewpoint of retrospective sentiment or of romance dressed to suit the preconceived ideas of the buyers of fiction. The vast tragedy, the human meaning, the pathetic humor of the struggle to adapt the instincts and ideals of an order of life which the relentless progress of evolution had rejected to sordid conditions of poverty and alien oppression, have never been so truly and sympathetically pictured as in these little studies of personalities left like bits of wreckage from the cataclysmal collapse of a whole social system. The full meaning, in its large sense, of this sweeping away of the foundation of a great hereditary class seems not to have struck other writers of fiction who have dealt with the same period and people; nor have the present life problems of the new generation been traced back in fiction to their roots in the social upheaval. We have not failed to see the vastness of the similar theme in Russian fiction, which pictures the liberation of the serfs and the uprooting of so many of the old landed gentry; but we have not seen the same significance in the story of our own land, and only one writer has attempted such an interpretation as Tourgénev, say, has given of his land and people.

No higher praise or more satisfactory description of those of Miss King's stories which deal with this theme could be given than to say that they are worthy of being set beside those of Tourgénev.

In addition to this, she has given a few pictures of the Gascon and Acadian peasant life of Southern Louisiana which are like nothing else in American literature. In brevity, compact meaning, and literal reality, they are like the sketches of De Maupassant.



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MAKING PROGRESS

From *Harper's Magazine*, February, 1901, and used here by permission of the publishers.

WALKING rapidly along upon some quest of momentary importance that absorbed my thought and dulled observation, I was suddenly stopped by a crowd on the sidewalk in front of me; a compact, eager, curious crowd, not to be threaded, and using its elbows viciously against pushing. No wonder! A cart of the Little Sisters of the Poor stood backed up against the curbing, and four men were just in the act of pushing a stretcher into it. To see such a sight was well worth the while of a whole neighborhood of shopkeepers, for I was in the thickest shopkeeping quarter of the city. Practically speaking, there was very little to be seen: a slight form covered by a sheet, and the outline of a head on a low pillow. Every precaution had, as usual, been taken to ensure concealment, the only privacy possible. But as the stretcher slid into the wagon a murmur passed through the crowd, an involuntary shiver. The woman upon the stretcher slowly raised her head, opened her eyes, and gave a look upon the gazers. What a look! Woe! woe! woe!

The horses jerked forward; the head fell back; the cart rattled away.

I felt my elbow plucked, then grasped, and still looking after the cart, with the rest of the crowd, I was forcibly dragged into a doorway. It was my friend Madame Jacob, the second-hand dealer, who had hold of me, and I perceived now that it was her shop that had furnished the excitement to the street. It always seemed to be furnishing an excitement to the street. I never passed along there without noticing a turmoil: Madame Jacob putting her assistant, her nephew, out upon the banquet with cuffs and harder words, or hauling her husband in from a drinking-shop, or railing against a cautious customer, or assaulting the four corners of the heavens with voluble French, English, and German declamations upon some other misadventure. It was shrewdly suspected by some, and I believed it, that Madame Jacob used her noise and excitement as an auctioneer's drum, to call a crowd together, and so get at people. One could not help slacking one's pace

to listen to her, nor, while one listened, glancing into her shop, and every glance of mine into that mysterious interior had, as I calculated it, cost me fifty cents. Others, of course, could get off cheaper, but they were not after bric-à-brac, or, to be more specific, old cut glass.

My eye hastily glanced around now, taking in the prospect of a bargain, as I was still pulled forward through the piled-up junk to a little recess behind the shop, the landing-place of the stairs, where I was thrust into a chair. Madame Jacob squatted on a low stool in the doorway, whence she could dominate her business and watch her nephew; and whenever she saw a customer edging away without buying anything, she would rush at the boy, box his ears, sell something, and come back to her stool, and her story, before the interruption was noticed.

Of course she wanted to tell me the story of the girl just carried away to the Little Sisters of the Poor: the young girl, she called her, although that gray-haired, ashen-faced head could by no means be called young, except in the sense of unmarried.

The story after all is not much, perhaps hardly worth writing down; but when it comes to that, what true stories are worth writing down? They are like natural flowers in comparison with the artificial—good only for the day, not for permanent show. The girl's name was Achard, Volsy Achard. When Madame Jacob first rented her shop, some thirty years before, the Achard family were living in the rooms above; they owned the building, rented the downstairs, and retained the upstairs—two rooms, a large one, and a small one adjoining. Madame Achard and Volsy slept in the large room. Paul, the boy, in the small one.

The family had been well-to-do shopkeepers in that very house, and in that very business. Madame Jacob intimated, for with a curious delicacy she would not say it outright, that Achard made his start with a sack over his back and a broom-handle with a crooked nail at the end of it. At any rate, when he died and Madame Achard became the head of the family, and sold his business and collected all his profits together, she found that she had enough to invest in two houses—that one and the one next to it—which she rented at, in a round sum,

fifty dollars a month apiece. And so, as Madame Jacob said, we see them, rich enough for anybody, with the boy going to the public school, the little girl to the day school of the convent. The family could not have been any more comfortable anywhere, nor happier; close to the market, under the very spire of the Cathedral, and with the opera-house at the end of their foot, so to speak. The little daughter, Volsy, "was so good, so good; . . . and Paul, he was 'smart,' 'smart.'" There was no American in his school who was smarter than he—to quote Madame Jacob's own words. The mother adored her son; the daughter was devoted to the mother. When Paul left school, he said he would be a lawyer, that and nothing else.

Every day the boy would go to his law study, and every day Volsy and her mother would sit together and sew and talk, and watch the soup simmering on the furnace. They went a great deal to church, and Volsy had a particular devotion to the Infant Jesus; the mother with the Infant, or the Infant alone, was all she cared to have on her little altar, and her picture cards; never the Virgin alone, or any of the saints. Paul read law in the office of a low-born but very well known lawyer—one who had a great practice in the shopkeeping class.

When Paul was admitted to the bar, this same lawyer gave him a desk in his office. This was a great advance for Paul, in one way, although in another, as the young man was good-looking, well-mannered, spoke French and English, and was, in short, more than usually intelligent, he was not a bad investment of the sort that older lawyers are ever on the alert to make from among the younger ones. Many a young lawyer, so picked up, has been known in the course of time to carry an old patron on his shoulders and seat him on the bench of the Supreme Court for the reversion of his business, and marrying his daughter to boot. Going ahead means, necessarily, leaving behind, and Paul's advance caused the little family of three to change its rank. It did not, as of yore, march three abreast. . . . Paul stepped on in front; the two women came together after him.

Paul dressed better and better, and associating with lawyers and imitating them, he, in the course of a few years, was not to be distinguished from any gentleman among them. This was the radiant time of life for his mother and sister. They talked

of nothing else but Paul, thought of nothing else, lived for nothing else, and in their gratitude to Heaven they devoted themselves more and more to the church, and spent more and more of their money in votive offerings—to ensure the continuance of favors, or patronage, as Madame Jacob put it. And according to Madame Jacob's superior judgment in such business, it is always well to wait awhile and be sure about your blessing before you go into excess of gratitude, for in her experience, the greatest blessings, apparently, had turned out to be the most unmitigated curses, and one's prayers and money were thus thrown away.

As if in the course of nature, Paul, marching always farther and farther ahead, advanced beyond coming home to his dinner—beyond going to church Sunday morning, beyond going to the opera Sunday night, beyond going to picnics in the spring, given by his mother's benevolent society, or the balls in winter, given by the society to which his defunct father had always belonged, beyond going on little excursions of summer evenings to music places, beyond passing even an evening at home—beyond everything of the past, in fact, except taking the cup of coffee that his mother made for him in the morning, and eating with it the roll fetched from the market for him by his sister.

But the farther he advanced the better he pleased the two women, and the more devoted they became to him, if that were possible. Volsy's first communion dress, white muslin, year after year had been taken out, enlarged, washed, ironed, and fluted. It lay the year through freshly done up, unworn, with the string of pearl beads she always wore with it, and the wreath of pink roses that Madame Jacob herself had presented when Volsy went to some extraordinary event or a ball somewhere. Her brother did not think of her; her mother did not think of her; she did not think of herself. All were too busy thinking of one person—Paul.

Then Paul advanced beyond his little room, and went to live in other quarters—advanced, in plain fact, out of the women's lives; but they, gazing into the place whence he disappeared, were still happy, and praised God all the more. He came at first every Sunday to see them, then every other Sunday, then once a month. They did not seem to mind his not

coming—in truth, they did not mind it any more than they did the sun's not shining on a cloudy day. Serenely they awaited Paul's next advancement. It came, and even they had not expected so handsome an answer to their prayers. Paul announced that he was engaged to be married, and not to a nobody, but to the daughter of his patron. They—Madame Jacob, the mother, the sister—did not even know the old lawyer had a daughter! Judge what a miracle it was to them! . . . A young lady who lived in the rich American quarter* of the city, who went into the fine society up there, and gave entertainments that the newspapers described. It was astounding! And then there was inaugurated in that upstairs room a boom of industry and enterprise and "making of economies," to furnish Paul's wedding-present. Table and bed linen, silken and lace coverlets, curtains, cut glass. The second-hand dealer did her part in ferreting out bargains—and indeed some of her triumphs in that line were well worth the pride she took in recounting them. And this, in Madame Jacob's opinion, was the greatest pleasure Paul ever gave his family in his life—the opportunity of complete devotion and self-sacrifice; they could have kept it up forever and never known otherwise but that they were in paradise.

Paul never brought his bride to see his family, never took his family to see his bride. The young lady went away, and the marriage took place in the North, so of course the mother and sister could not be at the wedding. When the young couple returned, it was arranged that Paul would be met by the mother and sister. Paul was to take them on a Sunday. It was a month after his return before Paul found the right Sunday. Then he came for them. Madame Jacob watched them depart, and counted the moments until they returned, when . . . She did not recognize the mother! . . . Head up in the air, eyes shining, cheeks glowing, and tongue—talking at both ends. The fine house! The servant-man! The grand madame! Her elegant dress, and her elegant manners! Like a queen, yes like a queen in the opera! . . .

In his mother's eyes, Paul had risen so high, by his marriage that, as Madame Jacob said, he was to her like the picture

*New Orleans is divided into "up" town and "down" town—the new, or American quarter, and the old, or French quarter.

of the Saviour in the transfiguration. Volsy had nothing to say; she went quietly upstairs.

Shortly after this there was another boom of energy and industry in the room upstairs, another furious making of economies. Laces and linens, piques and flannels. Madame Achard shopped from morning till night; Volsy never left her seat at the window, but sewed and embroidered, sewed and embroidered from daylight till dark, and sewed and embroidered on after that by lamp-light. Oh, no! The mother's eyes were not good enough for this work. Volsy's even were not good enough, nor her hands, for Madame Jacob never heard the mother say now, as she used to, that Volsy had the eyes and hands to embroider for the saints in heaven—and Madame Jacob seemed to hear everything that was said upstairs. Volsy grew tired and worn, but not the mother; she looked happier and happier. She lived not in a honey-moon, but in honey-moons.

When she became a grandmother she talked and laughed and boasted about Paul just the same as when she became a mother. She did not have to wait for Paul now, and she and Volsy raced up to the house, laden with their bundles, and you may imagine how well they were received, bringing so beautiful a present, the layette for a prince.

And now ensued another change in the marching order of the family. It was no longer abreast, no longer one close behind the other. Either Madame Achard stepped ahead or Volsy lagged behind, with a growing space between them; that was the way they went now. Volsy always had an excuse not to go to see her sister-in-law: Madame Achard always had an excuse to go and see her daughter-in-law. Volsy's excuses cost nothing, but her mother's—they cost not only money but work; always something new and pretty; a cap or a bib trimmed with real Valenciennes, a cloak with real Cluny, a silk-embroidered petticoat, dresses tucked to the waist, or hem-stitched in inch-wide insertings—all made by hand, by the hand of Volsy, working still from morning to night, and after. There was no time for cooking—sometimes the soup simmered in the pot, but sometimes, too, the fire in the furnace went out, and staid out as long as Madame Achard did in the street. The coffee in the morning was often the only regular meal that Paul and his

baby allowed them. And then Madame Jacob, who saw as much as she heard upstairs, observed that the soup meat in the pot began to diminish in size—from ten cents to five cents, from five cents to a quartee (half of five cents) bone, and the soup was saved over longer and longer. Nothing was spent for clothing, nothing for pleasure or comfort. What money did not go for the bare daily fare, went in presents to that baby, and after a while toys were added to clothing, not cheap, common toys, but toys such as the rich American children uptown played with.

Volsy was one of those persons that no one ever notices particularly. She was neither tall nor short, fat nor thin, fair nor dark, pretty nor ugly, sad nor gay. But after two years of her beautiful work Madame Jacob did notice her one day as she passed through the shop on her way from church. She was tall and thin, dark and sad, and Madame Jacob reflected to herself that girls become women, and women become old. And this reflection of hers made so great an impression upon Madame Jacob that she kept it not to herself, but repeated it to everybody she talked to in the shop for a week, and she repeated it to Madame Achard.

"Ay! ay! La! la! la!" . . . What a song she was singing! without a word of common-sense in it! Volsy! bah! bah! And then Madame Achard started off to talk about her grandson, showing his photograph.

Now we may believe it or not, Madame Jacob gives formal permission for the alternative—from that day the mother began to pout against her daughter, ... to sigh, as Madame Jacob expressed it, and to raise her eyes to heaven against her. Why? Because Volsy did not love her nephew as she should. In vain the girl protested, in vain she worked harder than ever, in vain she volunteered special gifts of her own, in vain she carried them herself to the altar of her mother's divinity. The mother remained firm to her "tic," as the Jacob woman called it, and the "tic" changed her completely. In not a very long time she would not mention Paul, or his wife, or the baby, to the girl. She withdrew her confidence on this subject from her; she took to deceiving her about them. She let her do no more work for the baby; she hid its photograph from her; she made a secret of her visits uptown, slipping out of the

house as if on an errand in the neighborhood, slipping in again with lips tight shut. But before she took the cars she always slipped into some shop or other and bought a present, which was as far as Madame Jacob's observations went, but the rest was easily inferred.

Volsy attempted an explanation once or twice, but the mother would lose her temper, raise her voice, and say things to the poor girl that were pitiful to the listener. There was no doubt the mother's feelings had changed absolutely, were turned, as the listener said, wrong side out.

Well, the girl changed too, naturally. No one would have said that she was the young girl who had worn the white muslin dress and pearl beads and pink flowers to balls, and laughed and danced there.

She seemed afraid of people; she never spoke to any one if she could avoid it. She never spoke at all, first.

At last, when one did not know what was going to happen next, Madame Achard fell ill with one of those little complaints that seem nothing at first, but which last until they kill.

And now, with Volsy nursing her, like an angel, with such tenderness and patience, and a strength that never gave out, and always so cheerful and bright, talking, laughing, singing ever—things from the opera that they used to like in old times—to amuse her, that flea-bitten mother's heart had to feel good again—and Volsy became her daughter again. But the old woman (to Madame Jacob any woman past fifty is old)—the old woman did not get strong; she got well—that is, she got out of bed, but always when she thought she would be able to go out she would fall sick again, and have to go to bed, and so she could not leave the house, and naturally could not go to the other house. And Volsy began to see that she was pining for the sight of her son and grandson. The son—oh, that she knew was impossible—a man in his position, you understand; for his position was now out of sight of his people; but the grandson, he was not old enough to remember; that was possible. So Volsy began to lay her plans. If she had not made plans before, it was not because she had not sense enough. She had just as much sense as her mother and her brother. Oh, she showed it now! She was shrewd! She bought presents too, but presents for the mother, not for the child. And

every time she went to see her sister-in-law, and brought the child to see the grandmother, he took home with him a piece of silver, a crystal decanter, a piece of porcelain, a piece of old lace to make your mouth water. Madame Jacob knew, for she bought them all, of course, as Volsy left her mother but for the one purpose of fetching the child and taking him home again. The old lady did not know anything, except that the child came to see her, and that was enough to give her happiness; but she fretted after he was gone, because she could not go out and buy presents for him, and so Volsy saw herself obliged to provide her mother with pretty playthings, but of the expensive kind, for as has been said, Madame Achard would have none other. And the iller she became and the more desperate her condition, the oftener would Volsy bring the child to her, to ease her. But it cost! It cost! And the doctors had to be paid too, and medicine bought, and fine wine. Volsy would not have had the money for it without borrowing.

One night, in the most unexpected manner, Madame Achard died. A messenger was sent for Paul. He came, and arranged for the funeral early the next morning from the church.

Volsy came back alone from the cemetery, and went up stairs without saying a word, to her room, which in her absence Madame Jacob herself had put in order. At three o'clock Madame Jacob went up stairs to take her some dinner. She was still sitting in the same chair, with her bonnet and gloves on. At nine o'clock she was still there. She would not eat; she would not talk; she seemed to be thinking, thinking. Madame Jacob, however, forced her to bed, in the little chamber, in Paul's old bed. The next morning she was up early and at work, and in a week she had accepted the new routine of life. Perhaps she had thought it out as the best way. When the first of the month came, Madame Jacob, before any other business, went up stairs and paid her rent, as she had done for over twenty years.

The money did not stay in Volsy's hand long enough to warm it. In that class, dealers do not send their bills delicately through the mail, they bring them, and stand and wait until they are paid. Some people, like Madame Jacob, when they have no money, or want to hold on to their money for a while, pay with their tongue. But Volsy, though she had

little money, only her month's rent, had less tongue. She paid and paid, and borrowed to pay, borrowing from her very debtors to pay her debts—a transaction that only a tongue such as Madame Jacob possessed can properly qualify.

Before the month was out, Volsy asked Madame Jacob to find lodgers for the front room. She moved out into one of the little rooms on the gallery—the lodgings of the "*crasse,*" as madame described them. And in addition she did embroidery and sewing for pay. So she could look forward to facing the next first of the month like an honest woman. But there was no first of the month again for her, at least in regard to receiving rent. The mother's estate had to be settled. Madame Jacob had forgotten that—the opening and reading of the will.

When Volsy came back from her brother's office, the day of this ceremony, she motioned to Madame Jacob to follow her up stairs. In brief, and not to dwell upon a poor girl's pain and grief, the mother's will left a special legacy of a thousand dollars to the grandson, and the rest of what she possessed to be divided between her children. The rest of her possessions! "But, sacred Heaven!" exclaimed Madame Jacob. She had no more possessions! The papers signed at the time of the brother's marriage, signed by all three, mother, daughter, son —what were they but a mortgage on her property? Volsy knew it now, well enough! and the money for what? To give Paul to marry his rich wife on, to play the rich gentleman with . . . . And where did the old woman get the money to play the rich grandmother on? She borrowed it. As Volsy in her emergency had borrowed it. . . . For, said Madame Jacob, her voice hoarse and face red with the vehemence of her anger, "the rich love only the rich, as the poor old woman knew. They have no heart"; or, as madame put it more vigorously in French—they have no *entrailles.* "Money, money," rubbing her fingers together, "that is their heart, their soul, their body. May God choke them in purgatory with money!" Her temper was to conceal her emotion—any one could discern that. Well, what was there to say? Nothing by Volsy, much by Madame Jacob; and Madame Jacob found much that could be done by a lawyer. But Volsy, who had absolutely nothing, found nothing to do, except to try and make her living by sewing.

And now, just as before, when one was wondering what would happen next, Paul's father-in-law died, and so soon as his estate was settled and his fortune put into the possession of his daughter, Paul decided to go to Europe with wife and child. He was a rich lawyer now, and did not have to stay at home to look for business. He left in the spring. Volsy went to his office to say good-by. She did not cry then, but she cried when she came home, and Madame Jacob found her crying often after that.

When Volsy's fête came, on the fifteenth of August, Madame Jacob took up to her room a little present, such as she had always given, and Volsy had been delighted to receive, ever since she was a little girl—an image of the Virgin and Son, this time in porcelain, and much prettier than ever before, on account of the poor girl's troubles. But when Volsy saw it she could only shake her head, and tremble. Madame Jacob, to take her eyes away, looked around the room. What she had not noticed before, she saw now: there was not a Holy Mother and Child in the room; there was not even one on the altar! And Volsy had always been so pious! and the little Child had been her soul's devotion!

Madame Jacob crossed herself, as though washing her hands of the responsibility of that part of her narrative.

As the summer wore on, Volsy fell ill. She tried and tried to get well, to make her living, but impossible! She could not. And there was the doctor again for her, and the medicines. There was no other way. She herself sent for the Little Sisters of the Poor . . . and Madame Jacob made a gesture to indicate what I had seen on the sidewalk.

The doctor had given her something to put her asleep, and keep her so as long as possible. The grating of the stretcher as it slid into the wagon had roused her. Perhaps she thought she was in her room, in bed, when she lifted herself up, . . . and then she saw; she knew all.

Madame Jacob's last words were, "Paul has made progress—that is, he has made money."

THE STORY OF A DAY

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It is really not much, the story; it is only the arrangement of it, as we would say of our dresses and our drawing-rooms.

It began with the dawn, of course; and the skiff for our voyage, silvered with dew, waiting in the mist for us, as if it had floated down in a cloud from heaven to the bayou. When repeated, this sounds like poor poetry; but that is the way one thinks at daydawn, when the dew is yet, as it were, upon our brains, and our ideas are still half dreams, and our waking hearts, alas! as innocent as waking babies playing with their toes.

Our oars waked the waters of the bayou, as motionless as a sleeping snake under its misty covert—to continue the poetical language or thought. The ripples ran frightened and shivering into the rooty thicknesses of the sedge-grown banks, startling the little birds bathing there into darting to the nearest highest rush-top, where without losing their hold on their swaying, balancing perches, they burst into all sorts of incoherent songs, in their excitement to divert attention from their near-hidden nests: bird mothers are so much like women mothers!

It soon became day enough for the mist to rise. The eyes that saw it ought to be able to speak to tell fittingly about it.

Not all at once, nor all together, but a thinning, a lifting, a breaking, a wearing away; a little withdrawing here, a little withdrawing there; and now a peep, and now a peep; a bride lifting her veil to her husband! Blue! White! Lilies! Blue lilies! White lilies! Blue and white lilies! And still blue and white lilies! And still! And still! Wherever the veil lifted, still and always the bride!

Not in the clumps and bunches, not in spots and patches, not in banks, meadows, acres, but in—yes; for still it lifted beyond and beyond and beyond; the eye could not touch the limit of them, for the eye can touch only the limit of vision; and the lilies filled the whole sea-marsh, for that is the way spring comes to the sea-marshes.

The sedge-roots might have been unsightly along the water's edge, but there were morning-glories, all colors, all shades—oh, such morning-glories as we of the city never see! Our city morning-glories must dream of them, as we dream of angels. Only God could be so lavish! Dropping from the tall spear-heads to the water, into the water, under the water. And then, the reflection of them, in all their colors, blue, white, pink, purple, red, rose, violet!

To think of an obscure little Acadian bayou waking to flow the first thing in the morning not only through banks of new-blown morning-glories, but sown also to its depths with such reflections as must make it think itself a bayou in heaven, instead of in Paroisse St. Martin. Perhaps that is the reason the poor poets think themselves poets, on account of the beautiful things that are only reflected into their minds from what is above? Besides the reflection, there were alligators in the bayou, trying to slip away before we could see them, and watching us with their stupid, senile eyes, sometimes from under the thickest, prettiest flowery bowers; and turtles splashing into the water ahead of us; and fish (silver-sided perch), looking like reflections themselves, floating through the flower reflections, nibbling their breakfast.

Our bayou had been running through swamp only a little more solid than itself; in fact, there was no solidity but what came from the roots of grasses. Now, the banks began to get firmer, from real soil in them. We could see cattle in the distance, up to their necks in the lilies, their heads and sharp-pointed horns coming up and going down in the blue and white. Nothing makes cattle's heads appear handsomer, with the sun just rising far, far away on the other side of them. The sea-marsh cattle turned loose to pasture in the lush spring beauty —turned loose in Elysium!

But the land was only partly land yet, and the cattle still cattle to us. The rising sun made revelations, as our bayou carried us through a drove in their Elysium, or it might have always been an Elysium to us. It was not all pasturage, all enjoyment. The rising and falling feeding head was entirely different, as we could now see, from the rising and falling agonized head of the bogged—the buried alive. It is well that the lilies grow taller and thicker over the more treacherous

places; but, misery! misery! not much of the process was concealed from us, for the cattle have to come to the bayou for water. Such a splendid black head that had just yielded breath! The wide-spreading ebony horns thrown back among the morning-glories, the mouth open from the last sigh, the glassy eyes staring straight at the beautiful blue sky above, where a ghostly moon still lingered, the velvet neck ridged with veins and muscles, the body already buried in black ooze. And such a pretty red-and-white-spotted heifer, lying on her side, opening and shutting her eyes, breathing softly in meek resignation to her horrible calamity! And, again, another one was plunging and battling in the act of realizing her doom: a fierce, furious, red cow, glaring and bellowing at the soft, yielding inexorable abysm under her, the bustards settling afar off, and her own species browsing securely just out of reach.

They understand that much, the sea-marsh cattle, to keep out of reach of the dead combatant. In the delirium of anguish, relief cannot be distinguished from attack, and rescue of the victim has been proved to mean goring of the rescuer.

The bayou turned from it at last, from our beautiful lily world about which our pleasant thoughts had ceased to flow even in bad poetry.

Our voyage was for information, which might be obtained at a certain habitation; if not there, at a second one, or surely at a third and most distant settlement.

The bayou narrowed into a canal, then widened into a bayou again, and the low, level swamp and prairie advanced into woodland and forest. Oak-trees began, our beautiful oak-trees! Great branches bent down almost to the water—quite even with high water, covered with forests of oak, parasites, lichens, and with vines that swept out heads as we passed under them, drooping now and then to trail in the water, a plaything for the fishes, and a landing place for amphibious insects. The sun speckled the water with its flickering patterns, showering us with light and heat. We have no spring suns; our sun, even in December, is a summer one.

And so, with all its grace of curve and bend, and so—the description is longer than the voyage—we come to our first stopping-place. To the side, in front of the well-kept fertile fields, like a proud little showman, stood the little house. Its

pointed shingle roof covered it like the top of a chafing-dish, reaching down to the windows, which peeped out from under it like little eyes.

A woman came out of the door to meet us. She had had time during our graceful winding approach to prepare for us. What an irrevocable vow to old maidenhood! At least twenty-five, almost a possible grandmother, according to Acadian computation, and well in the grip of advancing years. She was dressed in a stiff, dark red calico gown, with a white apron. Her black hair, smooth and glossy under a varnish of grease, was plaited high in the back, and dropped regular ringlets, six in all, over her forehead. That was the epoch when her calamity came to her, when the hair was worn in that fashion. A woman seldom alters her coiffure after a calamity of a certain nature happens to her. The figure had taken a compact rigidity, an unfaltering inflexibility, all the world away from the elasticity of matronhood; and her eyes were clear and fixed like her figure, neither falling, nor rising, nor puzzling under other eyes. Her lips, her hands, her slim feet, were conspicuously single, too, in their intent, neither reaching, nor feeling, nor running for those other lips, hands, and feet which should have doubled their single life.

That was Adorine Mérionaux, otherwise the most industrious Acadian and the best cottonade-weaver in the parish. It had been short, her story. A woman's love is still with those people her story. She was thirteen when she met him. That is the age for an Acadian girl to meet him, because, you know, the large families—the thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, twenty children—take up the years; and when one wishes to know one's great-great-grandchildren (which is the dream of the Acadian girl) one must not delay one's story.

She had one month to love him in, and in one week they were to have the wedding. The Acadians believe that marriage must come *au point,* as cooks say their sauces must be served. Standing on the bayou-bank in front of the Mérionaux, one could say "Good day" with the eyes to the Zévérin Theriots—that was the name of the parents of the young bridegroom. Looking under the branches of the oaks, one could see across the prairie—prairie and sea-marsh it was—and clearly distinguish another little red-washed house like the Mérionaux,

with a painted roof hanging over the windows, and a staircase going up outside to the garret. With the sun shining in the proper direction, one might distinguish more, and with love shining like the sun in the eyes, one might see, one might see—a heart full.

It was only the eyes, however, which could make such a quick voyage to the Zévérin Theriots; a skiff had a long day's journey to reach them. The bayou sauntered along over the country like a negro on a Sunday's pleasuring, trusting to God for time, and to the devil for means.

Oh, nothing can travel quickly over a bayou! Ask any one who has waited on a bayou-bank for a physician or a life-and-death message. Thought refuses to travel and turn and double over it; thought, like the eye, takes the shortest cut—straight over the sea-marsh; and in the spring of the year, when the lilies are in bloom, thought could not take a more heavenly way, even from beloved to beloved.

It was the week before marriage, that week when, more than one's whole life afterward, one's heart feels most longing—most—well, in fact, it was the week before marriage. From Sunday to Sunday, that was all the time to be passed. Adorine—women live through this week by the grace of God, or perhaps they would be as unreasonable as the men—Adorine could look across the prairie to the little red roof during the day, and could think across it during the night, and get up before day to look across again—longing, longing all the time. Of course one must supply all this from one's own imagination or experience.

But Adorine could sing, and she sang. One might hear, in a favorable wind, a gunshot, or the barking of a dog from one place to the other, so that singing, as to effect, was nothing more than the voicing of her looking and thinking and longing.

When one loves, it is as if everything was known of and seen by the other; not only all that passes in the head and heart, which would in all conscience be more than enough to occupy the other, but the talking, the dressing, the conduct. It was then that the back hair was braided and the front curled more and more beautifully every day, and that the calico dresses became stiffer and stiffer, and the white crochet lace collar broader and lower in the neck. At thirteen she was

beautiful enough to startle one, they say, but that was nothing; she spent time and care upon these things, as if, like other women, her fate seriously depended upon them. There is no self-abnegation like that of a woman in love.

It was her singing, however, which most showed that other existence in her existence. When she sang at her spinning-wheel or her loom, or knelt battling clothes on the bank of the bayou, her lips would kiss out the words, and the tune would rise and fall and tremble, as if Zéphérin were just across there, anywhere; in fact, as if every blue and white lily might hide an ear of him.

It was the time of the new moon fortunately when all sit up late in the country. The family would stop in their talking about the wedding to listen to her. She did not know it herself, but it—the singing—was getting louder and clearer, and, poor little thing, it told everything. And after the family went to bed they could still hear her, sitting on the bank of the bayou, or up in her window, singing and looking at the moon traveling across the lily prairie—for all its beauty and brightness no more beautiful and bright than a heart in love.

It was just past the middle of the week, a Thursday night. The moon was so bright the colors of the lilies could be seen, and the singing, so sweet, so far-reaching—it was the essence of the longing of love. Then it was that the miracle happened to her. Miracles are always happening to the Acadians. She could not sleep, she could not stay in bed. Her heart drove her to the window, and kept her there, and—among the civilized it could not take place, but here she could sing as she pleased in the middle of the night; it was nobody's affair, nobody's disturbance. "Saint Ann! Saint Joseph! Saint Mary!" She heard her song answered! She held her heart, she bent forward, she sang again. Oh, the air was full of music! It was all music! She fell on her knees; she listened, looking at the moon; and, with her face in her hands, looking at Zéphérin. It was God's choir of angels, she thought, and one with a voice like Zéphérin! Whenever it died away she would sing again, and again, and again—

But the sun came, and the sun is not created, like the moon, for lovers, and whatever happened in the night, there was work to be done in the day. Adorine worked like one in a trance,

her face as radiant as the upturned face of a saint. They did not know what it was, or rather they thought it was love. Love is so different out there, they make all kinds of allowances for it. But, in truth, Adorine was still hearing her celestial voices or voice. If the cackling of the chickens, the whir of the spinning-wheel, or the "bum bum" of the loom effaced it a moment, she had only to go to some still place, round her hand over her ear, and give the line of a song, and—it was Zéphérin—Zéphérin she heard.

She walked in a dream until night. When the moon came up she was at the window, and still it continued, so faint, so sweet, that answer to her song. Echo never did anything more exquisite, but she knew nothing of such a heathen as Echo. Human nature became exhausted. She fell asleep where she was, in the window, and dreamed as only a bride can dream of her groom. When she awoke, "Adorine! Adorine!" the beautiful angel voices called to her: "Zéphérin! Zéphérin!" she answered, as if she, too, were an angel, signaling another angel in heaven. It was too much. She wept, and that broke the charm. She could hear nothing more after that. All that day was despondency, dejection, tear-bedewed eyes, and tremulous lips, the commonplace reaction, as all know, of love exaltation. Adorine's family, Acadian peasants though they were, knew as much about it as any one else, and all that any one knows about it is that marriage is the cure-all, and the only cure-all, for love.

And Zéphérin? A man could better describe his side of that week; for it, too, has mostly to be described from imagination or experience. What is inferred is that what Adorine longed and thought and looked in silence and resignation, according to woman's way, he suffered equally, but in a man's way, which is not one of silence or resignation—at least when one is a man of eighteen—the last interview, the near wedding, her beauty, his love, her house in sight, the full moon, the long, wakeful nights.

He took his pirogue; but the bayou played with his impatience, maddened his passion, bringing him so near, to meander with him again so far away. There was only a short prairie between him and—a prairie thick with lily-roots—one

could almost walk over their heads, so close and gleaming in the moonlight. But this all only inference.

The pirogue was found tethered to the paddle stuck upright in the soft bank, and—Adorine's parents related the rest. Nothing else was found until the summer drought had bared the swamp.

There was a little girl in the house when we arrived—all else were in the field—a stupid, solemn, pretty child, the child of a brother. How she kept away from Adorine, and how much that testified!

It would have been too painful. The little arms around her neck, the head nestling to her bosom, sleepily pressing against it. And the little one might ask to be sung to sleep. Sung to sleep!

The little bed-chamber, with its high mattressed bed, covered with the Acadian home-spun quilt, trimmed with netting fringe, its bit of mirror over the bureau, the bottle of perfumed grease to keep the locks black and glossy, the prayer-beads and blessed palms hanging on the wall, the low, black, polished spinning-wheel, the loom—the *Métier d'Adorine* famed throughout the parish—the ever goodly store of cotton and yarn hanks swinging from the ceiling, and the little square, open window which looked under the mossy oak-branches to look over the prairie; and once again all blue and white lilies —they were all there as Adorine was there; but there was more—not there.

THE PARIS OF THE NEW WORLD

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We personify cities by ascribing to them the feminine gender, yet this is a poor rule for general use; there are so many cities which we can call women only by a dislocation of the imagination. But there are also many women whom we call women only by grammatical courtesy. Indeed, it must be confessed, that as the world moves, personification, like many other amiable ancestral liberties of speech, is becoming more and more a mere conventionality, significant only according to a standard of the sexes no longer ours.

New Orleans—before attempting to describe it, one pauses again to reflect on the value of impressions. Which is the better guarantee of truth, the eye or the heart? Perhaps when one speaks of one's native place, neither is trustworthy. Is either trustworthy when directed by love? Does not the birthplace, like the mother, or with the mother, implicate both eye and heart into partiality, even from birth? And this in despite of intelligence, nay, of common sense itself? May only those, therefore, who have no mother and no birthplace misapprehend the impressions of one fast in the thralls of the love of both.

New Orleans is, among cities, the most feminine of women, always using the old standard of feminine distinction.

Were she in reality the woman she is figuratively, should we not say that she is neither tall nor short, fair nor brown, neither grave nor gay? But is she not in truth more gay than grave? Has she not been called frivolous? It is so easy nowadays to call a woman frivolous. In consequence, the wholesome gayety of the past seems almost in danger of being reproached out of sight, if not out of existence. It is true, New Orleans laughs a great deal. And although every household prefers at its head a woman who can laugh, every household, ruled by a woman who cannot laugh, asperses the laugh as frivolous.

Cities and women are forgetting how to laugh. Laughter shows a mind in momentary return to paradisiacal carelessness: what woman of the present is careless enough to laugh? Un-

less she be an actress on the stage and well paid for it! (One never supposes them to laugh off the stage and for nothing.) Women can smile, and they do smile much nowadays. When they are prosperous, the constant sight of a well-gilded home and a well-filled pocketbook produces a smile, which, in the United States, the land of gilded homes and well-filled pocketbooks, has become stereotyped on their faces, and American babies may even be said to be born, at present, with that smile on their mouths. But the laugh, that "sudden glory" which in a flash eclipses in the heart sorrow, poverty, stress, even disgrace, it has become obsolete among them. Smiling people can never become laughing people; their development forbids it.

New Orleans is not a Puritan mother, nor a hardy Western pioneeress, if the term be permitted. She is, on the contrary, simply a Parisian, who came two centuries ago to the banks of the Mississippi—partly out of curiosity for the New World, partly out of ennui for the Old—and who, *"Ma foi!"* as she would say with a shrug of her shoulders, has never cared to return to her mother country. She has had her detractors, indeed calumniators, with their whispers and sneers about houses of correction—deportation—but, it may be said, those who know her care too little for such gossip to resent it; those who know her not, know as little of the class to which they attribute her origin.

There is no subtler appreciator of emotions than the Parisian woman—emotions they were in the colonial days, now they are sensations. And there are no amateurs of emotional novelty to compare with Parisian women. The France of Louis XIV was domed over with a royalty as vast and limitless as the heaven of to-day. The court, with its sun-king and titled zodiac, was practically the upward limit of sight and hope for a whole people. In what a noonday glare from this artificial heaven, did Paris, so nigh to the empyrean, lie! Its tinsel splendours, even more generously than the veritable sunlight itself, fell upon the crowded streets and teeming lodgings. Nay, there was not a nook nor a cranny of poverty, crime, disease, suffering, vice, filth, that could not, if it wished, enjoy a ray of the illumination that formed the atmosphere in which their celestial upper classes lived and loved, with the immemorial manners and language which contemporary poets, without

anachronism, fitted so well to the gods and goddesses of classic Greece. The dainty filigree and delicacies and refinements, the sensuous luxuries, the sumptuous furnitures of body and mind, the silks, satins, velvets, brocades, ormolu, tapestry; the drama, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, dancing (for, in the reign of the Grand Monarque dancing also must be added to the fine arts); and that constant May-day, as it may be called, on a Field of Cloth of Gold, for pleasure and entertainment—all this became, to the commonest Parisian and the general Frenchman, as commonplace and as unsatisfactorily inaccessible, as our own Celestial sphere has become to the average citizen of to-day.

Over in America, it was vast forests before them, fabulous streams, new peoples, with new languages, religions, customs, manners, beauty, living in naked freedom, in skin-covered wigwams, palmetto-thatched huts, with all the range of human thrills of sensation, in all the range of physical adventure. This was heaven enough to stir the Gallic blood still flowing in some hardy veins of France.

Women, however, like not these things, but they love the men who do. And, when the Parisian women followed their hearts, that they did not leave behind in France their ideals nor their realities of brocades, snuff-boxes, high-heeled slippers, euphemisms, minuets, and gavottes; that they refused to eat corn-bread, and demanded slaves in their rough-hewn cabins—all of this, from the genial backward glance of to-day, adds a piquant, rather than a hostile, flavouring to the colonial situation.

In Canada, the Frenchwomen were forced, by the rigorous necessity of climate and savage war, to burst with sudden eclosion from fine dames into intrepid border heroines and inspired martyrs. In Louisiana climate and circumstances were kinder, and so, evolution was substituted for cataclysm.

Our city brought her entire character from France, her qualities, as in French good qualities are politely called, and her defects. But who thinks of her defects, without extenuations? Not the Canadian and French pioneers who installed her upon the banks of the Mississippi, imagining thereby to install her upon the commercial throne of America; not the

descendants of these pioneers, and most assuredly not those whom she has since housed and loved.

Critical sister cities note, that for a city of the United States, New Orleans is not enterprising enough, that she has not competition enough in her, that she is un-American, in fact, too Creole. This is a criticism that can be classed in two ways; either among her qualities or her defects. It is palpably certain that she is careless in regard to opportunities for financial profit, and that she is an indifferent contestant with other cities for trade development and population extension. Schemes do not come to her in search of millionaire patrons; millionaires are not fond of coming to her in search of schemes; noble suitors, even, do not come to her for heiresses. It is extremely doubtful if she will ever be rich, as riches are counted in the New World, this transplanted Parisian city. So many efforts have been expended to make her rich! In vain! She does not respond to the process. It seems to bore her. She is too impatient, indiscreet, too frank with her tongue, too free with her hand, and—this is confidential talk in New Orleans—the American millionaire is an impossible type to her. She certainly has been admonished enough by political economists: "Any one," say they, "who can forego a certain amount of pleasure can be rich." She retorts (retorts are quicker with her than reasons): "And any one who can forego a certain amount of riches can have pleasure."

And what if she be a money-spender, rather than a money-saver; and if in addition she be arbitrary in her dislikes, tyrannical in her loves, high-tempered, luxurious, pleasure loving, if she be an enigma to prudes and a paradox to puritans, if, in short, she be possessed of all the defects of the over-blooded rather than those of the under-blooded, is she not, all in all, charming? Is she not (that rarest of all qualities in American cities) individual, interesting? Her tempers, her furies, if you will, past, is she not gentle, sympathetic, tender? Can any city or women be more delicately frank, sincere, unegotistic? Is there a grain of malice in her composition? Have even her worst detractors ever suspected her of that mongrel vice—meanness?

And finally, in misfortune and sorrow—and it does seem at times that she has known both beyond her desserts—has

she ever known them beyond her strength? Nay, does she not belong to that full-hearted race of women who, when cast by fate upon misfortune, rebound from the contact, fresher, stronger, more vigorous than ever? And in putting sorrow and misfortunes behind her, to fulfil her rôle in civic functions, does she not appear what she is essentially, a city of blood and distinction, *grande dame,* and when occasions demand, *grande dame en grande tenue?* And, outranked hopelessly as she is now in wealth and population, is there a city in the Union that can take precedence of her as graciously, and as gracefully, as she can yield it?

The world foreign to France was amazed at the heroism displayed by the delicate ladies of the Court of Louis XVI, stepping from the gateway of the conciergerie to the tumbrils of the guillotine; passing from their erring mortality of earth to the bar of heaven's immortal justice, with a firmness and composure that unnerved their executioners. All the world was astonished, except themselves; for they at least knew the qualities of their defects.

THE CARNIVAL

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It was on the last Monday of the carnival, Lundi Gras, 1699, you remember, that Iberville made his way through the formidable palisades and superstitious terrors that guarded the mouth of the Mississippi. As he lay that evening on the rush-covered bank of the river, reposing from his fatigues and adventures, the stars coming out overhead, the camp-fires lighted near him, the savoury fragrance of supper spreading upon the air, he thought, according to his journal, of the gay rout going on at that moment in Paris, and contrasted his day with that of his frolicing friends. And he exulted in his superior pleasure, for he said it was gallant work, discovering unknown shores in boats that were not large enough to keep the sea in a gale, and yet were too large to land on a shelving shore where they grounded and stranded a half mile out. The next morning, on Mardi Gras, he

formally took possession of the country, and the first name he gave on the Mississippi was in honour of the day, to a little stream—Bayou Mardi Gras, as it still is printed on the last, as on the first map of the region. After such a beginning, and with such a coincidence of festivals, it is not surprising to find traces of Mardi Gras celebrations throughout all the early Louisiana chronicles. The boisterous buffooneries of the gay little garrison at Mobile generally made Ash Wednesday a day for military as well as clerical discipline, and the same record was maintained in New Orleans. As for New Orleans, it is safe to say that her streets saw not the sober qualities of life any earlier than the travesty of it, and that since their alignment by Pauger, they have never missed their yearly affluence of Mardi Gras masks and dominoes; nor from the earliest records, have the masks and dominoes missed their yearly balls.

Critical European travellers aver that they recognize by a thousand shades in the colouring of the New Orleans carnival, the Spanish, rather than the French influence, citing as evidence the innocent and respectful fooleries of street maskers, the dignity of the great street parades, the stately etiquette of the large public mask balls, the refined intrigue of the private ones. These characteristics naturally escape the habituated eyes of the natives. The old French and Spanish spirit of the carnival has in their eyes been completely destroyed by the innovation of American ideas, as they are still called. For it was an American idea to organize the carnival, to substitute regular parades for the old impromptu mummery in the streets, and to unite into two or three social assemblages the smaller public mask balls that were scattered through the season, from Twelfth Night to Mardi Gras. The modification was a necessary one in a place where society had so rapidly outgrown the limiting surveillance of a resident governor and of an autocratic court circle; and if much seems to have been lost of the old individual exuberance of wit and fun, specimens of which have come to us in so many fascinating episodes from the always socially enviable past, the gain in preserving at least the forms of the old society through the social upheaval and chaos of revolution and civil war has been real and important.

The celebration of Mardi Gras is an episode that never becomes stale to the people of the city, however monotonous the description or even the enumeration of its entertainments appears to strangers. At any age it makes a Creole woman young to remember it as she saw it at eighteen; and the description of what it appeared to the eyes of eighteen would be, perhaps, the only fair description of it, for if Mardi Gras means anything, it means illusion; and unfortunately, when one attains one's majority in the legal world, one ceases to be a citizen of Phantasmagoria.

There is a theory, usually bruited by the journals on Ash Wednesday morning, that Mardi Gras is a utilitarian festival; that it *pays*. But this deceives no one in the city. It is assumed, as the sacramental ashes are by many, perfunctorily, or merely for moral effect upon others, upon those who are committed, by birth or conviction, against pleasure for pleasure's sake. To the contrite journalist, laying aside mask and domino, to pen such an editorial, it must seem indeed at such a time a disheartening fact that money-making is the only pleasure in the United States that meets with universal journalistic approbation.

There is a tradition that the royalties of the carnival show a no more satisfactory divine right to their thrones than other royalties; that the kings are the heavy contributors to the organization, and that a queen's claims upon the council boards of the realm of beauty are not entirely by reason of her personal charm. There is such a tradition, but it is never recognized at carnival time, and seldom believed by the ones most interested; never, never, by the society neophyte of the season. Ah, no! Comus, Momus, Proteus, the Lord of Misrule, Rex, find ever in New Orleans the hearty loyalty of the most unquestioned Jacobinism; and the real mask of life never portrays more satisfactorily the fictitious superiority of consecrated individualism in European monarchies than, in the Crescent City, do these sham faces, the eternal youth and beauty of the carnival royalties.

There is a tradition that young matrons have recognized their husbands in their masked cavaliers at balls; and that the Romeo incognito of many a débutante has been resolved into a brother, or even (beshrew the suspicion!) a father; but at

least it is not the débutante who makes the discovery. Her cavalier is always beyond peradventure her illusion, living in the Elysium of her future, as the cavalier of the matron is always some no less cherished illusion from the Elysium of the past. As it is the desire of the young girl to be the subject of these illusions, so it is the cherished desire of the young boy to become the object of them. To put on mask and costume, to change his personality; to figure some day in the complimentary colouring of a prince of India, or of a Grecian god, or even to ape the mincing graces of a dancing girl or woodland nymph; to appear to the inamorata, clouded in the unknown, as the ancient gods did of old to simple shepherdesses; and so to excite her imagination and perhaps more; this is the counterpart of the young girl's illusions in the young boy's dreams. A god is only a man when he is in love; and a man, all a god.

Utilitarian! Alas, no! Look at the children! But they nevertheless have always furnished the sweetest delight of Mardi Gras, as Rex himself must acknowledge from his throne chariot. It is the first note of the day, the twittering of the children in the street, the jingling of the bells on their cambric costumes. What a flight of masquerading butterflies they are! And what fun! what endless fun for them, too, to mystify, to change their chubby little personalities, to hide their cherub faces under a pasteboard mask, and run from house to house of friends and relations, making people guess who they are, and frightening the good-natured servants in the kitchen into such convulsions of terror! And they are all going to be Rex some day, as in other cities the little children are all going to be President.

Profitable! Ah, yes! Ask the crowd in the street; the human *olla podrida* of carelessness, joviality, and colour; more red, blue, and yellow gowns to the block than can be met in a mile in any other city of the United States. Ask the larking bands of maskers; the strolling minstrels and monkeys; the coloured torchbearers and grooms; Bedouin princes in their scarlet tunics and turbans (no travesty this, but the rightful costume, as the unmasked, black face testifies). Even the mules that draw the cars recognize the true profit of the Saturnalian spirit of the carnival, and in their gold-stamped capari-

sons, step out like noble steeds of chivalry, despite their ears.

The day is so beautiful, so beautiful that it is a local saying that it never rains on Mardi Gras. It were a better saying that it never should rain on Mardi Gras.

THE CEMETERIES

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When De la Tour made the plan of the city, and allotted the space for church purposes, he allotted also space outside the city ramparts for a cemetery; and so long as the city lived and died within sound of the bells of the parish church of St. Louis, this one cemetery—the old St. Louis cemetery as it is called—sufficed. It is the mother cemetery of the city, the *vieux carré* of the dead; as confused and closely packed a quarter as the living metropolis, whose ghostly counterpart it is; with tombs piled in whatever way space could be found, and walls lined with tier upon tier of receptacles, "ovens," as they are termed in local parlance; the lowest row sunken into a semi-burial themselves, in the soft earth beneath. The crumbling bricks of the first resting-places built there are still to be seen, draped over with a wild growth of vine, which on sunshiny days are alive with scampering, flashing, green and gold lizards. On All Saints a flower could not be laid amiss anywhere in this enclosure; there is not in it an inch of earth that has not performed its share of kindly hospitality to some bit of humanity.

Block after block in the rear of the first cemetery has been walled in and added to the original enclosure, the effort always being made to keep on the outskirts of habitations. But the great continuous immigration of the "flush" times ever extending the limits of the city, the outskirts of one decade grew into populous centres of the next, and the cemeteries became enisled in the dwellings of the living.

The festival of the dead might be called the festival of the history of the city. Year after year from under their decorations of evergreens and immortelles, roses and chrysanthemums, the tombstones recall to the All Saints' pilgrims the

names and dates of the past; identifying the events with the sure precision of geological strata. On them are chronicled the names of the French and Canadian first settlers; the Spanish names and Spanish epitaphs of that domination; the names of the *émigrés* from the French revolution; from the different West Indian islands; the names of the refugees from Napoleon's army; the first sprinkling of American names; and those interesting English names that tell how the wounded prisoners of Pakenham's army preferred remaining in the land of their captivity, to returning home. The St. Louis cemetery for the coloured people unfolds the chapter of the coloured immigration, and by epitaph and name furnishes the links of their history.

The first Protestant cemetery (very far out of the city in its day, now in the center) bears the name of the French Protestant mayor and philanthropist, Nicolas Girod. It belongs to the Fauborg Ste. Marie period, and in it are found the names of the pioneers of her enterprise; of the first great American fortune-makers, the first great political leaders, the brilliant doctors of law, medicine, and divinity, who never have died from the memory of the place. In it is to be found the tomb of that beautiful woman and charming actress, Miss Placide, with the poetical epitaph written for her by Caldwell; the lines which every woman in society in New Orleans, fifty years ago, was expected to know and repeat. The Mexican War is commemorated in it by a monument to one of the heroes and victims, General Bliss. The great epidemics make their entries year after year; pathetic reading it is; all young, strong, and brave, according to their epitaphs, and belonging to the best families. The epidemics of '52 and '53 date the opening of new cemeteries, in which the lines of the ghastly trenches are still to be traced.

The Metairie cemetery (transformed from the old race track) contains the archives of the new era—after the Civil War and the reconstruction. In it are Confederate monuments, and the tombs of a grandeur surpassing all previous local standards. As the saying is, it is a good sign of prosperity when the dead seem to be getting richer.

The old St. Louis cemetery is closed now. It opens its gates only at the knock of an heir, so to speak; gives har-

bourage only to those who can claim a resting-place by the side of an ancestor. Between All Saints and All Saints, its admittances are not a few, and the registry volumes are still being added to; the list of names, in the first crumbling old tome, is still being repeated, over and over again; some of them so old and so forgotten in the present that death has no oblivion to add to them. Indeed, we may say they live only in the death register.

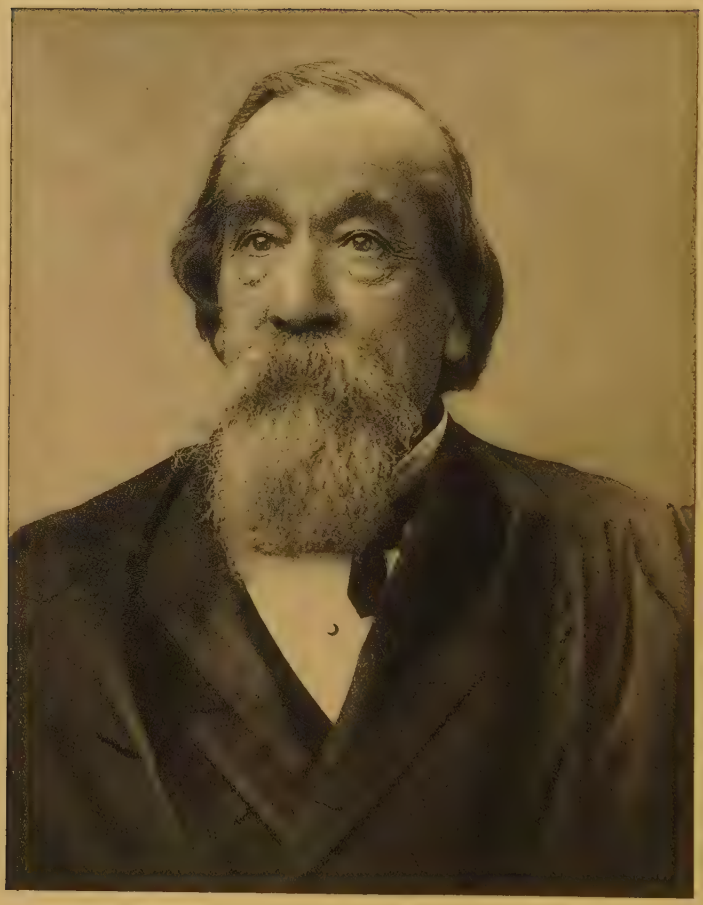
Not a year has gone by since, on a January day, one of the bleakest winter days the city had known for half a century, a file of mourners followed one of the city's oldest children, and one of the cemetery's most ancient heirs, to his last resting-place by the side of a grandfather. The silver crucifix gleamed fitfully ahead, appearing and disappearing as it led the way in the maze of irregularly built tombs, through pathways, hollowed to a furrow, by the footsteps of the innumerable funeral processions that had followed the dead since the first burials there. The chanting of the priests, winding in and out after the crucifix, fell on the ear in detached fragments, rising and dropping as the tombs closed in or opened out behind them. The path, with its sharp turns, was at times impassable to the coffin, and it had to be lifted above the tombs and borne in the air, on a level with the crucifix. With its heavy black draperies, its proportions in the grey humid atmosphere appeared colossal, magnified, and transfigured with the ninety-one years of life inside. It was Charles Gayarré being conveyed to the tomb of M. de Boré, the historian of Louisiana making his last bodily appearance on earth—in the corner of earth he had loved so well and so poetically.

Woman and mother as she ever appeared in life to the loving imagination of her devoted son, it was but fitting that New Orleans should herself head the file of mourners and weep bitterly at the tomb; for that she lives at all in that best of living worlds, the world of history, romance, and poetry, she owes to him whom brick and mortar were shutting out forever from human eyes. As a youth, he consecrated his first ambitions to her; through manhood, he devoted his pen to her; old, suffering, bereft by misfortune of his ancestral heritage, and the fruit of his prime's vigour and industry, he

yet stood over her a courageous knight, to defend her against the aspersions of strangers, the slanders of traitors. He held her archives not only in his memory but in his heart, and while he lived, none dared make public aught about her history except with his vigilant form in the line of vision.

The streets of the *vieux carré,* through which he gambolled as a schoolboy, and through which his hearse had slowly rolled; the cathedral in which he was baptized, and in which his requiem was sung; and the old cemetery, the resting-place of his ancestors, parents, and forbears, and the sanctuary in which his imagination ever found inspiration and courage—they gave much to his life; but his life gave also much to them. And the human eyes looking out through their sadness of personal bereavement from the carriages of the funeral cortège, saw in them a thousand signs (according to the pathetic fallacy of humanity) of like sadness and bereavement.

Thus it is, that one beholden to him for a long life's endowment of affection, help, and encouragement, judges it meet that a chronicle begun under his auspices, to which he contributed so richly from his memory, and of whose success he was so tenderly solicitous, should end, as it began, with a tribute of his memory and name.



L. Q. C. LAMAR.

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR

[1825—1893]

CHARLES B. GALLOWAY

LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS, the son of Judge L. Q. C. Lamar, was born in Putnam County, Georgia, September 17, 1825. The richest Huguenot blood flowed in his veins, and all branches of his family were more or less distinguished. An uncle, Colonel Mirabeau B. Lamar, a man of great genius, went to Texas in 1835, was conspicuous in the Revolution, founded the educational system of that State, was President of the Republic, and had unusual literary accomplishments. His father, Judge Lamar, stood in the front rank of his profession, was the compiler of a volume of statutes, and was distinguished as a judge when he died, in 1834. The wife of L. Q. C. Lamar was the daughter of the distinguished Judge A. B. Longstreet, the author of 'Georgia Scenes' and at different times president of Emory College, Georgia, the University of Mississippi, and Centenary College, Jackson, Louisiana.

Born and educated in the State of Georgia, Mr. Lamar came to Mississippi in the morning of his brilliant young manhood, and generously gave to his adopted State all the powers of his splendid genius. He was first assistant professor of mathematics in the University under the distinguished Dr. Albert T. Bledsoe. After two years he returned to Georgia and to the practice of his profession. He was elected to the Legislature and at once became conspicuous in that distinguished body. He was solicited to become a candidate for Congress, but declined, and in 1855 removed again to Mississippi, where his entire subsequent life was spent. His purpose was to lead the quiet, luxurious, literary life of a Southern planter. But a man of his remarkable abilities and rare accomplishments could not be allowed to withhold more important and responsible service from his country. So, in 1857, he was elected to Congress, his defeated competitor being the Honorable James L. Alcorn, Jr.

Mr. Lamar's life embraced the most tempestuous period of our national history, and for forty years he was a conspicuous actor therein. At the time of his birth the nation was in the throes of a titanic sectional struggle over the admission of Missouri into the Union—an ominous issue that is said to have startled Jefferson

like the alarm-peal of a fire-bell at midnight. During the days of impressionable youth he heard and read the high debates over the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Then came the exciting questions of nullification, the Fugitive Slave Law, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and all the issues that threatened and foreshadowed the disruption of the Union. After these we had the Civil War, with its baptism of fire and blood; then the pitiless years of reconstruction, followed by the slow decades of reconciliation and national rehabilitation, up to the mournful morning, when, as a great jurist of a reunited country, Mr. Justice Lamar was gathered to his fathers.

In the halls of Congress, Mr. Lamar's great gifts shone with uncommon splendor. In politics he was a reverent disciple of John C. Calhoun, and a conscientious believer in his interpretation of the Constitution. He was none the less an ardent lover of the whole nation and its organic law. Like all the other great Southern leaders, he contemplated with profound sorrow the possibility and evident growing necessity of a disunited country.

But with the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the fatal division in the ranks of the Democratic party, he felt that the peaceful adjustment of the fierce and bitter sectional controversy was no longer a possibility. He therefore resigned his seat in Congress and advised the withdrawal of all the Southern States from the Federal Union. In the Mississippi Convention, which met in Jackson, January 7, 1861, he was Chairman of the Committee of Fifteen that brought in the Ordinance of Secession—a historic document that was drafted by his own hand. Of the action on that fatal day, which proved to be a national tragedy—an action taken with the deepest regret and yet with honest belief in its being right and necessary—Colonel Lamar afterward said: "It was not a conspiracy of individuals. On the contrary, it was the culmination of a great dynastic struggle which was not in the power of any individual man or set of men to prevent or postpone."

During the four years of civil war Colonel Lamar rendered brief but brilliant military service in the field as Lieutenant-colonel of the Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment. But most of the time he spent in Europe, having been commissioned by President Davis as Minister to Russia from the Confederate States of America.

For several years after the war between the States, he served with conspicuous ability as a professor in the University of Mississippi—first in the chair of mental and moral philosophy and afterward as dean of the law department. Retiring from this position, he resumed the successful practice of his profession; but all the while his great soul was burdened almost to breaking because

of the hopeless, pitiful condition of his people. No human pen, however gifted or graphic, can ever give adequate description of the agonies and horrors of reconstruction in Mississippi and the entire South.

Wearied to desperation over the blight and ruin of alien misrule, the people of the First District appealed to Colonel Lamar, although his political disabilities had not yet been removed, to become their candidate for Congress. This was in 1872. With exceeding reluctance and many misgivings, he accepted the nomination, and after a brilliant canvass, which recalled the golden days of the fathers, he was triumphantly elected by a majority of five thousand over his Republican opponent, Colonel R. W. Flournoy.

Coming as he did, the first Democrat of the old South into the halls of Congress after the recent war, he met a reception so cold as almost to chill the ardor of his great soul. Of that scant courtesy and intense political hostility he did not complain, but felt that in such an atmosphere it was utterly impossible for him to render any substantial service to his country. How to remove that suspicion and rescue the nation from the perils of an increasing sectional hate was the burden of his anxious thought by day and of his troubled dreams at night.

Fortunately, the golden and rare opportunity came in an invitation to deliver an address at the memorial service in honor of Senator Charles Sumner in the House of Representatives. That address marked an epoch in the political history of this Nation. The great Southern leader became the first of our representatives to rift the darkness of our national skies and bring light into these despairing parallels.

In the course of that epoch-making address he uttered these noble words: "Let us hope that future generations, when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of Northern prowess and Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas: a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the Constitution received from their fathers." And as he closed his impassioned plea with the sentence that has passed into a proverb —"My countrymen, know each other better, and you will love each other more"—the pent-up emotions of the vast assembly could be restrained no longer and gave way to tumultuous demonstrations of approval.

In a letter to his wife, written the next day after this greatest triumph of his life, he said: "I loved my people more than I did their approval! I saw a chance to convert their enemies into friends

and to change bitter animosities into sympathy and regard. If the people of the South could only have seen my heart when I made my Sumner speech, they would have seen that love for them, and anxiety for their fate, throbbed in every sentence that my lips uttered."

Colonel Lamar never appeared to greater advantage, as statesman and patriot, than in the electoral controversy of 1876-'77. That was a national crisis not one whit less momentous and portentous than the mighty issues of 1861. The Presidency of the nation hung in the balance and the life of the Constitution was on trial. Party spirit ran high and political passion was at white heat. The Senate was Republican, while the House of Representatives was Democratic by a large majority. Each house claimed its rights under the Constitution to pass upon the election returns, and neither would submit to the dictation of the other. The conservative course of Colonel Lamar in that awful crisis enthroned him as a conspicuous political leader and trusted pacificator.

The passage in Senator Lamar's life which probably more than any other displayed his superb manliness and sublime moral courage was his position and vote on what was known as "the Silver Bill." To the subject of national finance he had given long and exhaustive study. Against this particular measure pending in the Senate he had made a masterly argument, regarded by some as possibly the ablest speech of his entire parliamentary career. But the hard times then prevailing had reawakened the periodical demand for cheap money and an increased volume of the currency. The Legislature of Mississippi passed resolutions instructing our senators to cast their votes for the pending bill. This gave Senator Lamar the keenest pain. To suffer legislative displeasure was to him a new and bitter experience. He loved his people and was proud of their confidence and esteem.

When the final and solemn hour came for a vote on the passage of the bill, Senator Lamar arose, presented the resolutions of the Legislature of Mississippi, and addressed the Senate in these words: "Between these resolutions and my convictions there is a great gulf. Of my love to the State of Mississippi I will not speak; my life alone can tell it. During my life in that State it has been my privilege to assist in the education of more than one generation of her youth—to have given the impulse to wave after wave of the young manhood that has passed into the troubled sea of her social and political life. Upon them I have always endeavored to impress the belief that truth was better than falsehood, honesty better than policy, courage better than cowardice. To-day my lessons confront me. To-day I must be true or false, honest or cunning, faith-

ful or unfaithful to my people. I cannot vote as these resolutions direct."

Believing as he did in the omnipotence of truth and the certainty of public justice, he had the strength and courage to abide the sure and triumphant vindication of the future. The political annals of Mississippi contain no chapter more dramatic and heroic than Senator Lamar's magnificent canvass of the State after his adverse vote on the Silver Bill. Some of the scenes were thrilling repetitions of those that attended Sargeant S. Prentiss—that inspired wizard of persuasive speech—during his second canvass for a seat in Congress.

At the invitation of President Cleveland, Senator Lamar became a member of his first Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. Many doubted the wisdom of that selection, believing that the great statesman's throne of power was a seat in the United States Senate. Others insisted that, though a philosophical statesman and profound scholar, he was too little acquainted with practical affairs for the headship of an executive department of the Government. But Lamar, the "dreamer" and "idealist," as he was called, astonished the nation by his absolute mastery of departmental affairs; and by universal assent he was one of the greatest secretaries that ever sat at the council-table of an American President.

But higher honors awaited him. A vacancy having occurred in the Supreme Court of the United States, President Cleveland, considering Lamar's eminent fitness for the position, sent his name to the Senate on the sixth of December, 1886. Strong partisan opposition was developed against him in the North. The Judiciary Committee reported against his confirmation chiefly on the grounds of his age and lack of practical experience in the courts. Colonel Lamar resigned his seat in the Cabinet, thereby forcing the Senate to consider his name as a private citizen. At length, on January 16, 1887, his appointment was confirmed, and his great service on the bench vindicated the judgment of his friends and disappointed the hope of his enemies.

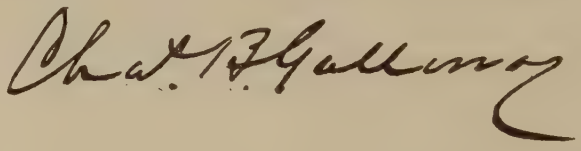
Judge Lamar was a great student and a profound scholar. In 1886 he received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard University. His oration at the unveiling of the Calhoun monument at Charleston, in 1887, was one of the greatest deliverances of his entire public life. The wife of his youth having died several years before, he was married January 5, 1887, to the widow of General W. S. Holt, a daughter of James Dean of Georgia.

His was a philosophic cast of mind. He dwelt in the higher realms of thought. This gave him the loneliness and sometimes

the moodiness of genius. Beneath surface facts he saw their philosophy and discovered their unerring tendency.

He was an unquestioning believer in the great verities of the Christian religion. His spiritual sensibilities were strangely acute and easily impressed. He had the natural temperament of a seer, and in his thinking dwelt much in the realm of the unseen. Born of devout parents, reared in a Christian home, early and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Christian religion, he carried through life the simple faith and short creed of innocent childhood.

Judge Lamar died suddenly January 23, 1893, at Macon, Georgia. He was buried temporarily near that city, and a year or two later the body was carried to Oxford, Mississippi, for final interment.



ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES SUMNER

Extracts from a speech made in the House of Representatives, April 28, 1874.

Mr. Speaker:—In rising to second the resolutions just offered, I desire to add a few remarks which have occurred to me as appropriate to the occasion. I believe that they express a sentiment which pervades the hearts of all the people whose representatives are here assembled. Strange as, in looking back upon the past, the assertion may seem, impossible as it would have been ten years ago to make it, it is not the less true that to-day Mississippi regrets the death of Charles Sumner, and sincerely unites in paying honors to his memory. . . . . I leave to others to speak of his intellectual superiority, of those rare gifts with which nature had so lavishly endowed him, and of the power to use them which he had acquired by education. . . . Let me speak of the characteristics which brought the illustrious Senator who has just passed away into direct and bitter antagonism for years with my own State and her sister States of the South.

Charles Sumner was born with an instinctive love of freedom, and was educated from his earliest infancy to the belief that freedom is the natural and indefeasible right of every intelligent being having the outward form of man. In him, in

fact, this creed seems to have been something more than a doctrine imbibed from teachers, or a result of education. To him it was a grand intuitive truth, inscribed in blazing letters upon the tablet of his inner consciousness, to deny which would have been for him to deny that he himself existed. And along with this all-controlling love of freedom he possessed a moral sensibility keenly intense and vivid, a conscientiousness which would never permit him to swerve by the breadth of a hair from what he pictured to himself as the path of duty. Thus were combined in him the characteristics which have in all ages given to religion her martyrs, and to patriotism her self-sacrificing heroes.

To a man thoroughly permeated and imbued with such a creed, and animated and constantly actuated by such a spirit of devotion, to behold a human being or a race of human beings restrained of their natural right to liberty, for no crime by him or them committed, was to feel all the belligerent instincts of his nature roused to combat. The fact was to him a wrong which no logic could justify. It mattered not how humble in the scale of rational existence the subject of this restraint might be, how dark his skin, or how dense his ignorance. Behind all that lay for him the great principle that liberty is the birthright of all humanity, and that every individual of every race who has a soul to save is entitled to the freedom which may enable him to work out his salvation. It mattered not that the slave might be contented with his lot; that his actual condition might be immeasurably more desirable than that from which it had transplanted him; that it gave him physical comfort, mental and moral elevation, and religious culture not possessed by his race in any other condition; that his bonds had not been placed upon his hands by the living generation; that the mixed social system of which he formed an element had been regarded by the fathers of the republic, and by the ablest statesmen who had risen up after them, as too complicated to be broken up without danger to society itself, or even to civilization; or, finally, that the actual state of things had been recognized and explicitly sanctioned by the very organic law of the republic. Weighty as these considerations might be, formidable as were the difficulties in the way of the practical enforcement of his great principle,

he held none the less that it must sooner or later be enforced, though institutions and constitutions should have to give way alike before it. But here let me do this great man the justice which, amid the excitement of the struggle between the sections—now past—I may have been disposed to deny him. In this fiery zeal, and this earnest warfare against the wrong, as he viewed it, there entered no enduring personal animosity toward the men whose lot it was to be born to the system which he denounced.

It has been the kindness of the sympathy which in these later years he has displayed toward the impoverished and suffering people of the Southern States that has unveiled to me the generous and tender heart which beat beneath the bosom of the zealot, and has forced me to yield him the tribute of my respect—I might even say of my admiration. Nor in the manifestation of this has there been anything which a proud and sensitive people, smarting under a sense of recent discomfiture and present suffering, might not frankly accept, or which would give them just cause to suspect its sincerity.

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It was certainly a gracious act toward the South—though unhappily it jarred upon the sensibilities of the people at the other extreme of the Union, and estranged from him the great body of his political friends—to propose to erase from the banners of the national army the mementos of the bloody internecine struggle, which might be regarded as assailing the pride or wounding the sensibilities of the Southern people. That proposal will never be forgotten by that people so long as the name of Charles Sumner lives in the memory of man. But, while it touched the heart of the South, and elicited her profound gratitude, her people would not have asked of the North such an act of self-renunciation.

Conscious that they themselves were animated by devotion to constitutional liberty, and that the brightest pages of history are replete with evidences of the depth and sincerity of that devotion, they cannot but cherish the recollections of sacrifices endured, the battles fought, and the victories won in defense of their hapless cause. And respecting, as all true and brave men must respect, the martial spirit with which the men of the North vindicated the integrity of the Union, and their

devotion to the principles of human freedom, they do not ask, they do not wish the North to strike the mementos of her heroism and victory from either records or monuments or battle flags. They would rather that both sections should gather up the glories won by each section: not envious, but proud of each other, and regard them a common heritage of American valor.

Let us hope that future generations when they remember the deeds of heroism and devotion done on both sides, will speak not of Northern prowess and Southern courage, but of the heroism, fortitude, and courage of Americans in a war of ideas; a war in which each section signalized its consecration to the principles, as each understood them, of American liberty and of the constitution received from their fathers.

It was my misfortune, perhaps my fault, personally never to have known this eminent philanthropist and statesman. The impulse was often strong upon me to go to him and offer him my hand, and my heart with it, and to express to him my thanks for his kind and considerate course toward the people with whom I am identified. If I did not yield to that impulse, it was because the thought occurred that other days were coming in which such a demonstration might be more opportune, and less liable to misconstruction. Suddenly, and without premonition, a day has come at last to which, for such a purpose, there is no to-morrow. My regret is therefore intensified by the thought that I failed to speak to him out of the fullness of my heart while there was yet time.

How often is it that death thus brings unavailingly back to our remembrance opportunities unimproved: in which generous overtures, prompted by the heart, remain unoffered; frank avowals which rose to the lips remain unspoken; and the injustice and wrong of bitter resentments remain unrepaired! Charles Sumner, in life, believed that all occasion for strife and distrust between the North and South had passed away, and that there no longer remained any cause for continued estrangement between these two sections of our common country. Are there not many of us who believe the same thing? Is not that the common sentiment—or if it is not, ought it not to be—of the great mass of our people, North and South? Bound to each other by a common constitution, des-

tined to live together under a common government, forming unitedly but a single member of the great family of nations, shall we not now at last endeavor to grow *toward* each other once more in heart, as we are already indissolubly linked to each other in fortunes? Shall we not, over the honored remains of this great champion of human liberty, this feeling sympathizer with human sorrow, this earnest pleader for the exercise of human tenderness and charity, lay aside the concealments which serve only to perpetuate misunderstandings and distrust, and frankly confess that on both sides we most earnestly desire to be one; one not merely in community of language and literature and traditions and country; but more, and better than all that, one also in feeling and in heart? Am I mistaken in this?

Do the concealments of which I speak still cover animosities which neither time nor reflection nor the march of events have yet sufficed to subdue? I cannot believe it. Since I have been here I have watched with anxious scrutiny your sentiments as expressed not merely in public debate, but in the *abandon* of personal confidence. I know well the sentiments of these, my Southern brothers, whose hearts are so infolded that the feeling of each is the feeling of all; and I see on both sides only the seeming of a constraint, which each apparently hesitates to dismiss. The South—prostrate, exhausted, drained of her lifeblood, as well as of her material resources, yet still honorable and true—accepts the bitter award of the bloody arbitrament without reservation, resolutely determined to abide the result with chivalrous fidelity; yet, as if struck dumb by the magnitude of her reverses, she suffers on in silence. The North, exultant in her triumph, and elated by success, still cherishes, as we are assured, a heart full of magnanimous emotions toward her disarmed and discomfited antagonist; and yet, as if mastered by some mysterious spell, silencing her better impulses, her words and acts are the words and acts of suspicion and distrust.

Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament to-day could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory: "My countrymen! *know* one another, and you will *love* one another."

POLICY OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN THE SOUTH

Speech delivered in the House of Representatives, August 2, 1876.

Now, sir, I have read all this testimony with reluctance. My purpose has been to show that ample cause exists for these troubles in the South without attributing them to a spirit of cruel vindictiveness, or wild, restless, unlawful ambition on the part of Southern whites. I have appealed to this evidence of earnest, leading Republicans that the sudden enfranchisement of eight hundred thousand slaves threatened the very evils which have come upon us. I do not arraign your policy. Its attempted reversal now would lead to a shock and ruin even worse than that which has resulted from its establishment. All that we ask, in common justice to the South, is that you will reflect and act upon the fact that the governments you contrived have, by your own testimony, proved to you and to the world their utter incompetence to solve peaceably and prosperously a problem the difficulty of which we do not deny. When you point me to acts of violence, I acknowledge and deplore them; but I ask you, who has governed the States where this violence occurs, for the last ten years? Have we? Who have taxed us, controlled our legislatures, filled our courts, received the patronage of the Federal Government, ruled over us at home, and represented us here?

Sir, you cannot by Federal and military intervention preserve those governments without trampling out the liberties of whole Commonwealths, because those governments are in defiance of that highest and most sacred of all constitutions, the law of nature. God had so identified the interests of these two races by the necessities of climate and labor and old associations that time would soon have readjusted their new relations. It is not yet too late for such an adjustment. You have given the black race the most delicate, the most dangerous, as well as the most sacred, of all privileges. Let that privilege be maintained inviolably; but give him real freedom, and do not make him the janizary of party tyranny. Allow that race to learn what you have learned in New England and carried with you into that new empire of the West which your energy has created: that moral worth, intelligence, and industry and

wealth are the true foundations of a people's happiness and liberty, no matter what their color. Let it no longer rely upon Federal bayonets. They inspire a contempt for law, and disqualify for self-government.

Sir, this rare problem is capable of solution. Two English statesmen such as Lord Derby and Earl Russell, or Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, could agree upon a basis of settlement in three days; and we could do the same here but for the interposition of the passions of party in the contest for the power and emoluments of government.

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Sir, we know that one great cause of the jealousy with which the Southern people are regarded is the fact that they stand between the ambition of a party and the glittering prizes of honor and emoluments and patronage which the control of the government for another four years will give. I believe, sir, that if they could do so consistently with their constitutional obligations our people would willingly stand aloof and let the Northern people settle the question of President for themselves, upon the condition that there shall be no further intervention in their local affairs. But, sir, they cannot abnegate their rights and duties as American citizens and impose on themselves a sullen and inactive incivicism; they must go forward and keep abreast with American progress and American destiny, and take their share of the responsibility in the settlement of the questions in which all parts of the country are alike interested.

But it is asked why we are united in support of the Democratic party. A celebrated author in his work on political ethics says that in the history of all free countries there is no instance of a people being unanimous in sentiment and action, unless they were made so by the imminence of some great and common peril or by the inspiration of some enthusiastic sentiment.

The people of the South are not moved by the latter. Even if the events of the war and the sufferings since the war had not, as they have done, crushed out all their party attachments, nearly one-half the people of the South have no attachment to the Democratic party; and in acting with it for the time

being, they only obey, as I said before, the imperious law of self-preservation.

The motive which prompts their coöperation is not the expectation of filling cabinets and directing policies, but simply to get an administration which will not be unfriendly to them; an administration which, in place of the appliances of force, subjugation, and domination, will give them amnesty, restoration to the privileges of American citizenship; which will accord to their States the same equal rights with other States in this Union—equality of consideration, equality of authority, and jurisdiction over their own affairs—equality, sir, in exemption from the domination of their elections by the bayonet and by soldiers as the irresistible instruments of the revolting local despotism. Give them that, give them local self-government, and you will then see at last what will be the dawn of prosperity in all the industries and enterprises of the North; you will see, sir, a true Southern *renaissance,* a real grand reconstruction of the South in all the elements of social order, strength, justice, and equality of all her people. Rising from her confusion and distress, rejoicing in her newly recovered liberty, prosperous, free, great, her sons and daughters of every race happy in her smile, she will greet your benignant Republic in the words of the inspired poet:

Thy gentleness hath made me great.

ON REFUSING TO OBEY INSTRUCTIONS

Speech delivered in the United States Senate, February 15, 1878.

Mr. President:—Between these resolutions and my convictions there is a great gulf. I cannot pass it. Of my love to the State of Mississippi I will not speak; my life alone can tell it. My gratitude for all the honor her people have done me no words can express. I am best proving it by doing to-day what I think their true interests and their character require me to do. During my life in that State it has been my privilege to assist in the education of more than one generation of her youth, to have given the impulse to wave after wave of the young manhood that has passed into the troubled sea of her social and

political life. Upon them I have always endeavored to impress the belief that truth was better than falsehood, honesty better than policy, courage better than cowardice. To-day my lessons confront me. To-day I must be true or false, honest or cunning, faithful or unfaithful to my people. Even in this hour of their legislative displeasure and disapprobation I cannot vote as these resolutions direct. I cannot and will not shirk the responsibility which my position imposes. My duty, as I see it, I will do: and I will vote against this bill.

When that is done my responsibility is ended. My reason for my vote shall be given to my people. Then it will be for them to determine if adherence to my honest convictions has disqualified me from representing them: whether a difference of opinion upon a difficult and complicated subject to which I have given patient, long-continued, conscientious study, to which I have brought entire honesty and singleness of purpose, and upon which I have spent whatever ability God has given me, is now to separate us; whether this difference is to override that complete union of thought, sympathy, and hope which on all other and, as I believe, even more important subjects, binds us together. Before them I must stand or fall: but be their present decision what it may, I know that the time is not far distant when they will recognize my action to-day as wise and just; and, armed with honest convictions of my duty, I shall calmly await results, believing in the utterances of a great American who never trusted his country in vain, that "truth is omnipotent and public justice certain."

REPUBLICAN POLICY, AND THE SOLID SOUTH

Speech delivered in the United States Senate, April 1, 1881.

Mr. President, why should the solid South be broken, especially when it is to be done by the great sacrifice of principle which we think this coalition involves? Has not the Republican party the possession of all the departments of the government and nearly all of the great States of the North? Whence, then, the danger from the solid South?

What harm has "the solid South" done to the prosperity and glory of this country? It is but a short time since it be-

came "solid" by the cessation of the reign of force and bayonets. Take her history from that time as connected with this government, and show me where she has deducted anything from your national security or abstracted a single iota from your national prosperity. She came here through her Representatives, first as a part of the minority, and soon afterwards as a part of the majority in both branches of Congress. She came at a time when your commerce was languishing, your agriculture prostrate; when mercantile insolvencies and bankruptcies were rushing like a simoon across this nation; when your currency was depreciated; when the balance of trade was against you; and when, according to the statistics of your journals, three millions of tramps were wandering aimless and homeless through the length and breadth of your land. The solid South has been here from that time to this: and during the entire period of the presence of her Representatives in this Chamber and in the other House the world has held its breath in silent astonishment at the progress that you, the country, have made in all that adorns and fortifies and ennobles a nation. Your commerce has revived; your agriculture is prosperous; your manufactories are operating to the full extent of their capacity, the demand for their products far exceeding their abilities to supply them; your currency is the best in the world; the balance of trade is in your favor; and all along this line of progress we find, according to the recent census, that the South in every element of prosperity is not far behind the foremost States of the North and West.

Now, sir, I do not pretend that the presence of "the solid South," has caused this marvelous change in your prosperity; I would not presume to say that in the presence of the honorable Senator from Ohio [Mr. Sherman], the late Secretary of the Treasury, who was present in another department of the government while "the solid South" was here, during all the progress of this marvelous national transformation; but what I do claim is that the presence of "the solid South," in full force here in the councils of the nation, with her own chosen Senators and Representatives, has not retarded the progress of our common country, has not abstracted from its prosperity. I affirm the progress of this nation in all that constitutes national glory; and prosperity and honor, and the presence of the solid

South in its councils, are facts that are coexistent even if they do not sustain to each other the relation of cause and effect. I say that its presence here has been at least no hindrance to the national prosperity, and therefore does not justify the great Republican party of this Senate in stepping down from its high pedestal of national honor to take within its embrace this cast-off element of the Southern Democracy.

There is in the existence of the solid South and its presence here no such menace to any interest in this country as can justify or excuse the coalition here proposed.

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But, Mr. President, it is not true that there is, as a distinct organization with a distinctive policy any "solid South," in this chamber or in the other. There is no such element here as a factor in legislation. You cannot point to any part of the legislation of this country which represents the views or the purpose of Southern Senators as a solid body. There is a greater diversity of sentiment among them upon every subject of national interest than there is in the representation of any other section of the country. I could give illustration after illustration. My friend from Indiana [Mr. Voorhees] this day stands in closer affiliation upon the subject of the currency with the Senator from Texas than he does with any of his neighbors across the line of his own State. I could give measure after measure in which it will be shown that the affinities of political affiliation and legislative coöperation are in no sense of the term sectional in this body, and that the Southern men exhibit a variety and a diversity and a freedom and an independence in their views and sentiments and actions which are shown among Senators from no other section of the country.

There is one point, and one only, upon which they are solid, on which they will remain solid; and neither Federal bayonets nor Federal honors will dissolve that solidity. They are solid in defense of and for the protection of their own civilization, their own society, their own religion, against the rule of the incompetent, the servile, the ignorant, and the vicious.

I will now submit a proposition to the Senators on the other side on this point. I am not going into the history of the causes which led to a solid South; but I here challenge any

Senator upon that side, with two exceptions, that I will not name, to write fairly in his own language the condition of the Southern people in any State while under carpetbag government. I will consent that he shall write the history of that government, the character of its officials, the nature of its administration, and the operation of its laws. I say that I will consent for any Senator upon that side of the House, with but two exceptions (whom, out of respect to them, I will not name), to write the history of the Republican government in the South, its nature, its character, its influence upon the happiness and prosperity of that people. I will agree to accept his description of it in his own language; and then I will submit the question to any tribunal in the world, to any community in the world, as to whether there is anywhere on earth a people who ought not to summon every energy, every man, every woman, every child, interested in the priceless and precious heritage of humanity, to throw off that government and to keep united and solid to prevent its reëstablishment.

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Mr. President, I am too much exhausted to detain the Senate longer. I have said nothing to-day that was intended to stir up any feeling of animosity between individuals or sections. I belong to that class of public men who were secessionists. Every throb of my heart was for the disunion of these States. If that deducts from the force of the statements that I have made to-day, it is due to candor and to you to admit it. I confess that I believed in the right of secession and that I believed in the propriety of its exercise. I will say further that it was a cherished conception of my mind; that of two great free Republics on this continent, each pursuing its own destiny and the destiny of its people and their happiness according to its own will.

But, sir, that conception is gone; it is sunk forever out of sight. Another one has come in its place; and, by the way, it is my first love. The elements of it were planted in my heart by my father, they were taught by my mother, and they were nourished and developed by my own subsequent reflection. May I tell you what it is, sir? It stands before me now, simple in its majesty and sublime in its beauty. It is that of one

grand, mighty, indivisible Republic upon this continent, throwing its loving arms around all sections, omnipotent for protection, powerless for oppression, cursing none, blessing all!

ON THE UNVEILING OF THE CALHOUN MONUMENT

Extracts from an Oration delivered at Charleston, South Carolina, April 26, 1887.

In the early history of our Republic two differing powers were in the presence of each other; the principle of local State Sovereignty and that of National Union. Although both of these powers were to be found in the embryo of our political system, they existed in confusion and without precise legal definition, both having claims to urge and facts to allege in support of their respective pretension to supremacy. The principle of State sovereignty was the first brought into operation, and therefore preceded the other in legal recognition and actual predominance. Previous to the Declaration of Independence, the colonies were each a distinct political community; each had its own separate political organization, the legislation of which extended no farther than its own territorial limits. The only political bond which held them in union was the sovereignty of the British nation. When they threw that off the States had no common government. The general sovereignty over them as a whole disappeared and ceased to exist, at least in visible and legal embodiment of organized power, and passed into the several States, which had become each independent and sovereign in its own right. The constitution was framed by delegates elected by the Legislatures. It was the work of the sovereign States, as independent, separate communities. It was ratified by conventions of these separate States, each acting for itself. By this constitution certain well-defined and specified powers were delegated to the Federal Government; but it expressly declared that "the powers not herein delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

If the constitutional history of the United States had stopped with the adoption of the Federal Constitution by the original thirteen States, it would hardly be questioned that this gov-

ernment was a government of sovereign States with every attribute of State sovereignty retained in its system. But the law of development applies to human society as much as to any other created being. In all nations in which there are any stirrings of constitutional life there is more than one fundamental principle or power. These several principles or elements are not all developed at the same time or in equal degree. Events and influences will develop one element into ascendency; subsequent conditions and events may cause a different element to shoot forward and overcome the others. Now, although the Declaration of Independence and the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution of the United States were all based upon the assumption of the independence and sovereignty of the several States, yet in point of historical fact the inhabitants of the American Colonies, both before and after independence, were, in many important respects, one people. These colonies, as one body politic, were one people in being subject to the authority of the British sovereign; they were one people as being subject in their civil and social relations to the common law of England; they were one people respecting their rights as Englishmen, which, to the honor of England, were planted by their cradles in the infancy of their colonial existence; they were one people in language, in blood, in manners, and especially in being subjected to a common oppression and thrilled by the intrinsic glory of a noble cause into a unity of American patriotism. Although these facts may not be found in State papers and records of legislation, they shot their roots deep into the thought, the belief, the instinct, of the great mass of the people, and sometimes found expression in public documents. For instance: "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for *one* people to dissolve," etc.

And while it is true that when this national sovereignty of the British Government was overthrown there was no organization of national power for the time over the whole people, yet it is also true that even in the absence of such power those States were never for one instant disunited; that, with respect to foreign relations and all matters touching their relations to each other, the sovereign power was ever exercised by the States united, and never, not in a single instance, by a several State.

After the adoption of the constitution, the moral, social, and material forces which have always been more powerful in molding the institutions, in determining the destinies of nations, than external legal forms, combined to increase the power and magnify the importance of the general government of the Union at the expense of that of the particular government of the States. When independence was first achieved the original States lay stretched along the Atlantic coast, sparsely peopled, separated by vast wildernesses, with no means of internal communication and trade, except by stages, pack horses, and sumpter mules on land, and flatboats, rafts, and bateaus on the water. Since then the locomotive and the steamboat not only annihilate distance, but, "like enormous shuttlecocks, shoot across the thousand various threads," of disconnected sections, localities, interests, and influences, and bind them into a web; while the electric telegraph transmits to every part of the country, at the same moment, the same intelligence, thus uniting the minds of a vast population in the same thought and emotion.

But a cause more potent than any yet mentioned has operated to determine the character and tendency of our political system. I refer to the acquisition by the Federal Government of the vast territory embraced in the Louisiana purchase and that ceded by Spain and Mexico to the United States. These territories, far exceeding in area that of the original thirteen States, belonged exclusively to the Federal Government.* No separate State Government had the slightest jurisdiction upon one foot of the soil of that vast domain. The public lands were surveyed by officers of the Federal Government, and titles to them were conveyed by the Federal Government in its character of private proprietor as well as of public sovereign. The population who settled these territories had no political rights save those imparted to them by the Federal Government. Their very limited powers of self-government were enjoyed under territorial constitutions framed and prescribed for them by the Federal Congress; and when they became States it was by the permission of Congress, which admitted them under such conditions and terms as it deemed proper under the constitution.

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*The great Northwest Territory, then a wilderness, out of which powerful states have been subsequently formed, was ceded by Virginia to the United States before the Constitution was adopted.

It is true that as soon as these new States were admitted they shared equally with the original States in the general sovereign powers of the whole and the sovereignty reserved to each; but while this was true in constitutional theory, the actual historical fact was that when the forces which had been so long agitating the country culminated in war, the relation of the States to the Federal Government had become almost the reverse of what it was at the birth of the Republic. In 1789 the States were the creators of the Federal Government; in 1861 the Federal Government was the creator of a large majority of the States. In 1789 the Federal Government had derived all the powers delegated to it by the constitution from the States; in 1861 a majority of the States derived all their powers and attributes as States from Congress under the constitution.

In 1789 the people of the United States were citizens of States originally sovereign and independent; in 1861 a vast majority of the people of the United States were citizens of States that were originally mere dependencies of the Federal Government, which was the author and giver of their political being. With all these forces on the side of the Union, backed by a majority of State governments, with their reserved powers, with a very great preponderance of population, resources, and wealth, it was a natural consequence that the unity and integrity of the United States as a sovereign nation should be established on the battlefield; that its government should come out of the conflict with a prestige and power greater perhaps than any on earth, and that the eleven minority States, after a resistance as heroic as any recorded in the annals of Greece and Rome, should succumb to overwhelming forces.

It is not necessary here to go over the policy of reconstruction. It was the offspring of misconception and distrust of the Southern people. Its theory was that the Federal success in arms over the South was only a partial one; that the sentiments, passions, and aims of the Southern people were still, and would continue to be, rebellious to the authority and hostile to the policy of the nation; that, the termination of the war having put an end to the absolute military control, it became necessary to substitute another organization which, though not purely military, would be no less effectual in its

function of repression and force. Its unmistakable purpose was the reversal of every natural, social, and political relation on which I will not say that the civilization of the South, but of the world and of the whole Union, rested. But in process of time a large portion of the dominant section saw, not only the odious injustice of the system fastened upon the South, but the danger to the whole country which its maintenance threatened. Then followed a course of magnanimity on the part of the Northern people unexampled in the annals of civil war and accepted by the South in a spirit not less magnanimous and great-hearted. The result was the full and equal restoration of the Southern States, with all their rights under the constitution, upon the one condition that they would recognize, as elements of their new political life, the validity of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the constitution, guaranteeing and establishing the indissolubility of the American Union and the universality of American freedom. The disfranchisements and disqualifications imposed in an hour of passion and excitement upon a mistaken theory of public necessity, and unwisely retained from a lingering prejudice and distrust, have been in the main removed, or have ceased to apply to the majority of the Southern population. Those which yet remain on the statute book are hardly defended by the public sentiment of the Northern States, and must ere long be offered upon the altar of the free and equal citizenship of the Republic.

From that time we have seen those States, by their faithful adherence to this pledge, steadily advancing year by year, in their right of self-government, taking their place with larger numbers and wider influence in the councils of the nation, and doing all this with a temper, moderation, and patriotism that are fast commanding a general belief among the mass of the Northern people that the full and equal presence of the South, according to the measure of her population and resources in every department of the government, so far from being a danger to the national security, is a contribution to its highest and best interests.

I have prefaced what I have to say of Mr. Calhoun with this brief sketch of the controversy in which he bore a part, because I believe if he were here to-day and could see his own

South Carolina, the land of Rutledge, Moultrie, Laurens, Hayne, Lowndes, Sumter, and Marion, restored, largely through the efforts of her lion-hearted Hampton, to her proud position of dignity and equality in the Union, he would say to her that, the great controversy being closed at the ballot box, closed by the arbitrament of war, and, above all, closed by the constitution, always deemed sacred and inviolable by her, she sacrifices no principle and falsifies no sentiment in accepting the verdict, determined, henceforth, to seek the happiness of her people, their greatness and glory, in the greatness and glory of the American Republic.

He would have told her, if such counsel were necessary, that a people who in form surrender and profess to submit, yet continue to secretly nurse old resentments and past animosities and cherish delusive schemes of reaction and revenge, will sooner or later degenerate into baseness and treachery and treason. He would say that a heroic and liberty-loving State, like South Carolina, should cherish for the great Republic of which she is part that ardent, genuine patriotism which is the life and soul and light of all heroism and liberty. Ah, fellow-citizens, had he lived, his great talents would have been, as they had ever been before, directed to save this people from the horrors of disunion and war. In this I am confirmed by one whom the South placed at the head of her great movement, Mr. Jefferson Davis. He says: "It was during the progress of these memorable controversies that the South lost its most trusted leader and the Senate its greatest and purest statesman. He was taken from us, like a summer-dried fountain, when our need was greatest, when his intellectual power, his administrative talent, his love of peace, his devotion to the constitution, might have averted collision."

MIRABEAU B. LAMAR

[1798—1859]

A. W. TERRELL

THE career of Mirabeau B. Lamar—the patriot, soldier, statesman, and poet—was one of the most remarkable in history. He was descended from a French Huguenot, who, after the destruction of La Rochelle in 1628, found refuge in America. Lamar was born in Georgia, in 1798, and there he grew to manhood after acquiring only a good common school education, for he was more fond of hunting, fencing, and horseback exercise than the confinement of the class-room. But he delighted in reading the ancient classics and standard English authors, and thus acquired so correct a knowledge of the structure of his own language that few excelled him as an elegant and forceful speaker.

I first saw General Lamar in 1853, when his long, jet-black hair was tinged with gray; he was of dark complexion and about five feet ten inches tall, with broad shoulders, deep chest, symmetrical limbs, and under his high forehead blue eyes looked out in calm repose. His clean-cut, handsome features spoke of high resolve and indomitable will.

When twenty-eight years old he married Miss Tabitha Jourdan, to whom he was tenderly devoted, for he had loved and courted her for years, and her death, while yet in the bloom of youth and beauty, so overwhelmed him with grief that he left Georgia—a homeless wanderer.

In 1835 Lamar was next heard from on the frontier of Texas, where, like Sam Houston, he appealed to the settlers with impassioned eloquence to revolt against the tyranny of Mexico. There was a strange parallel in the lives of these two great men. Each of them, when crushed by domestic affliction, fled from home and friends. (Houston remained for a time among the Cherokee Indians, where he became a chief.) Each emerged from self-imposed exile to advocate on a foreign soil the cause of civil freedom; each became commander of a revolutionary army, and then President of a new Republic; each remained unmarried during all the fierce struggle of the Texas Revolution*; and each found at last in married life his supreme happiness with wife and children.

*Sam Houston remained a widower for eleven years and Mr. Lamar for seventeen years.

On March 6, 1836, the Alamo at San Antonio was stormed by an invading army under Santa Anna, the President of Mexico, and all its defenders were massacred: a few days afterward one hundred and seventy-five volunteers were butchered in cold blood at Goliad by his orders, and after their surrender.

Two weeks afterward Lamar appeared again on the coast of Texas, at the abandoned town of Velasco, and started on foot to join the Texas army. Houston, its commander, had halted in his retreat on the Brazos River, and like a lion at bay was waiting and watching for the hour of vengeance. When the Alamo fell he warned the citizens of Gonzales to leave the town, and with less than four hundred men began his retreat. The town was burned at night and the women and children fled eastward, their road lighted by the conflagration of their abandoned homes. Colonists flocked to reënforce the retreating army, but such an army! for they had neither quartermaster, nor commissary stores, ordnance nor transportation; their only equipment was their flint-lock hunting rifles and powder horns; they were without uniforms; their garments were of buckskin or homespun cloth, and many of them wore coon-skin caps. In that little army was the only hope for Texas; the entire country did not then contain over five thousand grown men, all told.* But no mercenary soldier was in the ranks; all were men of the frontier who had been accustomed to danger, and not a hunter in the ranks who would have hesitated to walk in, knife in hand, to free his hound from the hug of the bear.

Colonel Fannin, who was butchered at Goliad, had been the bosom friend of Lamar, who, after securing a horse, enlisted as a private and was eager to revenge his murdered friend.

On April 20, 1836, Houston's army, after a forced march of two days and a night, with no other food than parched corn, confronted on the smooth prairie of San Jancinto the army of Santa Anna, which outnumbered them two to one. That afternoon Walter P. Lane†, while skirmishing, was attacked by three Mexican lancers, who wounded him as his horse fell; Lamar rushed to his rescue, and killing one of the enemy put the others to flight, though wounded himself. The Texas infantry from their ranks saw the heroic act and shouted their admiration. He had won his spurs, and Houston at once put him in command of the cavalry, with the approval of all its officers.

The next afternoon, at four o'clock, the Texas infantry, at a

*Such is the estimate of the population given to the writer by Honorable John H. Reagan and other colonists who had by revolt defied Mexico with her eight millions of people.

†Lane afterward was a brigadier-general in the Confederate Army.

"shoulder arms," advanced in the Mexican line, not cheered by martial music, for they stepped to the tune of the old love-song: "Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you?"* until, when within forty paces of the Mexicans, they struck up "Yankee Doodle"; and then a sheet of flame from their rifles mowed down the first rank. They rushed on with clubbed rifles and knives, hewing down the foe in their fierce onset. Lamar, though wounded, led the Texas cavalry on the right wing like an avenging fury, slaying in the pursuit until sunset, and with his cavalry captured Santa Anna. The battle was over in eighteen minutes, and the Mexicans slain or made prisoners outnumbered the Texas army two to one. The Texas loss was three killed and twenty-seven wounded.†

Never before nor since in the annals of war was such a victory won by volunteers in an open field over such a superior force of disciplined troops, and never was a victory more far-reaching; for it secured Independence, resulting in the annexation of Texas to the Union, which provoked the war of 1846 with Mexico. That war ended under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo by carrying our flag across the Continent and doubling the area of the Union.

Within ten days Lamar was made Secretary of War; in four weeks the Cabinet appointed him Commander-in-Chief of the Army; in four months he was elected Vice-president of the Republic, and in three years President without opposition. No private soldier ever rose so rapidly from the ranks to supreme authority through so many important offices, military and civil.

His style as a writer and author was not unlike that of his nephew, L. Q. C. Lamar, the United States Senator.

During Lamar's term as President the frontier was extended and protected, Mexican invasions were repelled, Texas independence was recognized, treaties were made with great European powers, immense tracts of land were surveyed and dedicated to higher education, and a free school system was established—the second on the Continent. France sent her minister to the Republic of Texas, and his residence, built with the gold of Louis Philippe, may still be seen in Austin.

Time and official station had not yet soothed Lamar's domestic grief, and it was not until after seventeen years of loneliness that he met and married, in 1851, Miss Henrietta Maffitt, the beautiful and

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*General Walter P. Lane in his memoirs says that the tune played was "The Girl I Left Behind Me." General Houston told the writer that he ordered the drummer and fifer to play "Will You Come to the Bower?" etc. The mistake is unimportant, but the incident as related by either is remarkable. The ancient Greeks indulged in the Pyrrhic dance before battle, but those Texas soldiers are perhaps the first who ever invited their enemies by the music of a love-song to the banquet of death.

†General Houston's report is on file at Austin, Texas.

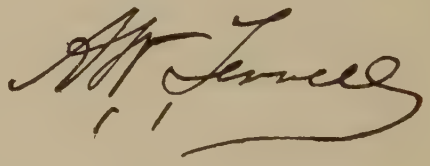
accomplished daughter of John Newland Maffitt, the great Methodist revivalist and orator of the South.

When afterward, in 1857, he was United States Minister to the Argentine Republic, a beautiful Indian girl inspired his heart to compose "The Daughter of Mendoza," his best known poem.

After the end of his term as President he kept severely aloof from partisan strife and found his chief pleasure in the endearments of home, where he died, at Richmond, Texas, December 19, 1859. Only a few weeks before his death he penned the following lines:

"Like yon declining sun, my life
Is going down—all calm and mild,
Illumined by an angel wife,
And sweetened by a cherub child."

No suspicion ever tarnished his reputation for virtue, truth, or fidelity to duty. The pilgrim youth of his country often repair to his tomb, which each returning spring decks with its mantle of green; and his name will be honored when every sordid statesman who uses a public trust to minister to his avarice will be remembered only to be execrated.



PROTEST AGAINST FREEING SANTA ANNA

From a Speech made before the Texas Cabinet.

The conduct of General Santa Anna will not permit me to view him in any other light than that of an apprehended murderer. A chieftain battling for what he conceives to be the rights of his country, however mistaken in his views, may be privileged to make hot and vigorous war upon the foe; but when in violation of all principles of civilized conflict he avows and acts upon the revolting policy of extermination and rapine —slaying those who surrender, and plundering when he slays, he forfeits the commiseration of mankind by sinking the character of the hero into that of the abhorred murderer. The

President of Mexico has waged such a war upon the citizens of this Republic—he has caused to be published to the world a decree, denouncing as pirates beyond the reach of his clemency all who shall be found rallying around the standard of our independence. In accordance with this decree he has turned over to the sword the bravest and best of our friends and fellow citizens after they had grounded their arms, under the most solemn pledge that their lives should be spared. He has fired our dwellings; layed waste our luxuriant fields; excited servile insurrectionary war; violated plighted faith, and inhumanely ordered the cold blooded butchery of prisoners who had been betrayed into capitulation by heartless professions. Instinct condemns him as a murderer, and reason justifies the verdict—nor should the end of justice be averted because of the exalted station of the criminal, or be made to give way to the suggestions of interest or any cold considerations of policy. He who sacrifices human life at the shrine of ambition is a murderer and deserves the punishment and infamy of one. The higher the offender, the greater reason for its infliction. I am therefore of the opinion that General Santa Anna has forfeited his life by the highest of all crimes, and is not a suitable object for the exercise of the pardoning prerogative. . . .

It would read well in the future annals of the present period that the first act of this young Republic was to teach the Caligulas of the age that in the administration of public justice the vengeance of the law fell alike impartially on the prince and the peasant. It is time such a lesson should be taught the despots of this earth; they have too long enjoyed an exemption from the common punishment of crime. Throned in power they banquet on the life of man and then purchase security by the dispensation of favors. We are sitting in judgment upon the life of a stupendous villain, who like all others of his race hopes to escape the blow of merited vengeance by the strong appeals which his exalted station enables him to make to the weak and selfish principles of our nature. Shall our resentment be propitiated by promises, or shall we move sternly onward to the infliction of a righteous punishment? . . .

Do you hesitate? I entreat you to consider the character

of those whose death we are called upon to avenge. They were no mercenary soldiers—no hired menials: they were ornaments to the land they left—the flowers of honor and the pride of chivalry. The history of war cannot furnish a nobler band of patriotic heroes than those who rallied around the standard of Fannin. I knew many—very many of them personally and can testify to their generous spirits. A braver people never hung the sabre on the thigh. In that dark and portentious period of our affairs, when the tempest of desolation was thickening over the land, they nobly threw themselves between the oppressor and the oppressed and made their bosoms the shields of our liberty, and our firesides. Their banners are torn and their bayonets broken. And where is the gallant Battalion? Go ask the tyrant where! He who calmly sits in the shade of yonder piazza as if his bosom bore all peace within can tell you if he will that it was by authority of his order that the Spartan band under the hope of liberty and home was marched from the holy Sanctuary of God to the awful slaughter-field; he can tell you that whilst his brave General Urea and his whole army wept at the stern decree, himself alone rejoiced at the roar of the musquetry, that stained the plain of La Bahia and spread the horrid banquet to the bird of carnage. . . . There is at least one in the councils of this republic who is mindful of the vengeance due her gallant sons, and who will not forego its payment even for a nation's weal—I cannot and will not compromise with a crimson-handed murderer.

APOLOGY

I never hoped in life to claim
A passport to exalted fame;
'Tis not for this I sometimes frame
The simple song—
Contented still, with humble name,
To move along.

I write because there's joy in rhyme;
It cheers an evening's idle time;
And though my verse the true sublime
May never reach,
Yet Heaven will never call it crime,
If truth it teach.

The labor steals the heart from wo;
It makes it oft with rapture glow;
And always teaches to forego
Each low desire;
Then why on those our blame bestow
Who strike the lyre?

If virtue in the song be blent,
I know no reason to repent
My hours of studious content,
And lettered joy;
'Twere well if leisure ne'er was spent
In worse employ.

THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA

O lend to me, sweet nightingale,
Your music by the fountains,
And lend to me your cadences,
O river of the mountains!
That I may sing my gay brunette,
A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a prince's coronet—
The daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the morning star!
  The evening star, how tender!
The light of both is in her eye,
  Their softness and their splendor.
But for the lash that shades their light
They were too dazzling for the sight;
And when she shuts them, all is night—
  The daughter of Mendoza.

O! ever bright and beauteous one,
  Bewildering and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silvery tones,
  The rainbow in thy smiling.
And thine is, too, o'er hill and dell,
The bounding of the young gazelle,
The arrow's flight and ocean's swell—
  Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

What though, perchance, we meet no more?—
  What though too soon we sever?
Thy form will float like emerald light,
  Before my vision ever.
For who can see and then forget
The glories of my gay brunette?
Thou art too bright a star to set—
  Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

IN LIFE'S UNCLOUDED, GAYER HOUR

To a Lady in Houston, Texas.

I

In life's unclouded, gayer hour,
  I bowed to beauty's sway;
I felt the eye's despotic power,
  And trembled in its ray;
But beauty now no more enthralls—
  Its magic spell hath flown;
Upon my heart it coldly falls,
  Like moonlight on a stone.

II

The chords of feeling soon were broke,
  Where love delighted played;
Affliction dealt too rude a stroke,
  And all in ruin laid;
Yet, lady fair, there was a time
  I might have worshipped thee;
Thy beauty would have been the shrine
  Of my idolatry.

III

That time is past, and I am left
  A sad sojourner here—
Of hope, of joy, of all bereft,
  That makes existence dear.
Despair hath o'er my bosom cast
  The gloom of starless night—
A darkness which through life must last,
  Unpierced by beauty's light.

THE SEASONS

I

The *Spirit of Spring,* from the regions of light,
Brought music, and odor, and all that was bright;
But vain were the blessings—they shed no delight
On the heart that lay locked in a Lapland night.

II

The *Spirit of Summer* then came with a glow,
And warmth on the beauties of Spring did bestow;
But all of the sunshine ne'er melted the snow
That fell on the heart in the Winter of wo.

III

The *Spirit of Autumn* now chills with its wing
The blushes of Summer and beauties of Spring;
But light is the mischief its breezes may fling,
Compared to the ruin that sorrow can bring.

IV

The *Spirit of Winter* will come very soon,
On the wings of a cloud that shall darken the noon,
More welcome to me than perennial bloom,
For the frown of the storm is the type of my gloom.

CARMELITA

Monterey, Mexico.

I

O Carmelita, know ye not
  For whom all hearts are pining?
And know ye not, in Beauty's sky,
  The brightest planet shining?
Then learn it now—for thou art she,
Thy nation's jewel, born to be
By all beloved, but most by me—
    O Donna Carmelita!

II

But wo is me thy love to lose,
  Apart from thee abiding;
Between us roars a gloomy stream,
  Our destiny dividing.
That stream with blood incarnadined,
Flows from thy nation's erring mind,
And rolls with ruin to thy kind,
    O Donna Carmelita!

III

'Tis mine, while floating on the tide,
  To stick to love and duty;
I draw my sabre on the foe,
  I strike my harp to beauty;
And who shall say the soldier's wrong,
Who, while he battles with the strong,
Still softens war with gentle song,
    O Donna Carmelita?

IV

I soon shall seek the battle-field,
Where Freedom's flag is waving—
My Texas comrades by my side,
All perils madly braving;
I only grieve to think each blow,
That vengeance bids the steel bestow,
Must make thee mine eternal foe,
O Donna Carmelita.

V

Full well I know thy pride will spurn
The brightest wreaths I bring thee;
Full well I know thou wilt not heed
The sweetest songs I sing thee;
Yet, all despite thy scorn and hate,
Despite the thousand ills of fate,
I still my soul must dedicate—
To Donna Carmelita!

VI

Then fare thee well, dear, lovely one—
May happiness attend thee;
Ten thousand harps exalt thy name,
Ten thousand swords defend thee:
And when the sod is on my breast,
My harp and sabre both at rest,
May thee and thine be greatly blest,
O Donna Carmelita!

THE RULING PASSION

Alas! in all the human race,
We may some ruling passion trace—
Some monarch-feeling of the breast,
That reigns supreme o'er all the rest.
With some, it is the love of fame—
A restless and disturbing flame,
Which still incites to deeds sublime,
Whether of virtue or of crime.
With others, 'tis the lust of gold—
Sad malady of rooted hold,
Which closer round the bosom twines,
As virtue dies and life declines.
With many, 'tis the love of pleasure—
A madness without mete or measure,
Which never faileth, soon or late,
To plunge its votaries in the fate
Of thoughtless flies in comfits caught—
Dying 'mid sweets too rashly sought.
But woman, always good and bright,
Great Nature's pride and earth's delight,
What is this monarch of thy soul—
This tyrant of supreme control,
That tramples with despotic force
All other feelings in its course?—
Thou needst not speak—thou needst not tell,
For all who know thee know it well:
We read it in that downcast eye,
We learn it from that stifled sigh,
We see it in the glowing blush
That gives thy cheek its rosy flush;
And though compelled, by shame and pride,
Deep in thy heart its sway to hide,
Still do we know it as a fire
Which only can with life expire—
Sole inspiration of thy worth,
And source of all that's good on earth.
O Love! all-conquering and divine,
We know where thou hast built thy shrine.

GIVE TO THE POET HIS WELL-EARNED PRAISE

Written on the Prospect of Battle. Inscribed to General E. B. Nicholas, Galveston, Texas.

I

Give to the poet his well-earned praise,
And the songs of his love, preserve them;
Encircle his brows with fadeless bays,
The children of genius deserve them;
But never to me such praises breathe,
To the minstrel-feeling a stranger—
I only sigh for the laurel-wreath
That a patriot wins in DANGER.

II

Speed, speed the day when to war I hie!
The fame of the field is inviting;
Before my sword shall the foemen fly,
Or fall in the flash of its lightning.
Away with song, and away with charms!
Insulted Freedom's proud avenger,
I bear no love but the love of arms,
And the bride that I woo is DANGER.

III

When shall I meet the audacious foe,
Face to face where the flags are flying?—
I long to thin them, "two at a blow,"
And ride o'er the dead and the dying!
My sorrel steed shall his fetlocks stain
In the brain of the hostile stranger;
With an iron heel he spurns the plain,
And he breathes full and free in DANGER.

IV

When victory brings the warrior rest,
Rich the rewards of martial duty—
The thanks of a land with freedom blest,
And the smiles of its high-born beauty.

Does victory fail?—enough for me,
That I fall not to fame a stranger;
His name shall roll with eternity
Who finds the foremost grave in DANGER.

MONODY

Written at Evening, on the Banks of the Chattahoochee.

I

Oft when the sun along the west
His farewell splendor throws,
Imparting to the wounded breast
The spirit of repose—
My mind reverts to former themes,
To joys of other days,
When love illumined all my dreams,
And hope inspired my lays.

II

I would not for the world bereave
Fond Memory of those times,
When seated here at summer eve,
I poured my early rhymes
To one whose smiles and tears proclaimed
The triumph of my art,
And plainly told, the minstrel reigned
The monarch of her heart.

III

Enriched with every mental grace,
And every moral worth,
She was the gem of her bright race,
A paragon on earth;
So luminous with love and lore,
So little dimmed by shade,
Her beauty threw a light before
Her footsteps as she strayed.

IV

But all the loveliness that played
Around her once, hath fled,
She sleepeth in the valley's shade,
A dweller with the dead;
And I am here with ruined mind,
Left lingering on the strand,
To pour my music to the wind,
My tears upon the sand.

V

I grieve to think she hears no more
The songs she loved so well—
That all the strains I now may pour
Of evenings in the dell,
Must fall as silently to her,
As evening's mild decline—
Unheeded as the dewy tear
That Nature weeps with mine.

VI

Oh, if thou canst thy slumbers break,
My dear departed one,
Now at thy minstrel's call awake,
And bless his evening song—
The last, perchance, his failing art
May o'er these waters send—
The last before his breaking heart
Shall songs and sorrows end.

VII

I fain would let thee know, blest shade,
Though years have sadly flown,
My love with time has not decayed—
My heart is still thine own;
And till the sun of life shall set,
All thine it must remain,
As warmly as when first we met,
Until we meet again.

VIII

If I have sought the festal hall,
  My sorrows to beguile,
Or struck my harp at lady's call,
  In praise of beauty's smile—
Oh, still thou didst my thoughts control
  Amid the smiling throng;
Thou wert the idol of my soul,
  The spirit of my song.

IX

Take, take my rhyme, O ladies gay,
  For you it freely pours;
The minstrel's heart is far away—
  It never can be yours.
The music of my song may be
  To living beauty shed,
But all the love that warms the strain—
  I mean it for the dead.

ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE

[—1909]

CHARLOTTE NEWELL

MRS. ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE died in Lynchburg, Virginia, on the sixteenth of March, 1909, at the close of about forty-five years of a life unusually, almost uniquely, interesting. Born of Irish parents on the genial soil of southern Maryland, she charmingly embodied the warmth, vivacity, and spontaneity of her ancestry and her nativity. Strongly Southern she was in her tendencies and her sympathies, ever eager to discern and to pay homage to the graciousness and hospitality of the sons and daughters of that land.

Most of her early life was spent in Washington, D.C., where she attended the public schools, from which, supplemented by the Normal School, she was graduated in 1882. She taught in these schools most of the time until her marriage, in 1891, to Dr. Francis Ransom Lane, at that time principal of the Central High School, and subsequently director of the systems of high schools in the National Capital. The quickness of her intuitions was evidenced by her conviction, after very short acquaintance with Dr. Lane, that he was the man destined and desired for her husband; in fact, report affirms that a single evening was sufficient to establish that conviction.

Strange it is that, while Elinor Macartney was gaining rapid mastery of the science of mathematics and the teaching thereof, she was rapidly developing her marvelous imaginative gifts. But, even as a child, she had proved herself a born story-teller, and on account of this talent had been the delight of her childhood companions. Her Celtic temperament almost compelled her to be a story-teller. An electric bond of sympathy seemed to unite this bright, brave, versatile, exquisitely cultured, Twentieth-Century woman with those dashing, daring, far-off ancestors, the springs of whose tears and smiles were in such close proximity. For the predominant characteristics of the old Celts were the imaginative and the emotional, and in their imagination the love of story-telling was the possessing quality. The Celt saw the world bathed in color, and felt its beauty in the moss-covered stone, the wayside flower, and in the delicate hues of the sunset clouds; so, in truth,

did our Celtic Southerner. In Mrs. Lane were exemplified the qualities which have made story-telling a fine art in all ages. Old Cynewulf would have acknowledged her racial claim; the Eastern Scheherazade would have found her a kindred spirit, and far down the centuries Walter Scott would have revelled in her gift.

Various tales, chiefly of Southern life, were produced in her girlhood, all of them evincing extraordinary insight and fidelity. Even in the early days of authorship her brain children were, to her, real creatures, because about them she thought and dreamed continually; and with them she lived and moved in closest communion.

From the beginning she manifested the rare power of creating an atmosphere exactly and subtly suited to the environment of her characters, in which they fit easily, naturally. The reader is never disturbed by the thought that they should be differently sphered; in fact, there is no thought about the matter, so admirably is the mirror held up to nature.

Mrs. Lane's first novel, 'The Mills of God,' appeared in 1901, and at once aroused the most ardent commendation and the most bitter censure. The heroine, a woman of remarkable beauty and wondrous virtue, yields, once, to a supreme temptation, and, relentlessly, ever afterward, the mills grind her punishment. A story it is of strong passion and fearful, inevitable retribution. Critics warred, but meanwhile readers multiplied, and the author became famous.

In 1904 'Nancy Stair' was published, a story so ingeniously fitted in historic framework as to deceive many of the elect. Histories and encyclopedias were searched by enthusiastic readers to gain additional knowledge of Nancy, and numerous letters to Nancy's creator begged some clue to the identity of the splendid, winsome woman who had no "local habitation," save in Mrs. Lane's imagination, or, in some particulars, in Mrs. Lane's own fervent nature. And yet, Nancy's creator did get hints of her in divers places and from divers people—a little child in Washington, "Margaret of Q Street," a bit here and a bit there, united by links of the author's fashioning, and colored and vivified by her glowing, transforming personality.

Mrs. Lane always maintained that a fundamental difference exists between the masculine and the feminine heart and mind, and that this difference will assert itself, no matter what surrounding conditions may be or what system of education employed. To demonstrate this theory, she made Nancy's mother die when the child was an infant, and had her man-trained exclusively. Jock, Sandy and Hugh were her teachers, her companions, her oracles, and she had absolute freedom from feminine influence. But the woman's nature asserted itself in spite of association and training, and Nancy

proved a genuine woman, even forging testimony to secure the life of the man she loved.

Mrs. Lane's taste inclined her to the reading of law records, especially those involving curious circumstantial evidence; hence, she portrays a law-versed heroine, adroit and subtle, but intensely womanly in her intuitions and sympathetic daring.

The apparent reality of the story is heightened by the introduction of Robert Burns, "the man who took the commonest things of life and wrote them out in letters of gold," whose individuality dominates parts of the romance.

'Katrine,' Mrs. Lane's last book, which appeared almost simultaneously with her death, unquestionably represents the richest strongest, finest achievement of its author's power. Katrine, the master creation, lacks the dauntless daring, the lawlessness that so fascinatingly distinguish Nancy, and proclaim her *sui generis*. But Katrine has more of the human in her composition; she is a "creature not too bright and good for human nature's daily food." She loves and suffers—suffers much—but she excuses and justifies the man she loves, whom the reader feels is altogether unworthy such consideration. And, furthermore, she strives not only to forgive and to forget, but to *understand* his attitude. Both Nancy and Katrine are charming additions to fiction's gallery of fair women.

Mrs. Lane did not aspire to enter the ranks of fiction writers who dissect or analyze character or motive. She had no desire to write problematic novels, scientific novels, or novels of purpose. The temperamental novel was her chosen field, and in it her successes are both original and pronounced. She knew the human heart—especially woman's heart—and in that realm her treatment is masterly. She knew

> "Each chord, its various tone,
> Each spring, its various bias."

Her own warm, impassioned, responsive nature rendered her an unfailing interpreter of woman nature; her clear intellectual vision enabled her to apprehend woman's psychology, and her intense power of sympathy produced the glow of life and the flow of blood that animate her women.

In description, she was preëminently picturesque and dramatic. Whether she paint scenes of tranquil beauty or of cosmopolitan strife, whether she depict the artistic robing of a maiden or the diabolical plotting of a villain, neither the reader's mental vision is strained nor his intelligent credulity overtaxed.

Few writers have combined, in such a degree as did Mrs. Lane, trenchant but plastic wit and daring but realistic imagination. Usu-

ally these qualities are things distinctly apart. Her imagination was capable of boldest flights, and her intellect kept pace. Alert, clever, brilliant in varying degrees was it—sometimes the genial, sparkling repartee, delicious and vivifying; sometimes the deep thrust, scathing but deserved, aimed for the most part against sham and hypocrisy.

Though endowed with such gifts, she possessed the painstaking spirit of the true artistic craftsman. She studied plot development, considered adequacy of motive, weighed the value of words, and lost sight of no principle of literary mechanism. She wrote and re-wrote her stories with conscientious and critical patience, writing only when truly moved by the spirit and uninfluenced by the ambition of appearing often in print.

Loyalty was her vital breath. It illumines her work, radiates from almost every page, and bears to her friends messages of no uncertain import. "I'm no' so bonny," said Alan in Katrine's Own Land, "but I'm leal to them I love." Throughout her writings, especially her swan-song, 'Katrine,' there runs, like a thread of purest, precious gold, her ardent personality, not ostentatiously or even intentionally inserted, but an influence, indefinable, haunting, insistent.

For years, Mrs. Lane's brave, hopeful nature had struggled against severe physical pain, and so valiantly had this battle been waged that those who knew her persuaded themselves that, somehow, her dauntless spirit would at last conquer. So her death came as a tragedy, hard to realize, and hard to bear.

Charlotte Nevell

A PAGE FROM LADY GRAFTON'S JOURNAL

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'Twas perhaps two o'clock of this same damned Friday that the affair of Henry Bedford and Miss Anne was made known to my Lady Grafton in the manner which I set down word for word, as it was put into her journal that same night.

"If I only can write it forth! If God will only give me strength to set it all down, it may ease this clutch at my heart, which seems to be killing me minute by minute. I have felt the change, a little at a time, coming—coming; but I deluded myself into the belief it was but that we were both growing older. This afternoon I sat with my embroidery in the great window. My heart was sore enough, God knows, because of this news of Robin and Caddie Brown. Life seemed so strange, so unknowable, when from the music-room Anne came. She was all in white; she had been in the conservatory and had some stalks of white flowers in her hands, and as she came toward me she walked through the scattered spots of colored light which lay on the floor from the stained glass of the windows. Before she spoke, I knew—we Irish have something, I believe, that other races have not—I knew my retribution was at hand. She sat down beside me and said with pretty thoughtfulness, 'You are not well, my beautiful cousin. You have a headache? You don't want to be bothered with me now?'

" 'You never bother any one, Anne,' I answered; 'you have grown to be the sunshine of the house.'

" 'I am going to tell you a long story,' she went on. 'I want some advice. There is no one for me to come to, save you. There is none other to whom I would rather come than you, if I had the choice of the whole world. You are —so good—so fine—so true! I want to be a woman just like you some day, Cousin Elinor.' She leaned over and kissed my cheek, and I put my arm around her, but she drew away.

" 'No,' she said, 'I want to tell this story out bravely; not leaning on any one.' A flush came into her face like a carmine rose. 'It is of my Lord Bedford I am going to speak.'

" 'It is a good subject, I am sure,' I said, and I forced my eyes to rest in hers for a second.

" 'It was not,' she went on, 'until the night of the dance that I ever thought of him much; but that night before I went to sleep I remembered his eyes as they looked when he bade me good-night. There was scarce a word passed between us after that till the day you left us. I had been practising, when he suddenly came to the window and called me from the porch. I smiled and shook my head. Two or three minutes later he came to the inside door. There was a look in his eyes, a masterfulness in his manner, which I had never before seen. With a certain sureness in his smile he finally broke forth. "If I were to tell you that I love you, Anne, what would you say?"

" ' " 'Say'?" I responded. "I should say it were your very duty, considering what a lovable person I am." I had no thought but that he was jesting.

" ' " "Ah! you have been much spoiled. You shall be disciplined. It is I that shall be the instrument in the hands of Providence. I have come to take you for a walk."

" ' " "Ask me then," I said, "politely, with a touch of ceremony, and as if you thought I might refuse, perhaps. Then I may go."

" 'He came nearer to me and put forth his hand. "Come," he said.

" 'In that one word the change for all my life was made. I put down my violin and went with him, over by the Sunset Rocks.

" 'There was that haste about our courtship which makes me wonder sometimes that I could have yielded so easily. In a week's time— You remember the great walnut-tree, Cousin Elinor?'

"The old walnut-tree! Was it there he told his love? There, where he kissed me first, and life's water turned to wine at the miracle of the touching of his lips!

" 'The old one by the brook?' I asked.

" 'Yes, it was there. Dear, I suppose no woman really tells what a man—the man she loves—says to her then, do you? But it all happened there, and it was there he told me the story of his life's tragedy. It is of that I wish to speak.

It is about that I must be advised. I am not yet betrothed to Lord Bedford. I have not given my word, for there is another woman who must be considered. I had felt that there was a great sorrow in his life, and before he asked me to become his wife he said he would tell me of it and let me judge.

" 'When he was much much younger—twenty-three or four—he fell in love with a great lady who was married. He said she was of royal line; that she was most beautiful, that she loved him in return. He went away from England, he left the place, he tried hard to forget her; but once, by some ill chance, they were thrown together (there being no thought between them, save that each should forever avoid the other), and—the shame of it hurts all there is of me—there was a child born to them. He says, still says, that she was not a bad woman. How can he say that? Do you see, Cousin Elinor?'

" 'Anne,' I said, laying down my work and taking both her hands in mine, 'if the woman had never loved any one else; if he vowed that, as God judged them, they were man and wife; if all the compelling presence which he has he brought to bear on this girl, who loved him so that life was but one dark shadow without the sunshine of his smile—could you see how she might have yielded to him without being really a *bad* woman?'

"Anne shook her head. 'You are so good, you try to make excuses for everybody!' she returned. 'I can not see how a woman who *loves* a man can lower him in his own estimation. She was another man's wife. She had taken vows which were hers to fulfil. She had no choice. She dragged another man's honour in the dust. Look at Lord Bedford's life as a result of this love affair—no acknowledged ties, no love. Ah! The barrenness of that I feel I never can forgive. She was a woman simply dominated by animal passions, as a woman should never be. I am very hard, I suppose, but I feel'—and she reached out her hand and laid it in mine again—'as if I never could touch a woman like that.'

"I felt the shiver in my body which they say presageth death, but said no more. I knew my love was to hers as the sea to a river—yet what so heavy as words?

" 'He has fretted under this tie for a number of years,'

she continued. 'He has at times wished to free himself; that is no doubt the reason which has made him live so much out of England, as it is there she lives. He told me all, keeping back only names. He says that he has made vows to the other woman which it will be hard to break; but that he is willing, if I think it best, to go to her and tell her all; ask for his freedom; speak of his love for me.

" 'I have come to you, dear cousin, not only because I love you, but because I believe in your wisdom, and then, too, because I think you love me a little, to ask you what you think wisest for us to do.'

" 'I see only one way. If he has ceased to love the other woman, whatever tie there was between them is already dissolved. There is naught for her to do but release him. It is the spirit that holds, not the letter. She can not bind him to her by cold-grown vows when his love for her is past.'

" 'You think it right? He has made promises, too, Cousin Elinor.'

" 'He can not fulfil them if he loves another woman.'

" 'Have you known of this before?' she asked, looking searchingly at me with those clear eyes of hers.

" 'Yes.'

" 'Is it known generally?'

" 'No, there is, besides myself, but one other this side of the Atlantic who knows of it all.'

" 'Do you know her?'

" 'I have seen her.'

" 'She is beautiful?'

" 'She has been called so, but you must remember how long ago this was. She is old enough to be your mother, child.'

" 'You think, then, I have the right to accept him?'

" 'Every right. I believe—nay, dear, I know—I know, I can speak for her—the other woman would wish it so.'

" 'May I kiss you, Cousin Elinor? Oh, do you know,' she said, with the carmine roses coming back to her cheeks, 'do you know what it is to love as I do? When nothing in life seems real but the touch of one pair of hands, the look of one pair of eyes, the sound of one voice, when there is nothing —nothing but him?'

"I turned and took her in my arms. 'I have known, Anne,'

I said, 'believe me, I have known. It is that which makes life beautiful.'

"We kissed each other, and I came up here to be alone. To be alone—alone, with every fibre of my being quivering with a great pain, and memories that will not down. Oh, for the gift of a large forgetting!

"I remember our first meeting. 'If I dream what I would, I pray to sleep forever.' The apple orchard! The time we pretended we were boy and girl!

" 'When you grow up I am to marry you, you know,' he said, sitting above me on a bough of an apple-tree, which was all in bloom, 'and hurry up, because I can not wait long.' And the two miserable years of separation, and the time we met again at the Stanley-Masons—O God! God! God! if you see, if you can hear me, give me back just three days of my life—just three mad, headlong, passionate days!

"I remember one night when he came to my room. I was waiting for him. I wore a rose-coloured dressing-gown, which he had admired, and was standing by the west window.

" 'Come over here,' he said, as he seated himself in the big chair by the fire. 'Come over here. I am your tyrant, your king. Take down your hair.'

"I unbound my hair. 'Kneel to me; turn your face up toward mine. I do not like that thing up around your throat —undo it—so. You love me? There is no other thought in life, no other memory, you *see* no other man with those soft eyes? There is not in your heart one beat for any soul that liveth, save for me? I am—all—all? Tell me so!'

"I have tried to be so good, but I see now it was not real. There was always the hope that some day I should have the reward of being really his wife. I think this news has driven me a bit daft. The past whirls through my brain and I must forget; must have the courage to face the world with. I lived when I believed him dead. I will try to think of him again that way."

That same afternoon, during which Miss Anne had told her story, she set forth on horseback. When she returned Lord Bedford was riding beside her, and after they had dis-

mounted they stood talking together on the steps, with the moon shining full upon them both.

"When is it to be?" he asked.

"When do you want it?" Miss Anne inquired.

"When do I want it? Now. To-night. This minute. I want you, Anne!"

"As you make the observe yourself sometimes, Lord Bedford, 'It will fall as it will fall.' Good-night."

"Kiss me, Anne."

She leaned toward him as though to comply, and then, suddenly throwing back her head, she laughed and said, "It is a good thing for you to go a-wanting sometimes, my lord," with which sage remark she turned and left him. It is thus she has held him ever since.

There is an interval of four days before my lady wrote again in the journal. The third day after this talk with Miss Anne she had an interview with Lord Bedford, with whom she had communicated.

"I am too proud to show much feeling to any one on the subject of an unrequited affection, and it was this pride that gave me a kind of fortitude throughout the interview. Lord Bedford came to see me, at my own request, in the library. He was pale and his eyes were lighter and less direct in their glance than usual. I smiled at him as we took each other's hands.

" 'Be seated,' I said. 'You are unhappy, you are ill at ease, believe me, needlessly. I shall—ah, I hope you know me well enough to feel that I shall not do as other women might. I see the inevitableness of it all. I have not changed. There is not that in my nature, I hope, which would make such a change possible. I loved, love, shall always love you. I want you to know this; there is no excuse for me otherwise. Will you believe me when I say, however, that I am glad for your new happiness—that the new chance in your life brings a finer sort of pleasure to my soul than I could have believed myself capable of? There need be no unnecessary words between us. If there be any forgiveness from one to another, let us say it is freely granted, and so—good-bye.'

" 'George,' Lord Bedford began, and I knew before he spoke the word it was of him he had been thinking.

" 'As for my son, George, he will have my own private fortune, as well as my mother's, which is large, besides the other (I could not mention Sir William's name then), and of him there is little to worry. He will have plenty of this world's gear, and I have tried, in spite of his parentage, to make a gentleman of him.'

"I wish more than language can tell that I had not said *that*. It seemed so weak, so futile, so womanish, so much as I would not be; but, after all, it was as hard on me as on him.

" 'And so,' I said, 'my lord, in the words of the old song, "We have no parting words to say, so part we with a smile." ' I put out my hand, he took it in his. Twice he essayed to speak, then suddenly stooped and kissed it, and so all was over."

The blood in all of me boils as I set this down. Was there nothing in this man's nature to respond to the heights in that of the woman he was thus surrendering?

* * * * * *

It was little past the high tide of the day when the coaches began to arrive, their fair occupants, in bewildering attire, making merry with jests and gay laughter, as became wedding guests. From far and near over the country-side they came, quite a number having been entertained overnight at Fairfax House as Lord Bedford's guests.

Father Spofford, grown very gray and stooped, was to perform the ceremony. I saw him take Lady Elinor aside and speak to her just before the wedding pair came in, saw that she nodded as one does who has complete comprehension of the thing spoken of, and noted no more.

It was just upon the hour when Miss Anne and Lord Bedford entered together. The man carried a kind of splendour about him, every line of his handsome face—and hate him as I have ever done, I have never been able to deny that he was a handsome man—softened by love or by what he thought was love, which to a nicer nomenclature was, to my thinking, mere passion. He wore a full court dress of white, with his own hair, and so covered Miss Anne with his eyes, which had in them a curious light, as though they beckoned her, that all the ladies nodded approvingly and whispered words among

themselves of admiration for such an ardent lover. Miss Anne, young and beautiful, fearless of the future, spoke her vows with no tremor of the voice, but gladly, rapturously gave herself into the keeping of this man, who never, since my return to Deepdeen, had once looked me in the eye. It was bitter to him that I was there. I knew it, and stood well in the light.

The past was whirling through my head as I listened to the solemn words of the marriage service. I remembered the night of the birth of Master George; the little hut where we had stood together; I wondered of what Miss Anne was thinking; remembered the joy we had felt at landing on that sad little island; but there was neither continuity nor result in these thoughts. Father Spofford paused a moment, and then—

"Who giveth this woman to this man?" he asked, and my lady, who was standing a little apart, came slowly forward. There was a yellow shaft of the afternoon sun which had struck into the room and made a pathway for her as she came. She took Miss Anne's hand in hers, and, placing it in Henry Bedford's, in a voice low and firm, solemnly said, "I do"; and as she came back to her place beside me—I swear it solemnly on my honour—there was a smile upon her lips, as if Life's grim humour had for the while overcome her sorrow, and she smiled at the Ways of Men.

NANCY VISITS HIS GRACE OF BORTHWICKE

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. . . DRESSED for the evening, the duke was alone in his sitting-room, attending to his private correspondence, when he heard a rap at the door.

"Enter," he called, in a careless voice, thinking it one of his men.

Nancy lifted the latch and came forward into the room.

"The Duke of Borthwicke will pardon my intrusion, will he not?" she asked, "as well as my lack of courtesy? I was afraid his grace might refuse to see me if I were announced to him in the ordinary manner."

Montrose had been writing at an oaken table, on either side of which was a bracket of lights. At the sound of the voice he turned, and, at the sight of Nancy, he rose and stood looking at her as though she were an apparition.

Many times since, in her description of this interview, she told me that she received from him an impression as though he stretched forth his hand and touched her. She said, as well, that the erectness of his body and the fulness of his chest gave him the air of a conqueror who was invincible, while the pallor of his face and the glitter of his eye set him still further apart from anything usual.

It seemed a full minute that they stood thus taking notes openly of each other before she spoke again.

"I am Nancy Stair," she said quietly.

"Ah," the duke returned, coming forward with a smile, "the verse-maker?"

"I make verses," Nancy answered.

"Which have given me more pleasure than I have the power to tell," the duke responded with a bow.

"It is praise indeed, coming from John Montrose, who is no mean poet himself," Nancy said with a smile.

"I," the duke returned, "am no poet, Mistress Stair; but I have a 'spunk enough of glee' to enjoy the gift of others."

"One might think who overheard us, my lord duke," Nancy broke in with a laugh and the light of humor in her

eyes by which she could make another smile at any time, "that we were collegians having a critical discussion. It was not concerning poetry that I came to you to-night, your grace. It was to ask a favor."

"Pitcairn said you would come," the duke answered her blandly, taking out his watch and looking at it with a smile. "He said you would come before you went to the Duchess of Gordon's rout. He even named the exact time within a quarter of an hour."

"Mr. Pitcairn is a very wonderful man," Nancy returned.

"He's a poor hand at description," responded the duke, with a heat of admiration for her in his tone.

"It depends somewhat," said Nancy, "upon what he has the describing of." And in this speech the way women know how to belittle an enemy is clearly to be seen. "He can describe a barn to a farmer, a road to a surveyor, or a church to an architect, so that they fall into an ecstasy of admiration of his parts. When it comes to a woman it's a different matter. Mr. Pitcairn doesn't know a woman. He's not, rightly speaking, a man. As Mr. Carmichael says, 'He's just a head.' "

"It's a curious head," the duke answers, "a curious head and a very clear one."

"A clear head to prosecute; never to defend," Nancy responded; "which leads me to the cause of my visit. I have come to ask for the pardon of Timothy Lapraik."

The duke dropped his eyelids, and a strange light shone from under them.

"You compliment me, Mistress Stair, in thinking I have the power to undo that which was settled by the law of your country and a jury tried and true. I took no part in the affair; the prosecution was not mine; in a word, the thing is perhaps beyond my power, had I the desire to get him a pardon, which, however, I have not."

All this time neither had made any motion toward sitting down, but stood regarding each other, alert and watchful. It was Nancy Stair who took the first move. Coming over to the duke she put one of her hands on his breast and stood looking up at him out of those gray eyes of whose power she was not unconscious.

"My lord," she said, "I, who have had the handling of people much of my life, have learned to recognize power when I see it, and I see it in you. There's just naught you can't do that you set your mind to."

None ever claimed that in his relation with women the duke was afflicted with Pitcairn's trouble, and a blue heat came in his eye at her touch of him.

"You're not afraid of me, Nancy Stair?"

She looked up at him from under her eyelids and laughed.

"Not the least bit in the world, your grace."

"And ye think, mayhap, that just because ye're a beautiful woman—aye, the most beautiful woman I have ever seen—that ye can come to me and ask favors, thinking that I shall expect nothing in return?"

"What I have heard of you would lead me far from such conclusion," Nancy answered, with a smile.

He looked at her in silence, with an amused expression in his face.

"I like you," he said at length, and a dare-devil look came into his eyes, a look which showed at once his strength and his weakness. "I like your fearlessness as well as your honesty. I can mate your frankness by my own. I have long desired to know what is said of me, and have a mind to make a compact with you, if you will. I hear lies on every side. They are the stuff of which my daily bread is baked. Come," he cried, "a bargain between us. The naked truth which ye have heard concerning me in return for the pardon of Timothy Lapraik."

"It's a bargain between us, your grace."

"There will be no slurring over, no soft adjustments?"

"You need have no fear. If you knew me better you would not ask for that," Nancy answered with a smile. "You shall have the unsoftened truth, so far as it is mine to speak."

The duke motioned her to a seat by the fire and stood opposite to her, changing the candles on the shelf above to throw the light full upon her face as she sat before the fire.

" 'Tis an awkward position you put me in," Nancy laughed.

" 'Tis grace itself compared to the awkwardness of mine," the duke returned with a dry smile.

"The first thing I ever heard of you," she began, "was

that you were known by common repute as the 'Lying Duke of the Highlands.' "

The duke bowed.

"I have heard from high and low that you have neither the code of a gentleman nor the common honesty of business affairs. It is even argued that you have not the moral perception to see your own lack in such matters."

The duke looked at her steadily for a moment again and his lips curled back into a smile.

"You are openly accused of thefts in India—of defrauding the ignorant natives of their lands."

The duke made a little outward motion with his hand, as though to intimate that these charges were already known to him.

"It is said—and this seems to me one of the worst charges—that you assail the names of those whose places you desire for yourself or your friends, under cover, and in ways impossible for them to circumvent."

The duke shrugged his shoulders as if this charge were one of small moment.

"But 'tis of your treatment of women that the worst stories of you are abroad, and 'tis said that your conduct toward them is that of a brute rather than of a man. There is a tale of one woman, the wife of a baronet, who left her husband for you, and whom ye after deserted to poverty and disgrace."

She paused a moment and turned to recapitulate.

"Liar," she said.

The duke bowed slightly.

"Thief."

The duke bent his head a bit lower.

"Defrauder, blackmailer, and betrayer of women."

The duke rose and made a profound salutation, and Nancy regarded him with a smile.

"I do not think of any other thing," she concluded; and then, as though there was still hope for him, "I have never heard your grace accused of open murder."

" 'Tis strange," the duke answered her with a queer look. "I have enough of the artist in me to see that the open murder would have been finely climactic. There is but one of these

charges that I desire to deny to you," looking at the fire through his eyeglass as he spoke; "I don't lie," he said, adding, with the shadow of a smile, "I don't have to. And may I ask, Mistress Stair, do you believe these things of me?"

Nancy rose and looked into the fire.

"I like you," she answered.

"In spite of my crimes?"

"Because of your power," she responded.

They stood for a moment regarding each other steadily before another word was spoken.

"Ah, my lord," she said, "I must be going," and there was a shade of regret in her voice, which Borthwicke was not the man to let pass unnoticed, "I have kept my word."

"True," the duke answered, "you have kept your word."

"You will keep yours to me?" she asked, extending her hand.

"By this time to-morrow Lapraik shall be a free man," the duke answered, holding the extended hand in his.

"Thank you," she said, and another silence fell between them as they stood thus, nearer together, dominated by magnetic attraction so strong that a full minute passed unnoticed by either.

"It is my turn to ask favors," the duke said headily. "The rose in your breast."

"Shall I fasten it on your coat?" she asked.

So for a moment more they stood almost touching each other, his breath moving the curls of her hair as she reached toward him.

"Good night," he said, extending his hand again.

"Good night," she said, putting hers into it.

"You have your people with you?"

"Yes."

"It is better then I should not come down?"

"Much better," she answered, after a second; and then, turning to him: "You are coming to the Duchess of Gordon's?"

"I had intended to remain away till I saw you. What do you think I shall do now?" his grace asked.

"How should I know, my lord duke?" Nancy inquired, with a smile.

"What do you think I am going to do now?" he repeated with insistence.

"I think you will come to the Gordon's," Nancy answered in a low voice.

"I may kiss your hand?" the duke asked; and, as he did so, the act having in it more of a caress than a salutation, "Believe me," he said, "I could not stay away."

* * * * * *

CLIFFORD LANIER

[1844—1908]

C. PRESCOTT ATKINSON

CLIFFORD ANDERSON LANIER, the younger brother of the widely known poet, Sidney Lanier, was born April 24, 1844, in Griffin, Georgia. His parents were Robert Samson Lanier and Mary Jane Anderson Lanier. Both were descended from old Virginia families; the Laniers of Huguenot stock, with artistic sensibilities, the Andersons of Anglo-Saxon heritage, of good commonsense and oratorical gifts.

Robert S. Lanier, reared in Georgia, was a lawyer prominent in his profession not so much for brilliancy as for solid learning and laborious care in his practice. His culture, however, not effectually hindered by the employments of his busy professional career, enabled him to enter into full sympathy with his distinguished sons.

It was while Robert S. Lanier was procuring his education in Virginia that he met Mary Jane Anderson, an exemplar of the best traditions of the Scotch-Irish from whom she inherited her strict ethical and religious views and the personal rule of her own life. From the family life, made beautiful by the presence of a pure and wholesome ideal, the sons learned abiding principles and a high reverence for the primal virtues.

In 1846 the Laniers moved to Macon, where the social refinement and intellectual atmosphere ministered to the growth of Clifford's fine spirit and social disposition. Within the outer circle of relatives and friends was a closer circle consisting of his father and mother, his talented older brother, his younger sister Gertrude, and his mother's brother, Clifford Anderson, whose name he bore. This uncle rose to high official position.

When Clifford was fourteen years old he was engaged in Montgomery, Alabama, as a clerk in a hotel belonging, in all likelihood, to his grandfather. After a year in this employment he spent a year and a half in Oglethorpe College at Midway, near Milledgeville. His brother has alluded to the "uncongenial atmosphere of a farcical college," but from this college both had clearly received lasting literary impulses.

Clifford's education was rudely interrupted when he was but a

callow sophomore by the mutterings of the Civil War. He had wished to volunteer earlier, but was not accepted until 1862, when he was eighteen years old. He served in the exciting and important campaigns of Virginia until 1864. In this service he was closely associated with his brother, and for a short time they enjoyed together a cordial companionship in developing their minds and cultivating their tastes, already turning steadfastly to music and poetry. In 1864 Clifford became signal officer on the *Talisman,* a blockade-runner plying between Bermuda and Wilmington, North Carolina. In December his vessel was lost but he escaped to Cuba, ran the blockade at Galveston, Texas, and reached Macon in May, 1865, after all the hostilities were over. He was paroled by Wilson's command of Federal cavalry. Clifford Lanier was a gallant soldier and always maintained a loyal devotion to the Southern cause. Prominent among the United Confederate Veterans during his life, at his grave was read the beautiful ritual which he had composed for this organization.

In July, 1865, Clifford Lanier returned to Montgomery, Alabama, and to his former occupation as clerk in a hotel. On November 26, 1867, he married Miss Wilhelmina Clopton, a daughter of Judge Clopton, later a member of the Supreme Court of Alabama. He soon became proprietor of the Exchange Hotel, and remained in this business until 1884. After 1887 he was employed in managing real estate and other investments, though he remained to the end in connection with the Exchange Hotel Company. In his latter years he found time not merely for literary work but for all civic interests that demanded the time and coöperation of a public-spirited citizen. He had previously manifested his interest in education by serving for a term as superintendent of schools; he now busied himself with political and civic reforms and with the public concerns of the Church, to which he was devoted.

He died on the morning of November 3, 1908. He had enjoyed more than forty years of happy married life, and his widow, the companion not alone of his toils but also of his dreams and fancies, survives him. There are also two surviving children, Mrs. W. L. Durr, and Mr. C. A. Lanier, Jr., both of Montgomery.

Clifford Lanier's literary work was a reflection of his life and character. Late in life he said of his literary purpose: "I love almost any poem which suffuses beauty with its moral lesson. I do not esteem verses for expression merely, but my taste calls for some uplift or thrill of pleasure from a truth flashing lightning-like from a scarf of cloud. All my efforts are to teach." It was this conception of poetry, as well as his unwavering devotion to his

brother's memory, that devolved upon him the task, a love-task, of bringing the people to a fuller appreciation of Sidney Lanier.

"I would rather be a tolerable essayist than an intolerable versifier," he had said, but he was far more than a tolerable essayist and never an intolerable versifier. Much that he wrote was never published, and of this unpublished material no little was in essay form on the relations of poetry and philosophy and the relations of poetry and religion. Essays of this character were printed in the Nashville *Christian Advocate, The Chautauquan* and *The Independent;* and other essays, and poems, too, appeared in periodicals ranging from the local daily to the established monthly. He tried his hand at fiction also, though with less success than in essay or poetry. "Thorn Fruit" was a war sketch designed to portray scenes of his recent experience, while "Love and Loyalty at War" (1893) was in lighter vein, but still of serious temper. His only collected volume of poems is entitled 'Apollo and Keats on Browning, and other Poems.' It takes its title from the longest and first poem in the collection. It is fantasy of very great beauty. It was born, no doubt, of the author's tendency to realize the other world in this. In his poetry he seems always to feel that the world of the poet, of the seer, of the soul apart from the body, are all very much at one with the busy world of our daily meditations, if not of our earthly concerns. Every one of his poems points a moral of ethics or of good living and high thinking.

There are many of the poems that it would be worth while to speak of, but they must be left mainly to speak their own messages. The following were originally published in the periodicals indicated: "A Portrait," *Scribner's Magazine,* about 1876; Dialect Verses by Sidney and Clifford Lanier: "The Power of Prayer," *Scribner's Magazine,* 1875 or 1876; "Uncle Jim's Baptist Revival Hymn"; *Scribner's Magazine,* 1876; "The Power of Affection, or Voting in Alabama"; "Friar Servetus (A Paraphrase)," *The Independent,* October 23, 1890.

Lanier had the poetic nature. It was not the nature that expresses itself in the mere swing of song, but in the rapture of symbolic insight. His creations are not of the first rank; he could not be called a great poet. But there is deep insight expressed in artistic words symbolizing the ultimate things of the human heart. He expressed in his own writings the thought that, at the heart of all things, religion and philosophy and poetry are one. That is the conception of the philosopher and the intuition of the poet. There was about him something of both.

It is a fitting last word with which he closes the little volume of

his collected poems. It is a sort of confession of faith in which he lived and almost prophetic of the manner of his passing away. It expresses his view of the life past "the western gate":

"In circles ever moveth life around
Without decline; eve puts no term nor bound;
Age at old portals is await
For that new scene beyond the gate.
This little grain of life was sweet; how grand
The planetary round of God's new land."

THE MISSION OF BEAUTY

Extract from an Essay entitled "Literature and Life."

. . . We speak of different kinds of rights—legal rights, moral rights, etc.; now, have we the moral right or spiritual charter of liberty to live our lives prosaically? Of course the present possesses its insistent demands. The actual is a task-master; duties are in evidence; circumstances are always tugging at the skirts of the soul for recognition; but is it not the business of Education, of Literature, of Religion, to make straight the path of the Lord of life, to throw the glamor of affection, the broideries of skill, the charm of poetic color and the odor of sanctity about the dull, the prosy, the forbidding and the common-place?

There cometh after the actual and the common-place one whose sandal-strings they are not worthy to loose—the Holy Spirit of intellectual, of moral, of spiritual Beauty (the goodness of Beauty and the Beauty of goodness), one who indeed diffuses the loveliness of a divine comforter, and for the sake of whom the disciples of such sweet Love welcome toil, privation, and even death.

Literature it is that enables education to dignify, to sweeten, to adorn, to poetize the prosy and the common-place.

As God walked with Adam in the noon of Eden, if Deity

shall vouchsafe again to walk with man, as friend with friend, in the cool of the day of time, I know not how Humanity may express his part of the colloquy save in the terms of Music, of Literature, of Poetry and of Philosophy.

One other thought, as to the power of these engines of Beauty to accomplish work, of these deliveries to free men from imprisonment. You know that while all are equal, as regarded by the eye of the law, we are yet bound by all manner of laws, rites, customs, restrictions and conventionalities of society. Goethe said, he could not conceive of liberty save in the circle of law.

Spirits are chained by the wants of the body, as bodies are bound by the decrees and dictates of fashion, and, tho' not slaves, we are in many particulars, prisoners of fate or of our own lower passions and appetites. Responsibilities of power and exalted station are so many heavy chains, and wealth itself may be a dungeon, to those who know not how, or dare not, throw off its weighty manacles and learn to use the stewardship just as God meant it to be used. Want, poverty, disease are indeed heavy gyves and chains which men strive ever for release from, and invoke labor, talent, knowledge, medical science and every other appliance under Heaven for rescue from. Now Literature, Song, and other forms of artistic Beauty do indeed free men's spirits from those jails and chains. They rarely make men rich, although the rewards grow larger every year, but they console men in poverty, and make them happy while wanting as to many bodily desires, and keep their spirits healthy and pure even tho' their limbs are halt and their frames racked by physical pains.

Circumstances cage men, very much as birds are caged; Religion and Arts give liberty from these dungeons. Let us end these reflections with some lines addressed to a caged bird. They are called "The Wings of Song" and perhaps may interpret in some measure the burden of the small prisoner's familiar trills:—

Blithe hint to artist man, small bird
  In narrow-spanned imprisonment!
Thine airy song is like a word
  Angelic to poor artists sent.

It seems to free thee of thy cage;
  As owning all the woodland's range,
Thy being wings upon its rage
  And rapture-buoyant music strange.

To gleams of wildwood dells and streams,
  Ne'er known by thee, to forest rills
That are heredity's dim dreams,
  Just wrought for fountains to thy trills.

'Twere alchemy to transport these
  O'er widening leagues of circumstance,
But thy soul-wafting song doth tease
  Like riddles hoar of death and chance;

For it doth bear thyself, not them;
  No prisoner now, but freedom's king
In Time's wide woods, upon the stem
  And spray of space thou lilt'st to sing.

Of old, philosophy hath said—
  "Nor gold nor consulship made free;"
Wise Epictetus established,
  Knowledge of song gave liberty.

And science of life made true athletes,
  Tho' bodies live in gyves and chains:
And his disciples, he entreats,
  To note how wisdom spirit trains.

Does song, sweet bird, unbind thy heart?
  Then wit-wise man may free *his* soul,
Borne on the winged voice of Art,
  And reach the spirit's happier goal.

TIME, TIRELESS TRAMP

All selections are from 'Apollo and Keats on Browning, and Other Poems.' Used here by permission of Mrs. Clifford Lanier.

O Time, thou running tramp so fleet,
If thou would'st only lag awhile!
I pause to ease my weary feet
And thou hast sped a mile.

How long a journey may I take
With thee? Is life but just one stage?
Our next inn, death? New life, the break
Of dawning age on age?

Millenial eons round, like flowers,
Thou must have known in bud and bloom—
And secular days from crescent powers
Waning to sunless gloom.

Didst chat with Luna ere she grew
So chastely sad and ghostly cold
About her fairness ere she knew
"The wrinkle" of growing old?

Art come to age's memory yet?
Wilt gossip of thine earlier days?
The middle countless years forget
And sing us primal lays!

A hundred thousand springs eclipse
In blank forgetfulness. Retrace
Some million stades, and on thy lips
And round thy youthful face

Let speak the word, let shine the light
That sang and shone when stars were born!
Wert thou Beginning's eremite
Unwed, alone, forlorn?

How old wert thou when Adam played
With Flora and the Fauns and Pan?
What time throned *Jah* from lustrous shade
Spake music unto man?

Beyond do vaster oceans roll?
How long canst thou expect to be?
All time thy body, timeless soul,
Hath reached maturity?

Thou seem'st a Jack-o'-lantern thought,
E'er dancing over fens of fern,
Fitful, afeared of getting caught,
And dark when thou should'st burn.

Did God exhale thee while He slept,
The very vapor of His breath,
That, breath of Life, thou yet hast kept
The Elfin-ness of Death?

A SEAWEED ON DECK IN MID-OCEAN

Brave tangle, color-glinting weed,
Thou stayest not our huge ship's speed
One little whit. Thine atom's need,
We heed it not.
Could not Leviathan's vast greed
Spare thee one spot?

Fierce winter gales thy cradle shook,
Within some isle-sequestered nook;
Thine ancestors there refuge took
Against the storm,
To parent safe from alien look
Thee nested warm.

Did thy forbears Columbus know,
When that discoverer long ago,
Solemn with prophecy of wo,
His deck did pace—
Whose caravels and pinnace slow
Sargasso trace?

Mayhap they 'scaped De Soto's keel,
Whose enterprise of sword and steel
Is brave with hopes his Spaniards feel
Of empires grand,
Yet desperate for wo or weal
(Hidalgo band)!

Or did they look on Wesley born
To larger fate, yet now forlorn,
For still delays Conversion's dawn?
And Oglethorpe,
Who quits with store of oil and corn
His easeful dorp

To found asylums in the west
For debtors and all sore-oppressed?
Ye, fervid zeal, good English breast!
Ye loved e'en weeds:
Your very heart-throbs beat and pressed
For human needs!

How long, thou tiny lichen, thou
Sea-alga tossed above our prow
And rudely kept by strangers now
From out thy home,
Hast known Time's furrowing ocean-plow
Divide the foam?

What jetsam, flotsam, of sad wreck,
That lately graced some freighted deck
Of souls who danger little reck
As even we,
Hast thou seen, sorrowful, weedy speck—
Lost, tossed at sea?

Wood mosses tame ken not the strife,
The warfare waged for merely life,
Wherewith thy battle here is rife
'Mid wind and wave:
Their days are joys of folk house-wife
From birth to grave.

Thine is the warrior-martyr's fate,
To bleeding fall without the gate
Of Israel, die, and, with no date
On sandy tomb,
To lie, and to the ages prate
Of war's sad doom.

Such would be, if this meager art
Thine only record were. Thy heart
Be comforted! A better part
May yet befall.
Impaled upon an expert's dart
Against the wall,

In some museum's richest niche,
Thou shalt high lore of science teach,
And secrets of huge ocean preach—
Gain out of loss!
Beyond the heaven, thou yet shalt reach,
Of weed or moss!

THE AMERICAN PHILOMEL

Ah, sweet, our mocking-bird,
The many-tongued!
From highest top of yon church pinnacle,
Whose glittering point thus quivers into song,
His voice!
The church's faith and love
Now seem to blossom in
Nor flower nor odor, but in sound.
Gone is the day, passed with its Sabbath forms:
The zeal of Sunday-school in children's eyes,
Blazing to kindle bright the farthest isles,
Now fades in children's dreams this summer night,
And yields their fane to loveliness of song.

Balm-breathing harmony,
What tenderness is thine!
The air is all ethereal;

The moonlight soft affection's sweetest smile:
The fragrant trees are Beauty's ministers,
And dewy lawns lie tearfully a-dream.

Sweet, bird-blown flute,
Thou weavest poesy and lore in one—
Religion, history, and song,
Wild-flowers, and wheat!
An Indian maiden with the heart of Ruth,
Withheld by tribal hate from joy and love,
And pining faithfully,
Might utter such a plaint as thine
Now is; anon
Some antique Miriam's triumph swells
In rising, crescent, cymbal-clashing notes,
Joyous, outringing as a peal of bells.

An alabaster box of Music's nard
Upon the feet of Love thou shatterest:
These drops of dew are fragrant with its sweet;
These pendent boughs seem blessing hands;
Out of grim shadow benedictions come;
Moonlight like Christ's forgiveness beams:
Thy heavenly throatings whisper to the soul
Undying faith, supernal—
Love eternal.

FOREST ELIXIRS

Inhaling strength with every breath
Soft blown across the mountain way,
I stroll where autumn's crimson death
And Summer's resurrection say

The annual rhyme of death and life.
Smooth winds the road o'er covert glade,
On upward slope, by varying strife,
For mastery of light and shade.

Here greenery hath conquered all,
And dominates a world of love;
Yon distant hill is mighty thrall
Of mastering blueness throned above.

Here find I quiet rest I seek
Far from the turbulence of men,
And mildly importune the meek
Faun-voices of the Woodland glen;

Where think not that the woods are still;
For whomsoe'er can overhear
Each runlet speaketh, and each hill,
A music hid from carnal ear.

The dumb rocks hint their history;
And myriad winged things float past
With messages of mystery
Sent from the dim leaf-shadowed vast.

All tender moss that steadfast clings
To warm the oak-root, mantle-wise,
Some answer has to questionings,
Repose for restless subtleties.

If I would stanch an anguish sore
That contumely's thrust hath made,
Or into wounds mild healing pour
Away from battle-fields of trade,

I walk amid these leafy balms—
Wood distillations magic breeds—
Upborne upon the upheld palms
Of elfin greenwood—Ganymedes,

And learn how thought is kin to prayer—
That grace, as juices from earth's sod,
Flows through the veins of spirit where
Man's soul doth feel the touch of God.

FRIAR SERVETUS

(A Paraphrase)

The monk Servetus sits alone
  Within his small, unfurnished cell;
Few comforts were this hermit's own—
  This anchorite of book and bell.

Communion brings companionship,
  And lo! he is not all alone;
A greeting trembles on his lip
  For that which sudden round him shone.

In ecstasy of great delight
  He bends to grasp his Saviour's hands;
Big, joyful tears spring at the sight;
  He knows not if he kneels or stands.

Alas! Now strikes a hateful sound,
  The jingle of the postern door;
It stings him like a poisoned wound,
  And summons him to feed the poor.

A curse upsprings within his heart;
  A dark frown shadows o'er his face;
The menial task, the drudge's part
  Calls *yonder; here* is Christ's high grace.

He goes with pang and footstep slow,
  Is long detained by hunger's moan;
He hastens back from mortal wo
  To kiss the bare stone where He shone.

What tender voice breaks on his ear?
  The light is as of Easter morn:
"As thou didst go, I still am here;
  Hadst thou remained, I had been gone."

HIS SILENT FLUTE

To S. L., 1881

Each life is tinct with joyousness and pain:
A web of measured silences and sound
In subtle plan of patterns deftly wound,
And with a heart of love is Music. Rain,
Sunshine, are tides of one wavering Main
Whose throbbing bears the prow of life to port:
E'en on the parapet of Hatred's fort
Some bruisèd violet of love will fain
Its banner wave for Brotherhood and God:
Such alternates do fleck the whole vast round:
A star, a comet lost is a planet found:
This comfort would I take from star and clod—
I hear it murmuring from his silent flute—
"Death is not death, but life that's briefly mute."

TO A POET DYING YOUNG

S. L.

Much like some mountain-springing crystal rill,
Or burgeoning of trees that bravely climb
The sunniest crag of all; now like the mime
Of mock-bird trilling gaily, then death-still,
As if his mate-bird's answer hushed his trill,
Or some god whispered in his ear, " 'Tis time
For holy meditation,"—so thy rhyme
Did falter seeking beauty and love's will.
Too short, ah! sadly short, thy days for song,
For work, for prayer, for far-envoyaging thought.
Ah, me! no time nor strength for righting wrong
Thy soul well knew man's apathy had wrought.
Thou couldst but trill, as thou didst limp along,
High hints of music's heaven thy soul had caught.

THE MEN BEHIND THE "BOOKS"

From cabined walls of close-ranged dusty shelves,
Whereon the effigies of great thoughts are
In print, mine inner sense would break the bar
And find the treasury of their inmost selves;
Shakspere's, while visioning midsummer elves
With Queen Titania in her wee nut car;
With dreaming poets range from star to star,
Or plunge in caverns plumbing science delves;
To gaze beyond this pale on Keats' dear soul—
Endymion 'mong the stars of Beauty's sky;
On Milton's hearing Heavenly battles roll;
Thro' Wordsworth's, know each tender flowerets eye;
With humble workers study moss and clod,
And with brave singers feel the breath of God.

IN A LIBRARY

O love of books, what comradeship is thine!
  What stimulus of strife without its sting!
  Here old Time's warriors their trophies bring
With scent of classic fields and hint of brine
From Faery oceans, Fancy's eglantine,
  The towers of Romance whereround memories cling,
  With song-breaths poets' hearts cease not to sing,
And stories told of men become divine.
Who would not cleave the actual life in twain
  And yield Imagination this her due?
  To act the petty round is only half
Of life and keeps our living small and vain.
O choose we wisely what the mind may quaff,
  And catholic life in books is sweet and true!

THE FIRST CONFEDERATE WHITE HOUSE, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Memento-hallowed of heroic Lost,
Nor time, nor rust hath power to despoil,
Nor hate besmirch thee with deflow'ring moil!
The pain of martyrs made thy priceless cost,
With outpoured blood of brave Confederate host,
And free-will offerings pure of corn and oil;
Thus thou art worthy countless lovers' toil;
Who suffered all for love now love thee most.
Reborn, rechristened, and by love new-made,
Thou art the dearer for what ruin wrought;
With thee let treasured memories be laid
For keeping, as to shrines our dead are brought;
Let Truth of history gem thy casket gold,
And thou stay ever new, yet ever old.

THE POWER OF AFFECTION; OR, VOTING IN ALABAMA

What dat you say? Haynh? vote for you? ain't nuvver seed you buffore;
I don' know what to call you by: my name? hit's uncle Sim.
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile: I aint gwine back on him.

Would *you exert* de fren' dat fed you, howsumduvver poor
He got his se'f, an' gin' you work, when work was mon'sous slim?
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile; I'se gwine to stay 'bout him.

When de creek was up an' drowned de corn, an' riz to dis here door,
Who gin' me 'lasses an' meal an' sich? Congress? no more'n dat limb.
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile: I'se boun' to stick roun' him.

De word's bin saunt fum up town dar, dis two, free days and more,
How we 'uns is to vote: (Yaas, sir, Pintlala'l make you swim;)
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile: I'se gwine to vote 'side him.

Convenshun dis! Convenshun dat! 'an black men on de floor!
I aint nuvver seed no *forty* yit; is't kase my eyes is dim?
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile: I'se gwine to shares wid him.

I'se voted ev'ry 'lection yit for Ekal rights; I'se tore
My insides out a holl'rin fur em; I'se yit *ole nigger* Sim;
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile: I'se gwine to bawl fur him.

Mehaly, she kin read de news (my wife, but you don' know 'er)
She says de Rads jis loves us nigs, like *gar fish loves* de brim;
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile: I'se gwine to use 'long him.

Dey's rid our votes to offis 'till our backs is skinned an' sore;
Dey's fooled *young* mules wid *collar straw,* dey *caint* fool uncle Sim;
Don' tel me nuffi'n 'bout votin', Boss, I'se fur ole Marster shore:
He nuvver went back on dis black chile: I aint gwine back on him.

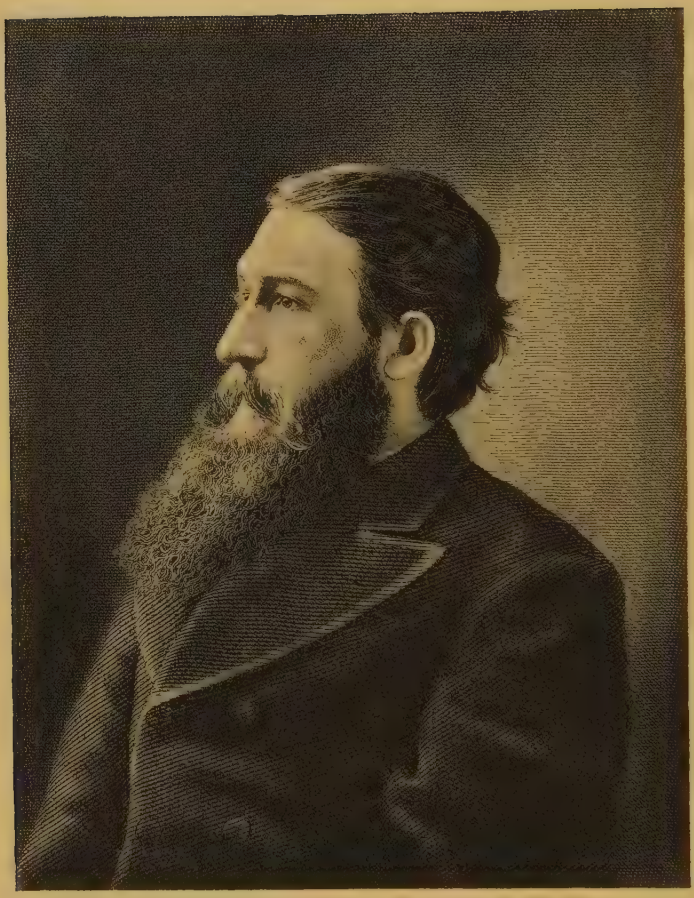
GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE

We know not the very heart of the lute;
We only hear the beat of music's wings—
The garment's rustle as it shaping clings
About the bodied soul—whether low flute
Or trumpet's large world-full resounding bruit
That summons to enchant the state of kings;
We hear the organ's far-drawn murmurings,
But from the holiest Holy all is mute;
Maybe we host an angel unaware;
We cherish knowledge, tongues and prophecies,
Forgetful how these vanish into air
Whereof they frame their winning mysteries.
Love, love alone, in music, life, and art,
Remains the angelic friend-guest of the heart.

THE WESTERN GATE

Gold in the morn. Silver shine at noon.
Gold after noon! 'Tis twilight now;
Dusk wanes the day; old voices croon,
And pale the aureole on age's brow.
Fitful the flame upon the cottage fire
Burns like the heart of chill desire;
The limbs with ache like worn-out timbers creak,
And scarce the smoke may climb the chimney peak.
Dim sounds of uproar that the Present makes
Come through the window; Memory fonder shakes
Old sides to laughter and old hearts to tears;
All brave delights of youth give way to fears;

Grandchildren romp not with the glee of yore;
A sadness never felt before
Creeps in the mind; the hand clasps not as strong;
New songs sing not as that old song,
Clear with the truth
Of candid youth,
And sweet forsooth
As the limpid, twinkling sheen of the Romance well,
Or sweetheart-gospels lovers tell—
As truest chime of the marriage bell,
As loveliest child-bloom ever fell
From gardens where home-blisses grow
And joys of heaven with angels dwell
And Love's uncankered roses blow.
Cometh now life's afterglow;
O'er yonder sun the clouds drift slow
Like sleepy birds that seek the nest
On drowsy-moving wings almost at rest,
So smooth their flight into yon darkling West.
Gold in the morn. Silver shine at noon.
Gold after noon! New soft lights beam
Whereof the heart of youth may merely dream;
Pearl, amber, lucent sard are in yon gleam.
In circles ever moveth life around
Without decline; eve puts no term nor bound;
Age at old portals is await
For that new scene beyond the gate.
This little grain of life was sweet; how grand
The planetary round of God's new land!



SIDNEY LANIER.

SIDNEY LANIER

[1842—1881]

HENRY NELSON SNYDER

SIDNEY LANIER, the son of Robert Sampson and Mary Jane Anderson Lanier, was born at Macon, Georgia, on the third of February, 1842. Those who care for such things can, if they wish, make much of the fact that he seems to have come naturally by the dominant religious and artistic bent of his temperament and character, for both religion and art enter largely into his ancestry. His family first appear in England as French musicians of more than ordinary talent. This was in the reign of Elizabeth, and thereafter, as musicians and composers, certain Laniers held important positions at the courts of three other English sovereigns, Charles I, Charles II, and James II. Thus at least one passion of his life was in the blood of the poet. The American Laniers came to Virginia as French Huguenots. Thence some of them moved into North Carolina, there becoming members of the Methodist organization. His grandfather went to Georgia, settling at Macon. The poet's mother was of Scotch-Irish blood and was Presbyterian in faith and in rigid practice. This striking combination of ancestral forces—Huguenot, Methodist, Scotch-Irish, Presbyterian—seems to account for certain outstanding qualities in Lanier, the artist, the musician-poet, intensely spiritual in the ideals of his art and deeply religious in his interpretation of life and nature.

His boyhood was characterized chiefly by an absorbing passion for music, together with an exceptional skill as a performer on both the violin and the flute, and a voracious appetite for reading, particularly imaginative literature of the best type. At the age of eighteen he was far enough advanced to enter the sophomore class or Oglethorpe College at Milledgeville, Georgia, a small institution under the patronage of the Presbyterian Church. The future poet made the best of comparatively meager opportunities, and his college course revealed the bent of his nature and pointed the way he was afterward to go. He proved to be a student of exceptional ability, taking scholarship seriously; his lovableness of temperament and magnetic charm of manner attached to him the choicer spirits of the college in bonds of warmest friendship; music and literature, the best that had been thought and said, continued to be among the ab-

sorbing passions of his nature; and he came into personal contact with at least one great teacher, Dr. Woodrow, afterward president of the University of South Carolina, under whose inspiring leadership the young scholar-poet was looking forward to wider fields of study in some university of the Old World.

But such dreams were not to be realized. The young scholar, appointed tutor in his Alma Mater, answered the call of war and passed from the sheltered quiet of the study to the perilous edge of battle. As private soldier, scout, signal officer, blockade-runner, and prisoner at Point Lookout, he met the trying duties of a soldier with courage and loyalty, evincing in all his experiences that knightly quality of sheer manhood which makes one at times forget the poet and the musician and admire only the man.

He was dismissed from prison in 1865. But, from the exposure and privation he had undergone, incurable disease had already marked him for its own, and from one standpoint his life is but an inspiringly heroic struggle not to be overcome by it. In the midst of the bitterness and the social and political confusion of the reconstruction period, cheerfully and bravely he faced the mere question of how to live. At one time it was by teaching school near Macon and at Prattville, Alabama; again, it was by the commonplace work of a clerk in a hotel at Montgomery. But such things were his living, not his life; all the while he was studying and writing. German literature, Lucretius, and philosophy in particular engaged his interest. In 1867 he published his only novel, 'Tiger Lilies,' and in that year married Miss Mary Day, who proved to be an ideal poet's wife, the real woman of Lanier's exquisite poem, "My Springs." In 1870 he joined his father in the practice of law at Macon. All who knew him in this capacity bear witness to such efficiency and ability as promised a successful career.

But he was not to remain a lawyer. The search for health carried him to various places, and finally to San Antonio, Texas. Here he came into contact with a company of kindred artistic, music-loving spirits. Under the inspiration of his surroundings, he made up his mind to give himself wholly to music and poetry. With this conviction he went to Baltimore in the winter of the same year, securing there an engagement as first flutist in the then famous Peabody Orchestra. This employment not only gave him a means of support, but Baltimore itself furnished him a congenial, artistic and intellectual atmosphere into which Lanier entered with all the zest of his ardent nature. How complete this absorption was may be inferred from the concluding words of an ever-memorable letter to his father. "Does it not seem to you, as to me," he writes, "that I begin to have the right to enroll myself among the devotees of these two sublime arts

(music and poetry), having followed them so long and so humbly, and through so much bitterness?" This is the committal of one to a way of life to which he feels that he has been divinely called. In spite of his continued illness, he threw himself with a singular ardor and persistence into the investigation of various fields of knowledge, particularly of literature and science. It seems as if he realized that he had not lived before; and, with a kind of premonition that the day of his opportunity was to be all too short, he was trying in hot haste to appropriate it to the full ere it passed. One does not wonder that his best work in both prose and verse belongs to these few Baltimore years. In 1879 he was honored with the appointment of lecturer on English literature in the recently established Johns Hopkins University. He delivered two courses, one on "The Science of English Verse" and one on "The Development of the English Novel." The last series was delivered in the winter of 1880, when the poet was so weak from the ravages of disease that he had to sit during the delivery, holding out to the end by only a marvelous exercise of will. In the summer of 1881 he sought the healing airs of the western North Carolina mountains, but in vain. On the seventh of September, near Tryon, the long, heroic struggle with disease came to an end, and the earthly light of the finest spirit in Southern letters went out.

When one considers the difficulties in the way of the development and expression of Sidney Lanier's genius—the unpropitious conditions under which he began life, the interruption of his studies by the war, the struggle for support, and the unremitting fight against disease—the sheer amount, as well as the quality, of his merely intellectual achievement is little short of wonderful. He left, besides his poetry, ten volumes in all: 'Tiger Lilies,' a novel; a volume of letters; two volumes of essays, 'Music and Poetry' and 'Retrospects and Prospects'; two volumes of lectures; 'Shakespere and his Forerunners'; a book on Florida; three books for boys, 'The Boys' Froissart,' 'The Boys' Percy,' and 'The Boys' Mabinogion'; and two volumes of exceptionally suggestive criticism, the Johns Hopkins University lectures on 'The Science of English Verse' and 'The Development of the English Novel.'

All this represents a man's full quota of the world's work in the line he had chosen, and the fine thing about it is that so little of it was mere hack-work, or the product of a facile dilettantism in music and literature. The range of knowledge displayed, the essential originality of ideas, the conscientious effort to come at the truth of the matter in hand, the high seriousness of the writer, and the concrete vividness of his style, all tend to lift Lanier's prose writing out of the range of the commonplace, though its chief value is to be found, first, in its revelation of the fine yet strong personality of the man himself,

and, secondly, what is akin to this, of his lofty ideals of the qualities, the mission, and the service of the twin arts of music and poetry. No student of American literature can afford to overlook Lanier's prose as a revelation of one of the most attractive personalities in that literature and also as a record of the serious application of spiritual ideas to the fundamental principles of art.

When one turns to the poetry of Lanier, these again are the two things that one cannot escape. One is conscious through it all of the personality of the man in its high, unbending chivalry and in its persistent aspiration to attain the best. This is the source of the subtle, pervasive charm that wins the heart of every sympathetic reader, and it is no slight achievement, as far as the content of a poet's work is concerned, to be thus able to stir the nobility of other natures by the presence in his verse of his own essential nobility of temperament. Then, too, the reader of Lanier's poetry is bound to appreciate and be stimulated by the character of the ideas with which most of it is informed—the conception of the true poet's leadership in "Corn," the breadth of his vision and his duty to record the whole of life in "Beethoven," his solemn responsibilities in "Individuality," his mission to forward the spiritual progress of the race in "Clover," to fertilize the world with the beauty and power of truth in "The Bee," to spiritualize the ills of life into good in "Rose Morals," and, finally, to live the best in order to write the best in "Life and Song." Moreover, to life and its problems, social, political, industrial, intellectual, and religious, he applied certain characteristic fundamental ideas that are strong in their appeal. As a poet, he was essentially modern in thought, trying bravely to interpret the contradictions and confusions of the world about him in terms of a faith which steadily refused to eliminate from the affairs of men a beneficent God and a purpose wisely directed though hard to understand. Besides, the God of the Purpose was working out His plans somehow under the law of Love. Through this law, Science and Art are to be wedded and our political problems solved ("The Psalm of the West"); the hideous conception of Hell is to be banished from theological thought ("How Love Looked for Hell"); the unseemly quarrels of religious sects are to be transformed into peaceful unity ("Remonstrance"); industrial and commercial conditions and relationships will be made beautiful with all the fair things of life ("The Symphony"), and the world be won finally to Him who was the flawless incarnation of holiness and love ("The Crystal Christ").

So dominant are such ideas in Lanier's poetry that one feels himself communing, for the time, with an exceedingly winning preacher of spiritual truth, a kind of St. Francis of Assisi in modern garb and thought. But, however great the charm of such an experience,

and the moral tonic that comes with it, this does not settle the essentially poetic quality of Lanier's work, nor does it warrant one in affirming that he has made contributions to literature of permanent value—permanent because thought, feeling, image, and sound are wedded in the indissoluble unity of perfect beauty. The final question is, in brief, was he a true poet, and of what rank?

The settlement of such questions must be largely a matter of personal taste and judgment. Yet the sure, steady growth in the number of those who care for Lanier's poetry is significantly prophetic, and at least three of his poems have entered into the region where there is no dispute, the region where even the æsthetic sense of the higher critic and the instinctive approbation of the great common heart of the world are at one: "The Ballad of the Trees and the Master," "The Song of the Chattahoochee," and "The Revenge of Hamish." The exquisite grace and the moving appeal of the first two and the gripping power of the last one have already fixed them beyond cavil with the best of their kind.

CORN

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* * * * * *

Look, out of line one tall corn-captain stands
Advanced beyond the foremost of his bands,
  And waves his blades upon the very edge
  And hottest thicket of the battling hedge.
Thou lustrous stalk, that ne'er mayst walk nor talk,
  Still shalt thou type the poet-soul sublime
  That leads the vanward of his timid time
  And sings up cowards with commanding rhyme—
Soul calm, like thee, yet fain, like thee, to grow
By double increment, above, below;
  Soul homely, as thou art, yet rich in grace like thee,
  Teaching the yeomen selfless chivalry
  That moves in gentle curves of courtesy;

Soul filled like thy long veins with sweetness tense,
By every godlike sense
Transmuted from the four wild elements.
Drawn to high plans,
Thou lift'st more stature than a mortal man's,
Yet ever piercest downward in the mould
And keepest hold
Upon the reverend and steadfast earth
That gave thee birth;
Yea, standest smiling in thy future grave,
Serene and brave,
With unremitting breath
Inhaling life from death,
Thine epitaph writ fair in fruitage eloquent,
Thyself thy monument.

As poets should,
Thou hast built up thy hardihood
With universal food,
Drawn in select proportion fair
From honest mould and vagabond air;
From darkness of the dreadful night,
And joyful light;
From antique ashes, whose departed flame
In thee has finer life and longer fame;
From wounds and balms,
From storms and calms,
From potsherds and dry bones
And ruin-stones.

Into thy vigorous substance thou hast wrought
Whate'er the hand of circumstance hath brought;
Yea, into cool solacing green hast spun
White radiance hot from out the sun.
So thou dost mutually leaven
Strength of earth with grace of heaven;
So thou dost marry new and old
Into a one of higher mould;
So thou dost reconcile the hot and cold,

The dark and bright,
And many a heart-perplexing opposite,
And so,
Akin by blood to high and low,
Fitly thou playest out thy poet's part,
Richly expending thy much-bruised heart
In equal care to nourish lord in hall
Or beast in stall:
Thou took'st from all that thou mightst give to all.

O steadfast dweller on the selfsame spot
Where thou wast born, that still repinest not—
Type of the home-fond heart, the happy lot!—
Deeply thy mild content rebukes the land
Whose flimsy homes, built on the shifting sand
Of trade, for ever rise and fall
With alternation whimsical,
Enduring scarce a day,
Then swept away
By swift engulfments of incalculable tides
Whereon capricious Commerce rides.
Look, thou substantial spirit of content!
Across this little vale, thy continent,
To where, beyond the mouldering mill,
Yon old deserted Georgian hill
Bares to the sun his piteous aged crest
And seamy breast,
By restless-hearted children left to lie
Untended there beneath the heedless sky,
As barbarous folk expose their old to die.
Upon that generous-rounding side,
With gullies scarified
Where keen Neglect his lash hath plied,
Dwelt one I knew of old, who played at toil,
And gave to coquette Cotton soul and soil.
Scorning the slow reward of patient grain,
He sowed his heart with hopes of swifter gain,
Then sat him down and waited for the rain.

He sailed in borrowed ships of usury—
A foolish Jason on a treacherous sea,
Seeking the Fleece and finding misery.
  Lulled by smooth-rippling loans, in idle trance
  He lay, content that unthrift Circumstance
  Should plough for him the stony field of Chance.
Yea, gathering crops whose worth no man might tell,
He staked his life on games of Buy-and-Sell,
And turned each field into a gambler's hell.
  Aye, as each year began,
  My farmer to the neighboring city ran;
Passed with a mournful, anxious face
Into the banker's inner place;
Parleyed, excused, pleaded for longer grace;
  Railed at the drought, the worm, the rust, the grass;
  Protested ne'er again 'twould come to pass;
  With many an *oh* and *if* and *but alas*
Parried or swallowed searching questions rude,
And kissed the dust to soften Dives's mood.
At last, small loans by pledges great renewed,
  He issues smiling from the fatal door,
  And buys with lavish hand his yearly store
  Till his small borrowings will yield no more.
Aye, as each year declined,
With bitter heart and ever-brooding mind
He mourned his fate unkind.
  In dust, in rain, with might and main,
  He nursed his cotton, cursed his grain,
  Fretted for news that made him fret again,
Snatched at each telegram of Future Sale,
And thrilled with Bulls' or Bears' alternate wail—
In hope or fear alike for ever pale.
  And thus from year to year, through hope and fear,
  With many a curse and many a secret tear,
  Striving in vain his cloud of debt to clear,
    At last
He woke to find his foolish dreaming past,
  And all his best-of-life the easy prey

Of squandering scamps and quacks that lined his way
With vile array,
From rascal statesman down to petty knave;
Himself, at best, for all his bragging brave,
A gamester's catspaw and a banker's slave.
Then, worn and gray, and sick with deep unrest,
He fled away into the oblivious West,
Unmourned, unblest.

Old hill! old hill! thou gashed and hairy Lear
Whom the divine Cordelia of the year,
E'en pitying Spring, will vainly strive to cheer—
King, that no subject man nor beast may own,
Discrowned, undaughtered and alone—
Yet shall the great God turn thy fate,
And bring thee back into thy monarch state
And majesty immaculate.
Lo, through hot waverings of the August morn,
Thou givest from thy vasty sides forlorn
Visions of golden treasuries of corn—
Ripe largesse lingering for some bolder heart
That manfully shall take thy part,
And tend thee,
And defend thee,
With antique sinew and with modern art.

MY SPRINGS

In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know
Two springs that with unbroken flow
Forever pour their lucent streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

Not larger than two eyes, they lie
Beneath the many-changing sky
And mirror all of life and time,
—Serene and dainty pantomime.

Shot through with lights of stars and dawns,
And shadowed sweet by ferns and fawns,
—Thus heaven and earth together vie
Their shining depths to sanctify.

Always when the large Form of Love
Is hid by storms that rage above,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Love in his very verity.

Always when Faith with stifling stress
Of grief hath died in bitterness,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Faith that smiles immortally.

Always when Charity and Hope,
In darkness bounden, feebly grope,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Light that sets my captives free.

Always, when Art on perverse wing
Flies where I cannot hear him sing,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A charm that brings him back to me.

When Labor faints, and Glory fails,
And coy Reward in sighs exhales,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Attainment full and heavenly.

O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,
—My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion-pure
And gray and wise and honor-sure;
Soft as a dying violet-breath
Yet calmly unafraid of death;

Thronged, like two dove-cotes of gray doves,
With wife's and mother's and poor-folk's loves,
And home-loves and high glory-loves
And science-loves and story-loves,

And loves for all that God and man
In art and nature make or plan,
And lady-loves for spidery lace
And broideries and supple grace,

And diamonds, and the whole sweet round
Of littles that large life compound,
And loves for God and God's bare truth,
And loves for Magdalen and Ruth,

Dear eyes, dear eyes and rare complete—
Being heavenly-sweet and earthly-sweet,
—I marvel that God made you mine,
For when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine!

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

* * * * * *

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!

The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvelous marshes of Glynn.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

THE REVENGE OF HAMISH

It was three slim does and a ten-tined buck in the bracken lay;
And all of a sudden the sinister smell of a man,
Awaft on a wind-shift, wavered and ran
Down the hill-side and sifted along through the bracken and passed that way.

Then Nan got a-tremble at nostril; she was the daintiest doe;
In the print of her velvet flank on the velvet fern
She reared, and rounded her ears in turn.
Then the buck leapt up, and his head as a king's to a crown did go

Full high in the breeze, and he stood as if Death had the form of a deer;
And the two slim does long lazily stretching arose,
For their day-dream slowlier came to a close,
Till they woke and were still, breath-bound with waiting and wonder and fear.

Then Alan the huntsman sprang over the hillock, the hounds shot by,
The does and the ten-tined buck made a marvellous bound,
The hounds swept after with never a sound,
But Alan loud winded his horn in sign that the quarry was nigh.

For at dawn of that day proud Maclean of Lochbuy to the hunt had waxed wild,
And he cursed at old Alan till Alan fared off with the hounds
For to drive him the deer to the lower glen-grounds:
"I will kill a red deer," quote Maclean, "in the sight of the wife and the child."

So gayly he paced with the wife and the child to his chosen stand;
But he hurried tall Hamish the henchman ahead: "Go turn——"
Cried Maclean—"if the deer seek to cross to the burn,
Do thou turn them to me: nor fail, lest thy back be red as thy hand."

Now hard-fortuned Hamish, half blown of his breath with the height of the hill,
Was white in the face when the ten-tined buck and the does
Drew leaping to burn-ward; huskily rose
His shouts, and his nether lip twitched, and his legs were o'er-weak for his will.

So the deer darted lightly by Hamish and bounded away to the burn.
But Maclean never bating his watch tarried waiting below
Still Hamish hung heavy with fear for to go
All the space of an hour; then he went, and his face was greenish and stern,

And his eye sat back in the socket, and shrunken the eyeballs shone,
As withdrawn from a vision of deeds it were shame to see.
"Now, now, grim henchman, what is't with thee?"
Brake Maclean, and his wrath rose red as a beacon the wind hath upblown.

"Three does and a ten-tined buck made out," spoke Hamish, full mild,
"And I ran for to turn, but my breath it was blown, and they passed;
I was weak, for ye called ere I broke me my fast."
Cried Maclean: "Now a ten-tined buck in the sight of the wife and the child

I had killed if the gluttonous kern had not wrought me a snail's own wrong!"
Then he sounded, and down came kinsmen and clansmen all.
"Ten blows, for ten tine, on his back let fall,
And reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the bite of thong!"

So Hamish made bare, and took him his strokes; at the last he smiled.
"Now I'll to the burn," quoth Maclean, "for it still may be,
If a slimmer-paunched henchman will hurry with me,
I shall kill me the ten-tined buck for a gift to the wife and the child!"

Then the clansmen departed, by this path and that; and over the hill
Sped Maclean with an outward wrath for an inward shame;
And that place of the lashing full quiet became;
And the wife and the child stood sad; and bloody-backed Hamish sat still.

But look! Hamish has risen; quick about and about turns he.
"There is none betwixt me and the crag-top!" he screams under breath.
Then livid as Lazarus lately from death,
He snatches the child from the mother, and clambers the crag toward the sea.

Now the mother drops breath; she is dumb, and her heart goes dead for a space,
Till the motherhood, mistress of death, shrieks, shrieks through the glen,
And that place of the lashing is live with men,
And Maclean, and the gillie that told him, dash up in a desperate race.

Not a breath's time for asking; an eye-glance reveals all the tale untold.
They follow mad Hamish afar up the crag toward the sea,
And the lady cries: "Clansmen, run for a fee!—
Yon castle and lands to the two first hands that shall hook him and hold

Fast Hamish back from the brink!"—and ever she flies up the steep,
And the clansmen pant, and they sweat, and they jostle and strain.
But, mother, 'tis vain; but, father, 'tis vain;
Stern Hamish stands bold on the brink, and dangles the child o'er the deep.

Now a faintness falls on the men that run, and they all stand still.
And the wife prays Hamish as if he were God, on her knees,
Crying: "Hamish! O Hamish! but please, but please
For to spare him!" and Hamish still dangles the child, with a wavering will.

On a sudden he turns; with a sea-hawk scream, and a gibe, and a song,
Cries: "So, I will spare ye the child if, in sight of ye all,
Ten blows on Maclean's bare back shall fall,
And ye reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the bite of the thong!"

Then Maclean he set hardly his tooth to his lip that his tooth was red,
Breathed short for a space, said: "Nay, but it never shall be!
Let me hurl off the damnable hound in the sea!"
But the wife: "Can Hamish go fish us the child from the sea, if dead?"

Say yea!—Let them lash *me,* Hamish? "Nay!"—"Hamish, the lashing will heal;
But, oh, who will heal me the bonny sweet bairn in his grave?
Could ye cure me my heart with the death of a knave?
Quick! Love! I will bare thee—so—kneel!" Then Maclean 'gan slowly to kneel

With never a word, till presently downward he jerked to the earth.
Then the henchman—he that smote Hamish—would tremble and lag;
"Strike, hard!" quoth Hamish, full stern, from the crag;
Then he struck him, and "One!" sang Hamish, and danced with the child in his mirth.

And no man spake beside Hamish; he counted each stroke with a song.
When the last stroke fell, then he moved him a pace down the height,
And he held forth the child in the heartaching sight
Of the mother, and looked all pitiful grave, as repenting a wrong.

And there as the motherly arms stretched out with the thanksgiving prayer—
And there as the mother crept up with a fearful swift pace,
Till her finger nigh felt of the bairnie's face—
In a flash fierce Hamish turn round and lifted the child in the air,

And sprang with the child in his arms from the horrible height
in the sea,
Shrill screeching, "Revenge!" in the wind-rush; and pallid
Maclean,
Age-feeble with anger and impotent pain,
Crawled up on the crag, and lay flat, and locked hold of dead
roots of a tree—

And gazed hungrily o'er, and the blood from his back drip—
dripped in the brine,
And a sea-hawk flung down a skeleton fish as he flew,
And the mother stared white on the waste of blue,
And the wind drove a cloud to seaward, and the sun began to
shine.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MUSIC AND VERSE

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We have now reached a point where we can profitably inquire as to the precise differentiation between the two species of the art of sound—music and verse. We have found that the art of sound, in general, embraces phenomena of rhythm, of tune, and of tone-color. Many will be disposed to think that the second class of these phenomena just named—tune—is not found in verse, and that the absence of it should be one of the first differences to be noted as between music and verse. Tune is, however, quite as essential a constituent of verse as of music; and the disposition to believe otherwise is due only to the complete unconsciousness with which we come to use these tunes after the myriad repetitions of them which occur in all our daily intercourse by words. We will presently find, from numerous proofs and illustrations which are submitted in Part II., on "The Tunes of Verse," that our modern speech is made up quite as much of tunes as of words and that our ability to convey our thoughts depends upon the existence of a great number of curious melodies of speech which have somehow acquired form and significance. These "tunes" are not mere vague variations of pitch in successive words—which

would deserve the name of tune only in the most general sense of that term—but they are perfectly definite and organized melodies of the speaking-voice, composed of exact variations of pitch so well marked as to be instantly recognized by every ear. If they were *not* thus recognized, a large portion of the ideas which we now convey with ease would be wholly inexpressible. Reserving, then, all details upon this matter until their appropriate place under the head of "The Tunes of Verse," in Part II., above cited, it will be sufficient here if the reader is asked to realize them in a practical way by first attempting to utter any significant sentences of prose or verse in an absolutely unchanging voice from beginning to end. This will be found quite difficult, and when successfully executed produces an impression of strangeness which all the more clearly illustrates how habitually and how unconsciously the tunes of speech are used. If, having uttered the sentences in a rigidly unvarying tone, the reader will then utter them in the tunes which we feel—by some inward perceptions too subtle for treatment here—to be appropriate to them, it will easily be seen that definite successions of tones are being used —so definite that they are kept in mind for their appropriate occasions just as words are, and so regular in their organizations as to be in all respects worthy the name of "tunes," instead of the vague terms "intonation," or "inflection," which have so long concealed the real function of these wonderful melodies of the speaking-voice.

The art of verse, then, as well as the art of music—the two species of the genus art sound—includes all the three great classes of phenomena summed up under the terms rhythm, tune, and tone-color. We will presently find many problems solved by the full recognition of this fact that there is absolutely no difference between the sound-relations used in music and those used in verse.

If this be true—if the sound-relations of music and verse are the same—we are necessarily forced to look for the difference between the two arts in the nature of the *sounds* themselves with which they deal. Here, indeed, the difference lies. Expressed, as far as possible, in the popular terms, it is as follows:

> When those exact coördinations which the ear perceives as rhythm, tune, and tone-color, are suggested to the ear by a series of *musical sounds,* the result is . . . Music.
>
> When those exact coördinations which the ear perceives as rhythm, tune, and tone-color, are suggested to the ear by a series of *spoken words,* the result is . . . Verse.

But it is necessary to attain a very much more philosophical view of the relation between "musical sounds" and "words" than is generally implied in the popular use of those terms; for a slight examination will show that words are themselves musical sounds. They are the results of regular vibrations; they are as capable of the exactest coördination in respect of their intensity (loudness or softness) as any other sounds; they give pleasure to the ear by their fall: in short, without here attempting a definition of musical sounds, it must be said that from a scientific point of view there is no incident of them which is not also an incident of words.

For all purposes of verse, words are unquestionably musical sounds produced by a reed-instrument—the human voice. It must therefore be clearly understood by the reader that, in the above distinction between music and verse, what are called musical sounds are only one set out of the possible body of musical sounds; while what are called words are another set; that is, that "words" (in the sense of the above distinction) means simply one kind of musical sounds, and "musical sounds" means simply another kind. It is to be regretted that our language does not afford us more precise terms for these purposes. Music, although a very old art, has only recently been investigated by exact methods: the same may be said of poetry; and it is probably owing to this circumstance that we have no terms which embody precise relations between spoken words and musical tones. The terms "vocal" and "instrumental" are not satisfactory, because they hide one of the most important facts to be kept in view in all such investigations as the present, namely, the purely instrumental character of the speaking-voice and of its tones (words). "Vocal" here *is* "instrumental." Let the reader always conceive, first, a general body of musical tones; then let the speaking-voice be conceived as an instrument consisting of a tube (the mouth, nose, and throat) and a pair of reeds

(the vocal chords), which produce a certain set of these musical sounds. It is true that this certain set has received a special name, "words," because it has come to be used for a special purpose, namely, that of communicating ideas from man to man. It will assist the reader to a clearer conception of this matter, if the fact be called to mind that the selection of vocal sounds for the purpose of communicating ideas was not at all a necessary one. Other sets of musical sounds might have been selected for this purpose, those of whistles or flutes, for instance; or no sounds at all might have been used, and "words" might have been entirely eye-signs, as is actually the case with the deaf and dumb. In fine, when the term "words" is used as describing the peculiar set of sounds used in verse, the reader must understand it merely as a convenient method of singling out that specialized set of musical sounds made by the musical instrument called "the human speaking-voice."

A POET'S LETTER TO A FRIEND

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MACON, GA., April 13, 1870.

MY DEAR MR. HAYNE:—Watching, night and day, for two weeks past, by the bedside of a sick friend, I have had no spiritual energy to escape out of certain gloomy ideas which always possess me when I am in the immediate presence of physical ailment; and I did not care to write you that sort of letter which one is apt to send under such circumstances, since I gather from your letters that you have enough and to spare of these dismal down-weighings of the flesh's ponderous cancer upon suffering and thoughtful souls.

I am glad, therefore, that I waited until this divine day. If the year were an Orchestra, to-day would be the Flute-tone in it. A serene Hope, just on the very verge of realizing itself: a tender loneliness—what some German calls *Waldeinsamkeit*, wood-loneliness—the ineffable withdrawal-feeling that comes over one when he hides himself in among the trees, and knows himself shut in by their purity, as by a fragile yet impregnable wall, from the suspicions and the trade-regulations of men;

and an inward thrill, in the air, or in the sunshine, one knows not which, half like the thrill of the passion of love, and half like the thrill of the passion of friendship:—these, which make up the office of the flute-voice in those poems which the old masters wrote for the Orchestra, also prevail throughout to-day.

Do you like—as I do—on such a day to go out into the sunlight and *stop thinking,* lie fallow, like a field, and absorb those certain liberal potentialities which will in after days reappear, duly formulated, duly grown, duly perfected, as poems? I have a curiosity to know if to you, as to me, there come such as this day—a day exquisitely satisfying with all the fulnesses of the Spring, and filling you as full of nameless tremors as a girl on a wedding-morn; and yet, withal, a day which utterly denies you the gift of speech, which puts its finger on the lip of your inspiration, which inexorably enforces upon your soul a silence that you infinitely long to break, a day, in short, which takes absolute possession of you and says to you, in tones which command obedience, *to-day you must forego expression and all outcome, you must remain a fallow field, for the sun and wind to fertilize, nor shall any corn or flowers sprout into visible green and red until to-morrow*—mandates, further, that you have learned after a little experience not only not to fight against, but to love and revere as the wise communication of the Unseen Powers.

Have you seen Browning's 'The Ring and the Book'? I am confident that, at the birth of this man, among all the good fairies who showered him with magnificent endowments, one bad one—as in the old tale—crept in by stealth and gave him a constitutional twist i' the neck, whereby his windpipe became, and has ever since remained, a marvellous tortuous passage. Out of this glottis-labyrinth his words won't, and can't come straight. A hitch and a sharp crook in every sentence bring you up with a shock. But what a shock it is? Did you ever see a picture of a lasso, in the act of being flung? In a thousand coils and turns, inextricably crooked and involved and whirled, yet, if you mark the noose at the end, you see that it is directly in front of the bison's head, there, and is bound to catch him! That is the way Robert Browning catches you. The first sixty or seventy pages of

'The Ring and the Book' are altogether the most doleful reading, in point either of idea or of music, in the English language; and yet the monologue of Giuseppe Caponsacchi, that of Pompilia Comparini, and the two of Guido Franceschini, are unapproachable, in their kind, by any living or dead poet, *me judice*. Here Browning's jerkiness comes in with inevitable effect. You get lightning-glimpses—and, as one naturally expects from lightning, zig-zag glimpses—into the intense night of the passion of these souls. It is entirely wonderful and without precedent. The fitful play of Guido's lust, and scorn, and hate, and cowardice, closes with a masterstroke:

> . . . Christ! Maria! God! . . .
> *Pompilia, will you let them murder me?*

Pompilia, mark you, is dead, by Guido's own hand; deliberately stabbed, because he hated her purity, which all along he has reviled and mocked with the Devil's own malignant ingenuity of sarcasm.

You spoke of a project you wished to tell me. Let me hear it. Your plans are always of interest to me. Can I help you? I've not put pen to paper, in the literary way, in a long time. How I thirst to do so, how I long to sing a thousand various songs that oppress me, unsung—is inexpressible. Yet, the mere work that brings bread gives me no time. I know not, after all, if this is a sorrowful thing. Nobody likes my poems except two or three friends—who are themselves poets, and can supply themselves!

Strictly upon Scriptural principle, I've written you (as you see) almost entirely about myself. This is doing unto you as I would you should do unto me. Go, and do likewise. Write me about yourself.

Your friend,

SIDNEY LANIER.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PERSONALITY

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If you should be wandering meditatively along the bank of some tiny brook, a brook so narrow that you can leap across it without effort, so quiet in its singing that its loudest tinkle cannot be heard in the next field, carrying upon its bosom no craft that would draw more water than the curving leaf of a wild-rose floating down stream, too small in volume to dream of a mill-wheel and turning nothing more practical than maybe a piece of violet-petal in a little eddy off somewhere—if, I say, you should be strolling alongside such a brook and should see it suddenly expand, without the least intermediate stage, into a mighty river, turning a thousand great wheels for man's profit as it swept on to the sea, and offering broad highway and favorable currents to a thousand craft freighted with the most precious cargoes of human aspiration: you would behold the aptest physical semblance of that spiritual phenomenon which we witnessed at our last meeting, when in tracing the quiet and mentally-wayward course of demure Marian Evans among the suave pastorals of her native Warwickshire, we came suddenly upon the year 1857, when her first venture in fiction—"Scenes of Clerical Life"—appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* and magically enlarged the stream of her influence from the diameter of a small circle of literary people in London to the width of all England.

At this point it seems interesting now to pause a moment to look about and see exactly what network English fiction had done since its beginning, only about a century before, to note more particularly what were the precise gains to humanity which Thackeray and Dickens had poured in just at this time of 1857, and thus to differentiate a clear view of the actual contribution which George Eliot was now beginning to make to English life and thought.

It is not a pleasant task, however instructive, to leave off looking at a rose and cast one's contemplation down to the unsavory muck in which its roots are imbedded. This, however, is what one must do when one passes from the many-

petalled rose of George Eliot's fiction to the beginning of the English novel.

THE LEGEND OF ST. LEONOR

(A fragment from an unfinished lecture on "The Relations of Poetry and Science.") From 'Music and Poetry.' Copyright, and used here by permission of Mrs. Lanier and Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE scientific man is merely the minister of poetry. He is cutting down the Western Woods of Time; presently poetry will come there and make a city and gardens. This is always so. The man of affairs works for the behoof and use of poetry. Scientific facts have never reached their proper function until they merge into new poetic relations established between man and man, between man and God, or between man and Nature.

I think I can show you that this has been precisely recognized by the hard practical sense of the common people in other times. I have called the man of science a pioneer who cuts down the Western Woods of the Universe, in order that presently Poetry may come to that spot and build habitations and pleasances good for man. Now I never think of the man of science without comparing him to one of those wonderful monks of the Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Centuries who came over into the stern forests of Armorica, bearing religion with them, but depending, mark you, on the felling of the forest and the cultivation of the ground as initial steps in the conversion of the people. And hereby hangs the legend which I wish to relate.

Once upon a time St. Leonor, with sixty disciples, came to an inhospitable region at the mouth of the Rance in Armorica, and settled. Their food was of the rudest description, being only what they could obtain from the woods and waters. One day the good Bishop Leonor, while praying, happened to see a small bird carrying a grain of wheat in its beak. He immediately set a monk to watching the bird, with instructions to follow it when it flew away. The monk followed the bird, and was led to a place in the forest where he found several stalks of wheat growing. This was probably the last relic of some ancient Gallo-Roman farm. St. Leonor, on learning the

news, was overjoyed. "We must clear the forest and cultivate the ground," he exclaimed, and immediately put the sixty at work. Now the work was hard, and the sixty disciples groaned with tribulation as they toiled and sweated over the stubborn oaks and the briary underbrush. But when they came to plough, the labor seemed beyond all human endurance. I do not know how they ploughed; but it is fair to suspect that they had nothing better than forked branches of the gnarly oaks with sharpened points for ploughs, and as there is no mention of cattle in the legend, the presumption is fair that these good brothers hitched themselves to the plough and pulled. This presumption is strengthened by the circumstance that, in a short time, the sixty rebelled outright. They begged the Bishop to abandon agriculture and go away from that place. "*Pater,*" (naïvely says the Bollandist recounter of the legend)—"*Pater,*" cried the monks, "*oramus te ut de loco isto recedas.*"

But the stout old father would not recede. No; we must get into beneficial relations with this soil. Then the monks assembled together by night, and, having compared opinions, found it the sense of the meeting that they should leave the very next day, even at pain of the abandonment of the Bishop. So, next morning, when they were about to go, behold! a miracle stopped them: twelve magnificent stags marched proudly out of the forest and stood by the ploughs, as if inviting the yoke. The monks seized the opportunity. They harnessed the stags, and these diligently drew the ploughs all that day. When the day's work was done, and the stags were loosed from harness, they retired into the forest. But next morning the faithful wild creatures again made their appearance and submitted their royal necks to the yoke. Five weeks and three days did these animals labor for the brethren.

When the ground was thoroughly prepared, the Bishop pronounced his blessing upon the stags, and they passed quietly back into the recesses of the forest. Then the Bishop sowed his wheat, and that field was the father of a thousand other wheat-fields, and of a thousand other homes, with all the amenities and sweetnesses which are implied in that ravishing word.

Now, here is the point of this legend in this place. Of

course, the twelve stags did not appear from the forest and plough; and yet the story is true. The thing which actually happened was that the Bishop Leonor, by his intelligence, foresight, practical wisdom, and faithful perseverance, reclaimed a piece of stubborn and impracticable ground, and made it good, arable soil. (It is also probable that the story was immediately suggested by the re-taming of cattle which the ancient Gallo-Roman people had allowed to run wild. The bishops did this sometimes.) This was a practical enough thing; it is being done every day; it was just as prosaic as any commercial transaction. But, mark you, the people—for this legend is a pure product of the popular imagination of Brittany—the people who came after saw how the prosaic wheatfield of the Bishop had flowered into the poetical happiness of the rude and wild inhabitants who began to gather about his wheat patch, and to plant fields and build homes of their own; and, seeing that the prose had actually become thus poetic, the people (who love to tell things as they really are, and in their deeper relations) the people have related it in terms of poetry. The bird and the stags are terms of poetry. But, notice again, that these are not silly, poetic licenses; they are not merely a child's embellishments of a story; the bird and the stags are *not* real; but they *are* true. For what do they mean? They mean the powers of Nature. They mean, as here inserted, that if a man go forth, sure of his mission, fervently loving his fellow-men, working for their benefit; if he adhere to his mission through good and evil report; if he resist all endeavor to turn him from it, and faithfully stand to his purpose—presently he will succeed; for the powers of Nature will come forth out of the recesses of the universe and offer themselves as draught-animals to his plough. The popular legend is merely an affirmation in concrete forms of this principle; the people, who are all poets, know this truth. We moderns, indeed—we whose practical experiences beggar the wildest dreams of antiquity—have seen a wilder (beast) creature than a stag come out of the woods for a faithful man. We have seen steam come and plough the seas for Fulton; we have seen lightning come and plough the wastes of space for Franklin and Morse.

PAUL H. HAYNE'S POETRY

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CAN any poet—and we respectfully beg Mr. Hayne to think upon this view of the matter, being emboldened to do so by our regard for his devotion to letters and for his achievements in that behalf—can any poet, we say, shoot his soul's arrow to its best height, when at once bow and string and muscle and nerve are slackened in this vaporous and relaxing air, that comes up out of the old dreams of fates that were false and of passions that were not pure?

In convincing testimony that this question must be answered in the negative, any careful reader of 'Legends and Lyrics' will observe that it is precisely when Mr. Hayne escapes out of this influence that he is at his best. Compare for example Mr. Hayne's treatment of "The Wife of Brittany" with the unnamed sonnet on page 55, which we shall presently quote. "The Wife of Brittany" is a legend founded upon the plot of the "Frankeleine's Tale" of Chaucer. Now in Chaucer's time this was a practical poem; many men had not really settled in their minds whether it was right to break even a criminal oath, made in folly. But the plot is only conceivable as a thing of the past, it belongs to the curiosities of history; and although Mr. Hayne has told the story with a thousand tender imaginings, with many charming graces of versification, with rare strokes of pathos, and with a final flow of lucid and silvery melody, yet the poem as a whole never reaches the artistic height attained by the sonnet to the mocking-bird. In "The Wife of Brittany," and in all similar artistic ventures, Mr. Hayne will write under the disadvantage of feeling at the bottom of his heart that the passion of the poem is amateur passion, the terror of it amateur terror, and the whole business little more than a dainty titillation of the unreal. But in the sonnet how different! Here the yellow-jessamine, the bird, the vine-clumps, the odor, the bird-song, all are real; they doubtless exist in their actual, lovely entities around Mr. Hayne's home in the forest, and they have taken hold upon him

so fairly that he has turned them into a poem meriting his own description of the mocking-bird's song:

> A star of music in a fiery cloud.

Having thus spoken in the genuine hope of suggesting to Mr. Hayne's mind a train of thought which might be serviceable to his genius, we proceed to remark that in 'Legends and Lyric' we find no polemical discussion, no "science," no "progress," no "Comtism," no rugged-termed philosophies, no devotionalism, no religiosity of any sort. Mindful only of grand phenomena which no one doubts—of fear, hope, love, patriotism, heaven, wife, child, mother, clouds, sunlight, flowers, water—these poems tinkle along like Coleridge's

> hidden brook
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a gentle tune.

This last word indeed hints at what is one of the distinctive characteristics of all Mr. Hayne's poetry. It is essentially, thoroughly, and charmingly tuneful. In a time when popular poetry is either smug and pretty, or philosophically obscure and rhythmically rugged, this quality becomes almost unique. There is indeed nearly the same difference between poetry and culture-poetry that exists between music and counterpoint-music. Culture-poetry, like counterpoint-music, is scarcely ever satisfactory to the ear; it is not captivating with that indescribable music which can come out of the rudest heart, but which cannot come out of the most cultivated head. This feature alone would suffice to separate the book before us from the great mass of utterances which polished people who are not poets are daily pouring upon the air.

We should like to illustrate Mr. Hayne's faculty by quoting entire his "Fire-Pictures," a poem which in point of variety and delicacy of fancy is quite the best of this collection, and in point of pure music should be placed beside Edgar Poe's "The Bells." Of course, to one who has warmed his winters by nothing more glorious than coal; to one who has never sat in dreamful mood and watched the progress of a great hickory fire from the fitful fuliginous beginning thereof,

through the white brilliance of its prime and the red glory of its decline, unto the ashen-gray death of the same, this poem is unintelligible; but to one who has, its fancies and its music will come home with a thousand hearty influences. We regret that it is too long to quote here. It is a poem to be read aloud; a true *recitativo*. The energy of its movements, the melody of its metres, the changes of its rhythm, the variety of its fancies, the artistic advance to its climax, particularly the management of its close, where at one and the same time, by the devices of onomatopeia and of rhythmical imitation, are doubly interpreted the sob of a man and the flicker of a flame so perfectly that sob, flicker, word, rhythm, each appears to represent the other, and to be used convertibly with the other in such will-o'-wisp transfigurations as quite vanish in mere description—all these elements require for full enjoyment that the actual music of the poem should fall upon the ear.

Some of the changes of rhythm above referred to merit especial mention, and start some considerations which we regret the limits of this paper will not allow us to pursue. Suffice it here to remark that whenever an English-speaking person grows unusually solemn or intense he instinctively resorts to the iambic rhythm for expression. Note, for instance, how in number II, at the close the change from the trochees to the two iambi "aspire! aspire!" at once represents the intensity of the situation and the broken fitfulness of the struggling flame; or again, in that fine scene of number IV, where the iambi "dark-red like blood" give the reader a sudden wrench from the trochaic flow as if they plucked him by the sleeve to compel him to stop a second on the thought; or, again, most notable of all, in number VI, where from the words "a stir, a murmur deep" to the close of the picture the iambi present the agony and the glory of the martyr. With these three exceptions the entire poem is in troches, and is an admirable example of the music which can be made with those elements. Return to number IX of this poem, from

> Like a rivulet rippling deep,
> Through the meadow-lands of sleep,

to its close is, in point of pure trochaic music, of rare excellence. We desire, however, to call Mr. Hayne's attention to a

fault of tone which occurs in this picture, and in another of the poems of this book. Where the lines run:

> Though the lotos swings its stem
> With a lulling stir of *leaves,*
> Though the lady-lily *laves*
> Coy feet in crystal *waves,*
> And a silvery undertune
> From some mystic wind-song *grieves,*

"leaves" of course is intended to rhyme with "grieves," four lines down, and "laves" with "waves"; but "laves" is the next rhyme-tone to "leaves," and this proximity renders it obnoxious to two objections. One is, that it leaves the reader for a moment in doubt whether "laves" is really intended to rhyme with "leaves"—a doubt which interferes with the reader's enjoyment as long as it lasts. The other and stronger objection is, that the immediate juxtaposition of the slightly-varying rhyme-tones "leaves" and "laves" gives the ear the same displeasure which the eye suffers from two shades of the same color in a lady's dress—both tones seem faded. The faults of "Fire-Pictures" are faults which we detect in all Mr. Hayne's poetry; and as they are remediable, we call his attention to them with all the more vigor. They are of two classes. First, we observe a frequently-recurring *lapsus* of thought, in which Mr. Hayne falls into trite similes, worn collocations of words, and common-place sentiments. To have these hackneyed couples of words and ideas continually popping in upon us out of Mr. Hayne's beautiful things is to suffer the chagrin and the anguish of that hapless man who in the hot summer rushes afar from toil and trouble across the ocean into a distant land, and there in the heavenly weather, while idly wandering down some wild and lovely glen, given up to all tender meditations, suddenly, on pushing aside a great frond of fern, comes bump upon the smug, familiar faces of Smith, Jones, and Brown, whom he had left amid the hot grind of the street, and whose presence immediately transports him back to the sweaty moil of stocks, bacon, and dry-goods. Such expressions are: "changing like a wizard-thought," or, "like a charmed thought," or "like a Protean thought," and others in "Fire-Pictures." More notable still

in this respect is the poem "Renewed." The first four lines of this poem are so entirely common-place that they are quite sufficient to throw any reader off the scent and cause him to abandon the piece; yet the very next four are exceedingly beautiful, with all the clear and limpid music of Mr. Hayne's style, and with a bright change in the rhythm which is full of happy effects. Witness:

RENEWED

Welcome, rippling sunshine!
Welcome, joyous air!
Like a demon-shadow
Flies the gaunt Despair!
Heaven through heights of happy calm
Its heart of hearts uncloses,
To win earth's answering love, in balm,
Her blushing thanks, in roses!

The second fault to which we wish to call Mr. Hayne's attention is diffuseness, principally originating in a lavishness and looseness of adjectives. Whatever may be said of Edgar Poe's theory of the impossibility of a long poem, or that all long poems are merely series of short poems connected by something that is not poetry, it may at least with safety be asserted that in a time when trade has lengthened life by shortening leisure, the ideal of the lyric poem is a brief, sweet, intense, electric flashing of the lyric idea in upon the hurrying intelligence of men, so that the vivid truth may attack even an unwilling retina, and perpetuate itself thereupon even after the hasty eyelid has closed to shut out the sight. Now, either a free or an inexact use of adjectives is a departure from this ideal, not only because it impairs the strength of the articulate idea, but because it so far cumbers the whole poem as, if the fault extends throughout, to render it too long to be readable by many of those whom all true poets desire to reach. Notable instances of Mr. Hayne's dereliction in this regard may be found in his frequent and often inexact employment of the words "cordial," "weird," and "fairy" in these poems. One can easily trace the manner in which this vice escapes the poet's attention. Busied with some central idea, and hurried by the passion of creating, he will not hesitate for a descriptive

in some minor phrase, but dashes down the first term that occurs, if it will but answer tolerably, so that presently, from habit, a certain favored few adjectives come to understand, as it were, that this duty is expected of them, and get trained to stand by and help whenever the poet's mind is fatigued or hurried.

Perhaps the nearest approaches to the ideal of lyric poetry in this book are the invocation to the wife with which it commences—as it were, grace before meat—and the poem called "A Summer Mood," based on a line from Thomas Heyward: "Now, by my faith, a gruesome mood for summer." From the latter we quote a line out of the third verse, and the last three verses:

> The sunshine mocks the tears it may not dry,
> * * * * * *
>
> The field-birds seem to twit us as they pass,
> With their small blisses, piped so clear and loud:
> The cricket triumphs o'er us in the grass;
> And the lark glancing beam-like up the cloud,
>
> Sings us to scorn with his keen rhapsodies:
> Small things and great unconscious tauntings bring
> To edge our cares, whilst we, the proud and wise,
> Envy the insect's joy, the birdling's wing!
>
> And thus for evermore, till time shall cease,
> Man's soul and Nature's—each a separate sphere—
> Revolves, the one in discord, one in peace,
> And who shall make the solemn mystery clear?

The stanza of this poem in which "the field-birds twit us as they pass, with their small blisses," is a genuine snatch caught from out the sedges of a Southern field, where we doubt not Mr. Hayne has often strolled or lain, companioned only by the small crooked-flighted sparrow, whose whistle, so keen that it amounts to a hiss, seems to have suggested the very sibillations of the s's so frequently occurring. In "In Utroque Fidelis" is beautifully blended a tone of tranquil description with that of a passionate love-song. A lover about to be off to the wars has stolen at midnight to snatch a fare-

well glance at the home of his beloved. The following four verses show something of the art of the poem:

I waft a sigh from this fond soul to thine,
A little sigh, yet honey-laden, dear,
With fairy freightage of such hopes divine
As fain would flutter gently at thine ear,
And entering find their way
Down to the heart so veiled from me by day.

In dreams, in dreams, perchance thou art not coy;
And one keen hope more bold than all the rest
May touch thy spirit with a tremulous joy,
And stir an answering softness in thy breast.
O sleep, O blest eclipse!
What murmured word is faltering at her lips?

* * * * * *

Still, breathless still! No voice in earth or air:
I only know my delicate darling lies,
A twilight lustre glimmering in her hair,
And dews of peace within her languid eyes:
Yea, only know that I
Am called from love and dreams perhaps to die,

Die when the heavens are thick with scarlet rain,
And every time-throb's fated: even there
Her face would shine through mists of mortal pain,
And sweeten death like some incarnate prayer.
Hark! 'Tis the trumpet's swell!
O love, O dreams, farewell, farewell, farewell!

In the particular of tranquil description, however, some good work occurs in the "Ode to Sleep." Witness the following extracts, which form the beginning and the end of the poem:

Beyond the sunset and the amber sea,
To the lone depths of ether, cold and bare,
Thy influence, soul of all tranquillity,
Hallows the earth and awes the reverent air.

* * * * * *

Then woo me here amid these flowery charms;
Breathe on my eyelids, press thine odorous lips
Close to mine own, enfold me in thine arms,
And cloud my spirit with thy sweet eclipse;

And while from waning depth to depth I fall,
Down-lapsing to the utmost depths of all,
Till wan forgetfulness, obscurely stealing,
Creeps like an incantation on the soul—
And o'er the slow ebb of my conscious life
Dies the thin flush of the last conscious feeling—
And, like abortive thunder, the dull roll
Of sullen passions ebbs far, far away—
O Angel! loose the chords which cling to strife,
Sever the gossamer bondage of my breath,
And let me pass, gently as winds in May,
From the dim realm which owns thy shadowy sway,
To thy diviner sleep, O sacred Death!

We would like to praise "Glaucus" for the fine spirit-of-green-leaves, which makes the poem so dainty and shady and cool. We would like, too, to discuss with Mr. Hayne whether the climacteric point in the tale of "The Wife of Brittany"—which is the moment when the Wife meets Aurelian for the purpose of performing her dreadful promise—does not need a more dramatic accentuation to relieve it from the danger of anti-climax to which this wonderfully smooth narrative is liable at that point. We could wish further to commend the admirably harmonized tone of "Prexaspes," where the words seem at once hot, wan, cruel, and wicked; and the elegant rendering of "Æthra," which is quite the most artistically told tale in the book; and the reverent piety which shines in the final offering to the poet's mother; and many other things. But this paper has already reached its limit. We may be permitted in closing it to observe that already, since the publication of 'Legends and Lyrics,' other poems of Mr. Hayne's have appeared, as for example the two "Forest Pictures" in the *Atlantic Monthly,* which exhibit a growing strength and more vigorous realism in his poetic faculty; and we venture to express the hope that his pen may yet embody the pretty fancy of his poem called

THE NEST

At the poet's life-core lying,
  Is a sheltered and sacred nest,
Where, as yet unfledged for flying,
  His callow fancies rest—

Fancies and thoughts and feelings
  Which the mother Psyche breeds,
And passions whose dim revealings
  But torture their hungry needs.

Yet there cometh a summer splendor
  When the golden brood wax strong,
And, with voices grand or tender,
  They rise to the heaven of song.

HENRY LAURENS

[1724—1792]

D. D WALLACE

HENRY LAURENS was born in Charleston, South Carolina, February 24, 1724, and died at Mepkin Plantation, twenty-nine miles up Cooper River above the city, December 8, 1792. The father, John Laurens, of French Huguenot descent, came to Charleston from New York in 1715 or 1716. He was a man of great decision, sternness, and energy. Left dependent upon his own exertions, he learned the saddler's trade, and as the proprietor of a large business left his children a fair patrimony. Henry Laurens so improved his advantages as to become one of the wealthiest merchants in the province.

Laurens' schooling was limited; but he became such a reader as to be esteemed a man of culture. He was given careful training in business. At about the age of sixteen he was placed in the counting-house of the London merchant, James Crokatt, at one time agent of the Colony of South Carolina. Declining a partnership with Crokatt, he returned to South Carolina in 1747, landing a few days after his father's death. He immediately opened a factorage and commission business, but soon returned to London on a renewed offer from Crokatt, only to be disappointed at finding himself excluded by a misunderstanding. His revulsion was strong, and he came out of it no longer a young Englishman, wavering between Charleston and London, but thenceforth, though sincerely loyal to the British Empire, an American, indissolubly attached to his native soil.

Returning to Charleston, Laurens commenced a long career of remarkable success as a factor, commission merchant and independent trader. Dealing in slaves and in liquors went hand in hand with other lines in those days, and we find Laurens becoming one of the most trusted consignees for the English merchants engaged in the "African trade." The social distinction and gainfulness of land-owning led Laurens to become a large planter, and he died possessed of about 20,000 acres and one hundred thousand dollars' worth of slaves.

On June 25, 1750, Laurens married Eleanor Ball, a most devoted

wife, who bore him ten children* and, in 1770, gave up her own life at the birth of the last. His affections were very strong, and he was prostrated for months at his loss.

Laurens was elected a member of the Commons House of Assembly in 1756 or 1757, and reëlected almost continuously until the Revolution, though sometimes opposed by the "Mechanics" and Radicals. In 1761 he was appointed Lieutenant-colonel of the South Carolina Regiment sent to the Cherokee War. In 1764 he declined an appointment to the Council. Laurens, by his instincts and training, was a steady, conservative man. This led him, though opposed to the oppressive acts of England, to condemn all violence in retaliation. Thus he condemned the Stamp Act and sought by constitutional means its repeal; but he defied with such courage the mob that invaded his house as to win their cheers.

In 1767, 1768, and 1769, several of Laurens' ships were seized by the Collector of Customs at Charleston. Egerton Leigh, the Judge of Vice-admiralty, Attorney-general, Surveyor-general, Councilor and private attorney all in one, acquitted all but one of the vessels, but condemned a vessel whose case was substantially the same as that of those acquitted. The Judge was led into an embarrassing position by his double relation of private attorney for the Collector and judge of his acts. Laurens published in 1769 so scathing a criticism as to put Leigh into such a dilemma that he was forced to resign his judgeship. He received commendations on every side, and we may agree with McCrady that the affair played its part in preparing South Carolina for the Revolution.

Though presiding over turbulent meetings, and approving of non-importation, Laurens took no part in the violence of the pre-Revolutionary disturbances before 1775. In the fiercest struggle ever waged between the King and the people's representatives in South Carolina, on their appropriating on their sole authority £1,500 sterling to support constitutional liberty in the cause of John Wilkes, Laurens was an unbending champion of the right of the people to dispose of their taxes absolutely as they pleased, and declared that he would forfeit his estate and earn his bread by the labor of his hands rather than submit to the King's instructions.

As the Revolution approached, he ranged himself with those who desired, if possible, to remain under the flag of their birth and ancestry, but who, as Englishmen have done since England was a country, would die, if need be, rather than surrender their liberty.

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*Of Laurens's ten children only John, Martha, Henry, and Eleanor lived to maturity. John was killed in battle in 1782; Martha married David Ramsey; Eleanor, Charles Pinckney; and Henry, who married John Rutledge's daughter Eliza, alone transmitted the family name.

Shortly after the death of his wife, Laurens, in 1771, sailed for England to superintend the education of his three sons. His efforts to found a college in South Carolina had been unavailing, and it was with regret that he committed his boys to the temptations of London. His Huguenot nature revolted at London society, and he kept his two oldest sons in Geneva and the youngest in a country school for over a year. He used his acquaintanceship with members of Parliament to turn them from their conduct toward America, and was one of the thirty Americans (sixteen of whom were South Carolinians) to sign the protest against the Boston Port Bill. Foreseeing the inevitable conflict, he sailed for Charleston, where he arrived December 11, 1774.

Laurens was immediately elected a member of the first Provincial Congress of January, 1775, and in June was made chief executive in the position of President of the Council of Safety, a position which he held until the adoption of a constitution, March 26, 1776. In declining (October, 1775) in his brusque manner to open private letters, Laurens so offended J. F. Grinké as to draw a challenge. Laurens, who always said he would never take an antagonist's life, refused to fire, and Grinké's pistol snapped.

In 1776 Laurens was sent to Congress. His experience there, though valuable to his country, was unpleasant to himself. Laurens was a man of unimpeachable integrity and strict standards of propriety. His long business experience and natural acuteness made him quick to detect dishonest conduct, and further, he was given to suspecting it on grounds of probability only, and against it he cried aloud and spared not. "To be an honest statesman," he laments, "produces a man some troubles." Moreover, he felt great disgust at the torpor which so soon replaced the enthusiasm of 1776. His ideas of the proper dignity of Congress were very high, his opinion of it during most of his membership (1776-'79) very low.

Laurens took high ground as to terms of peace with England. He favored substantially the bounds which we eventually obtained, and insisted as an ultimatum upon the fishing rights on the British coasts to the north as fully as enjoyed before the war. This gained him the hostility of some Southern Congressmen and embroiled him in a violent dispute with the North Carolina delegates and his colleague Drayton, with the last of whom he had already had unpleasant passes.

November 1, 1777, Laurens was elected President of Congress, and served until his resignation, December 9, 1778. Believing in a term of only one year, he offered his resignation in October, 1778, but, under the leadership of Samuel Adams, it was unanimously declined. Laurens was one of the leading spirits in suspending the

embarkation of Burgoyne's army. His letters show that he was thoroughly convinced of the necessity of the step because of treachery on the part of the British; and there were circumstances which at the time made such appear to be the case.

His resignation of the Presidency was caused by his disgust at the lenient dealing of Congress with Silas Deane, who had behaved with great laxity, if nothing worse, while representing the United States in France. Laurens strongly suspected Deane of dishonorably enriching himself. In conclusion, said Laurens: "As I cannot, consistently with my own honor and with the utility of my country, considering the manner in which business is conducted here, remain longer in this chair, I now resign."

Laurens continued in Congress, and on November 1, 1779, was commissioned to borrow $10,000,000 in Holland. His departure was delayed, and when he sailed August 13, 1780, it was to negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce. On the third of September he was captured and sent to London, where he was confined for fifteen months in the Tower on suspicion of high treason. The treatment accorded him by the ministry throughout his captivity leaves no doubt that their object was to break his spirit or seduce his honor; and, after leading him into the real treason of repudiating the American cause, use the example of such an eminent citizen of the struggling Republic to destroy the spirit and hopes of the Americans. But the plucky Huguenot, though captured, could not be conquered.

Among the annoyances to which he was subjected, in addition to being compelled to support himself, was a demand that he pay the wages of his two guards. He replied: "If I were possessed of as many guineas as would fill this room, I would not pay the wardens, whom I never employed, and whose attendance I shall be glad to dispense with. Attempts, sir, to tax men without their own consent have involved this kingdom in a bloody seven years' war. I thought she had long since promised to abandon the project."

He petitioned Parliament for permission to see his young son and for release by exchange. In so doing he rehearsed his affection and moderate conduct toward England before the Revolution. These papers are not heroic; but they are not in any sense a "submission," as they have often been called. He remained defiant in every attempt to shake his attachment to America, and kept up through his friends and the "republican" press of London a systematic campaign to bring the ministry and public to recognize the hopelessness of reducing the United States. Adams could truly say: "Neither the air of England, nor the seductive address of her inhabitants, nor the terrors of the Tower, have made any change in him."

After his release, Laurens proceeded to Paris as one of the peace

commissioners. Adams writes: "Mr. Laurens has been here and has behaved with great caution, firmness, and wisdom. He arrived so late as only to attend the two last days of the conference, the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of November. But the short time he was with us he was of great service to the cause. He has done great service to America in England, where his conversation has been such as the purest and firmest American could wish it, and has made many converts. He has gone again to Bath, and his journey will do as much good to his country as to his health."

The death of his brother in southern France imposed upon Laurens the care of his sister-in-law and her affairs, and delayed his return to America until 1784. He passed his remaining years as a progressive, experimenting, extremely humane South Carolina planter. His time was divided between his house in the city and his plantation. Many sorrows had borne hard upon him, and now his gout vexed him cruelly. His fellow-citizens attempted time and again to force office upon him; but he refused even to serve after being elected to the Convention of 1787. Though not in politics, it is plain he would have been a Federalist, if for no other reason than his admiration of Washington.

Laurens's private character was in every way admirable. In an age of laxity, his conduct was marked by the rectitude of the Huguenot. He exhibited in many ways the influence of his French Protestant ancestry. Yet he was no ascetic, but rather showed what Englishmen know as the softer side of Puritanism.

His indulgence to his slaves was extraordinary, and he provided for their religious instruction. "Be kind to Berom under his affliction," he writes to an overseer, "and give the women and children flannel clothing, and blankets to all who need them." He discharged harsh overseers, no matter how profitable. About 1763 he withdrew from the slave trade because of the cruelties he witnessed after he sold the negroes and before they were put on plantations. On August 14, 1776, he writes that he has long abhorred slavery and will emancipate his one hundred thousand dollars' worth of slaves; but so many interests besides his own were involved that this intention was never fulfilled.

Laurens was a quiet Episcopalian and very active in religious and charitable work. Yet he was broadly tolerant, and even as a boy revolted at the passage in the Prayer Book which condemned to hell all who do not accept the Athanasian Creed. His letters abound in Scripture quotations, and even in affliction he bursts out, like Job, with triumphant faith and praise. A favorite practice was to trace the origin of passages in literature to their Biblical originals.

Yet this good man was not infrequently quick and uncharitable

in his judgments, and sometimes revealed a dash of acid in his nature. In anger he would hurl coarse epithets at an antagonist, and later plead and pray with the same repentant enemy. His mind worked with the precision of a machine. Concise as Calhoun, his letters are most lucid, clear-cut, direct, and unambiguous. He was a man of strong emotions, and when these were aroused in a philippic against unworthy public servants or in passages of affection to his children, he rises into the realm of literature. Generally, his charm disappears when he takes up his pen to compose for the public. His writings are confined to his thousands of letters, many of them of great length, the narrative of his captivity, three or four pamphlets, some newspaper articles, and a few scrappy minutes of debates.

His daughter, Martha, in a case of smallpox, had been pronounced dead and was laid beside a window to await burial; but life was discovered and she was saved. This incident so impressed him with the horror of being interred alive that Laurens concluded his will with the solemn injunction that his body should be burned; and a few yards from his house at Mepkin on the Cooper River this was done, while his children stood by and the servants quaked in terror at the weird spectacle.

D. D. Wallace.

LETTER TO JOHN LAURENS

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, 14th August, 1776.

I TOLD you in my last that I was going to Georgia. I began my journey the 1st of May and at Wright's, Savannah, Broton Island, and New Hope, found crops of rice amounting to about thirteen hundred barrels, which I caused to be removed to places less exposed to the threatened depredations of picaroons from St. Augustine, in such places that great value still remains. I have lately learned that each plantation is again well covered—the best crop, they say, that ever was borne at Broton Island—but what of that? The whole will either be destroyed, stolen, or lie with the farmer to perish by time and vermin—no small sacrifice at the shrine of liberty, and yet very small compared with that which I am willing to make; not only crops, but land, life, and all must

follow in preference to sacrificing liberty to mammon. In such sentiments I found the people of Georgia with few exceptions, but none more hearty than our Highland friends, the McIntoshes. Lachlan is colonel of a battalion upon continental establishment; two of his sons, Lach and William, are subs; his brother William commands a troop of rangers in pay of the colony, or, as I should say, the State. Joe Habersham is major, and John a captain in the battalion; in a word, the country is military.

My negroes there, all to a man, are strongly attached to me —so are all of mine in this country; hitherto not one of them has attempted to desert; on the contrary, those that are more exposed hold themselves always ready to fly from the enemy in case of a sudden descent. Many hundreds of that colour have been stolen and decoyed by the servants of King George the Third. Captains of British ships of war and noble lords have busied themselves in such inglorious pilferage, to the disgrace of their master and disgrace of their cause. These negroes were first enslaved by the English; acts of parliament have established the slave trade in favour of the home-residing English, and almost totally prohibited the Americans from reaping any share of it. Men-of-war, forts, castles, governors, companies and committees are employed and authorized by the English parliament to protect, regulate and extend the slave trade. Negroes are brought by Englishmen and sold as slaves to Americans. Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, &c., &c., live upon the slave trade. The British parliament now employ their men-of-war to steal those negroes from the Americans to whom they had sold them, pretending to set the poor wretches free, but basely trepan and sell them into tenfold worse slavery in the West Indies, where probably they will become the property of Englishmen again, and of some who sit in parliament. What meanness! what complicated wickedness appears in this scene! O England, how changed! how fallen!

You know, my dear son, I abhor slavery. I was born in a country where slavery had been established by British Kings and parliaments, as well as by the laws of that country ages before my existence. I found the Christian religion and slavery growing under the same authority and cultivation. I

nevertheless disliked it. In former days there was no combating the prejudices of men supported by interest; the day I hope is approaching when, from principles of gratitude as well as justice, every man will strive to be foremost in showing his readiness to comply with the golden rule. Not less than twenty thousand pounds sterling would all my negroes produce if sold at public auction to-morrow. I am not the man who enslaved them; they are indebted to Englishmen for that favour; nevertheless I am devising means for manumitting many of them, and for cutting off the entail of slavery. Great powers oppose me—the laws and customs of my country, my own and the avarice of my countrymen. What will my children say if I deprive them of so much estate? These are difficulties, but not insuperable. I will do as much as I can in my time, and leave the rest to a better hand.

I am not one of those who arrogate the peculiar care of Providence in each fortunate event, nor one of those who dare trust in Providence for defence and security of their own liberty while they enslave and wish to continue in slavery thousands who are as well entitled to freedom as themselves. I perceive the work before me is great. I shall appear to many as a promoter not only of strange, but of dangerous doctrines; it will therefore be necessary to proceed with caution. You are apparently deeply interested in this affair, but as I have no doubts concerning your concurrence and approbation, I most sincerely wish for your advice and assistance, and hope to receive both in good time.

* * * * * *

After the attack upon Sullivan's Island, seconded by ravages and murders by the Cherokee Indians on our western frontier, who probably acted in concerted plan with the ships and troops, I believe there were few men here who had not lost all inclination for renewing our former connexion with your king and his ministers; however that might have been, the great point is now settled. On the 2d instant a courier arrived from Philadelphia, and brought a declaration of the 4th of July, by the representatives of the thirteen united colonies in congress met, that from thenceforward those colonies should be "Free and Independent States." You have no doubt seen the paper, or will in a few days see the copy often re-

peated at full length; therefore I need not mark the particular contents. This declaration was proclaimed in Charleston with great solemnity on Monday, the 5th inst., attended by a procession of president, councils, generals, members of assembly, officers civil and military, &c., &c., amidst loud acclamations of thousands who always huzza when a proclamation is read. To many, who from the rashness, impolicy and cruelty of the British administration, had foreseen this event, the scene was serious, important and awful. Even at this moment I feel a tear of affection for the good old country and for the people in it, whom in general I dearly love. There I saw the sword of state which I had before seen four several times unsheathed in declarations of war against France and Spain by the Georges, now unsheathed and borne in a declaration of war against George the Third. I say even at this moment my heart is full of the lively sensations of a dutiful son, thrust by the hand of violence out of a father's house into the wide world. What I have often with truth averred in London and Westminster, I dare still aver; not a sober man, and scarcely a single man in America wished for a separation from Great Britain. Your king, too, I feel for; he has been greatly deceived and abused.

* * * * * *

I am now by the will of God brought into a new world, and God only knows what sort of a world it will be; what may be your particular opinion of this change I know not. You have done well to avoid writing on politics. Remember you are of full age, entitled to judge for yourself; pin not your faith upon my sleeve but act the part which an honest heart after mature deliberation shall dictate, and your services on the side which you may take, because you think it the right side, will be more valuable.

I need not tell you whatever may be your determinations, to avoid all party disputes, and to act inoffensively and circumspectly in the state where you are. I cannot rejoice in the downfall of an old friend, of a parent from whose nurturing breasts I have drawn my support and strength; every evil which befalls old England grieves me. Would to God she had listened in time to the cries of her children, and had checked the insidious slanders of those who call themselves the king's

servants and the king's friends, especially such of them as had been transported to America in the character of civil officers. If my own interests, if my own rights alone had been concerned, I would most freely have given the whole to the demands and disposal of her ministers in preference to a separation; but the rights of posterity were involved in the question. I happened to stand as one of their representatives, and dared not betray my trust.

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May God protect and guide you all, and may he still give peace and mutual friendship to the divided family of Britain, and promote the happiness, equally of the ancient root and of the transplanted branches. If you do not come, enquire for opportunities in Holland and in France, and write as oft as you can, and Harry too.

Adieu, my dear, dear son.

HENRY LAURENS.

IN THE TOWER OF LONDON

ABOUT 11 o'clock at night I was sent under a strong guard, up three pair of stairs in Scotland Yard, into a very small chamber. Two king's messengers were placed for the whole night at one door, and a subaltern's guard of soldiers at the other. As I was, and had been for some days, so ill as to be incapable of getting into or out of a carriage, or up or down stairs, without help, I looked upon all this parade to be calculated for intimidation. My spirits were good, and I smiled inwardly. The next morning, 6th October, from Scotland Yard, I was conducted again under guard to the secretary's office, White Hall, where were present Lord Hillsborough, Lord Stormont, Lord George Germain, Mr. Chamberlain, Solicitor of the Treasury, Mr. Knox, Under-Secretary, Mr. Justice Addington, and others. I was first asked, by Lord Stormont, "If my name was Henry Laurens." "Certainly, my Lord, that is my name." Captain Keppel was asked, "If that was Mr. Laurens?" He answered in the affirmative.

His Lordship then said: "Mr. Laurens, we have a paper here" (holding the paper up), "purporting to be a commis-

sion from Congress to you, to borrow money in Europe for the use of Congress. It is signed Samuel Huntingdon, President, and attested by Charles Thomson, Secretary. We have already proved the handwriting of Charles Thomson." I replied: "My Lords, your Lordships are in possession of the paper, and will make such use of it as your Lordships shall judge proper." I had not destroyed this paper, as it would serve to establish the rank and character in which I was employed by the United States. Another question was asked me, which I did not rightly understand. I replied: "My Lords, I am determined to answer no questions, but with the strictest truth; wherefore, I trust, your Lordships will ask me no questions which might ensnare me, and which I cannot with safety and propriety answer." No farther questions were demanded. I was told by Lord Stormont, I was to be committed to the Tower of London on "suspicion of high treason." I asked, "If I had not a right to a copy of the commitment?" Lord Stormont, after a pause, said: "He hesitated on the word right," and the copy was not granted. Mr. Chamberlain then very kindly said to me: "Mr. Laurens, you are to be sent to the Tower of London, not to prison; you must have no idea of a prison." I bowed thanks to the gentlemen, and thought of the new hotel, which had been recommended by my friends in Newfoundland. A commitment was made out by Mr. Justice Addington, and a warrant by their Lordships to the Lieutenant of the Tower, to receive and confine me.

From White Hall, I was conducted in a close hackney coach, under the charge of Colonel Williamson, a polite, genteel officer, and two of the illest-looking fellows I had ever seen. The coach was ordered to proceed by the most private ways to the Tower. It had been rumored that a rescue would be attempted. At the Tower the Colonel delivered me to Major Gore, the residing Governor, who, as I was afterward well informed, had previously concerted a plan for mortifying me. He ordered rooms for me in the most conspicuous part of the Tower (the parade). The people of the house, particularly the mistress, entreated the Governor not to burthen them with a prisoner. He replied, "It is necessary. I am determined to expose him." This was, however, a lucky determination for me. The people were respectful and kindly attentive to me,

from the beginning of my confinement to the end; and I contrived, after being told of the Governor's humane declaration, so to garnish my windows by honeysuckles, and a grape-vine running under them, as to conceal myself entirely from the sight of starers, and at the same time to have myself a full view of them. Governor Gore conducted me to my apartments at a warder's house. As I was entering the house I heard some of the people say: "Poor old gentleman, bowed down with infirmities. He is come to lay his bones here." My reflection was, "I shall not leave a bone with you."

I was very sick, but my spirits were good, and my mind foreboding good from the event of being a prisoner in London. Their Lordships' orders were, "To confine me a close prisoner; to be locked up every night; to be in the custody of two wardens, who were not to suffer me to be out of their sight *one moment,* day or night; to allow me no liberty of speaking to any person, nor to permit any person to speak to me; to deprive me of the use of pen and ink; to suffer no letter to be brought to me, nor any to go from me," etc. As an apology, I presume, for their first rigor, the wardens gave me their orders to peruse.

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And now I found myself a close prisoner, indeed; shut up in two small rooms, which together made about twenty feet square; a warder my constant companion; and a fixed bayonet under my window; not a friend to converse with, and no prospect of a correspondence.

Next morning, 7th October, Gov. Gore came into my room, with a workman, and fixed iron bars to my windows; altogether unnecessary. The various guards were enough to secure my person. It was done, as I was informed, either to shake my mind or to mortify me. It had neither effect. I only thought of Mr. Chamberlain's consolation. I asked Mr. Gore, "What provision was to be made for my support?" He replied "He had no directions." I said, "I can very well provide for myself, but I must be allowed means for obtaining money." He gave no answer.

In a word, I discovered I was to pay rent for my little rooms, find my own meat and drink, bedding, coals, candles, etc. This drew from me an observation to the gentleman

jailor (the officer who locks up a prisoner every night), who would immediately report it to the Governor: "Whenever I caught a bird in America I found a cage and victuals for it."

What surprised me most was, although the Secretaries of State had seen the ill state of my health and must also have heard of my continuing ill by reports, daily made to them, they never ordered, or caused to be provided for me, any medical assistance. The people around me thought, for a considerable time, my life in imminent danger. I was of a different opinion. When the Governor had retired from his iron bars, neither my servant nor baggage being yet arrived, I asked the warder, "If he could lend me a book for amusement." He gravely asked: "Will your honor be pleased to have 'Drelincourt upon Death?" I quickly turned to his wife, who was passing from making up my bed: "Pray, Madam, can you recommend an honest goldsmith, who will put a new head to my cane; you see this old head is much worn?" "Yes, sir, I can." The people understood me, and nothing more was said of "Drelincourt."

The 8th, Governor Gore, hypocritically kind, came and told me I had leave to walk about the Tower (he had received the order from General Vernon); but advised, I would only walk the parade before the door; "if you go farther," said he, "there will be such a rabble after you." I treated his kindness with contempt, and refused to walk. The parade is the very place where he had predetermined to expose me. The order of General Vernon, received by him from the Secretaries of State, was, "that I should be permitted to walk the Tower grounds." Mr. Gore attempted to supersede both. The Governor grew uneasy, and asked the wardens why I had not walked? They answered that I was lame with the gout. Sunday, 12th November, hobbled out; a warder with a sword in his hand, at my back; the warder informed me Governor Gore had ordered that I should walk only on the parade; I returned immediately to my little prison. The 16th, the Governor, more uneasy, jealous and fearful of General Vernon, sent me notice I might walk the broad pavement (115 yards) before the great armory, and within the armory, all arbitrary on his part; but the walk within the building was very agreeable, it would afford sufficient exercise, and viewing the quantity and variety of military stores,

&c., &c., was amusing. I visited the place almost every day, till the third December, when going there, Lord George Gordon (who) was also a prisoner in the Tower, unluckily met, and asked me to walk with him. I declined it, and returned instantly to my apartment. The Governor, being informed of this by one of his spies, although the warder explained and proved to him I was in no respect a transgressor, caught hold of the occasion, and locked me up. I remained, thus closely confined by his arbitrary will, forty-seven days; if any, the fault was in Lord George, but the brutal Governor dared not lock him up. . . . .

Sunday, 18th, General Vernon, having been fully informed by a friend in the Tower of the Governor's arbitrary locking me up from the third December, called and very kindly enquired, if I took my walks abroad as usual. I replied in the negative, and candidly explained what had passed between the Governor and myself. He was exceedingly displeased and said aloud—the people below stairs heard him—"I'll take care to give orders that you may walk when you please and where you please!" He gave orders, not to the Governor, but to Mr. Kinghorn, an inferior officer. The 22d February, walked abroad, first time since third December. The Governor very angry, and much mortified, I must expect the effect of his ill nature in some other way; but I despise him. Monday, 26th February, Mr. Oswald having solicited the Secretaries of State for my enlargement upon parole, and offered to pledge "his whole fortune as surety for my good conduct," sent me the following message, in addition to the above by Mr. Kinghorn, the gentleman jailor: "Their Lordships say, if you will point out anything for the benefit of Great Britain, in the present dispute with the Colonies, you shall be enlarged." The first part of the message overwhelmed me with feelings of gratitude, the latter filled me with indignation. I snatched up my pencil, and upon a sudden impulse wrote a note to Mr. Oswald as follows, and sent it by the same Mr. Kinghorn:

"I perceive, my dear friend, from the message you have sent me by Mr. Kinghorn, that if I were a rascal, I might presently get out of the Tower—I am not. You have pledged your word and fortune for my integrity. I will never dishonor you, nor myself. Yes, I could point out, but is this the

place? If I had nothing in view but my own interest or convenience, promises and pointings out would be very prompt; but this is not a proper place. I could point out a doctrine, known to every old woman in the kingdom, 'A spoonful of honey will catch more flies, than a ton of vinegar.' What I formerly predicted to you, came to pass. I can foresee, now, what will come to pass, *happen to me what may.* I fear no possible consequences. I must have patience and submit to the will of God, I do not change with the times. My conduct has been consistent, and shall be so."

The 7th March, Mr. Oswald visited, and was left alone with me. It immediately occurred he had some extraordinary subject from White Hall for conversation, and so it appeared. Mr. Oswald began by saying, "I converse with you this morning not particularly as your friend, but as a friend to Great Britain." I thanked him for his candor; he proceeded: "I have certain propositions to make for obtaining your liberty, which I advise you should take time to consider. I showed the note you lately sent me to Lord Germain, who was at first very angry. He exclaimed, 'Rascals! Rascals!—we want no rascals! Honey! honey! vinegar! They have had too much honey, and too little vinegar! They shall have less honey and more vinegar for the future!' " I said to Mr. Oswald, I should be glad to taste a little of his lordship's vinegar; his lordship's honey had been very unpleasant; but Mr. Oswald said, "That note was written without a moment's deliberation, intended only for myself, and not for the eye of a minister." Mr. Oswald smiled, and said, "It has done you no harm." I then replied, "I am as ready to give an answer to any proposition which you have to make to me at this moment as I shall be in any given time. An honest man requires no time to give an answer where his honor is concerned. If the Secretaries of State will enlarge me upon parole, as it seems they can enlarge me if they please, I will strictly conform to my engagement to do nothing, directly or indirectly, to the hurt of this kingdom. I will return to America, or remain in any part of England which may be assigned, and render myself, when demanded." Mr. Oswald answered, "No, you must stay in London, among your friends. The ministers will often have occasion to send for, and consult you; but observe, I say all

this as from myself, not by particular direction or authority; but I know it will be so. You can write two or three lines to the ministers, and barely say, you are sorry for what is past. A pardon will be granted. Every man has been wrong, at some time or other of his life, and should not be ashamed to acknowledge it." I now understood Mr. Oswald, and could easily perceive my worthy friend was more than half ashamed of his mission. Without hesitation, I replied, "Sir, I will never subscribe to my own infamy, and to the dishonor of my children." Mr. Oswald then talked of long and painful confinement, which I should suffer, and repeated "possible consequences." "Permit me to repeat, Sir," said I, "I am afraid of no consequences but such as would flow from dishonorable acts." Mr. Oswald desired, "I would take time, weigh the matter properly in my mind, and let him hear from me." I concluded by assuring him, "he never would hear from me in terms of compliance; if I could be so base, I was sure I should incur his contempt." Mr. Oswald took leave with such expressions of regard and such a squeeze of the hand, as induced me to believe he was not displeased with my determination. In the course of this conversation, I asked, "Why ministers were so desirous of having me about their persons." Mr. Oswald said, "They thought I had great influence in America." I answered, "I once had some influence in my own country; but it would be in me the highest degree of arrogance to pretend to have a general influence in America. I know of but one man, of whom this can be said; I mean General Washington. I will suppose for a moment, the General should come over to your ministers. What would be the effect? He would instantly lose all his influence, and be called a rascal." Mr. Duché dreamed that he had an influence even over the General. What was the consequence of his apostasy? Was the course of American proceedings interrupted? By no means. He was execrated, and the Americans went forward.

September 23rd.—For some time past I have been frequently and strongly tempted to make my escape from the Tower, assured, "It was the advice and desire of all my friends, the thing might be easily effected, the face of American affairs was extremely gloomy. That I might have eighteen

hours' start before I was missed; time enough to reach Margate and Ostend; that it was believed there would be no pursuit," etc., etc. I had always said: "I hate the name of a runaway." At length I put a stop to farther applications by saying, "I will not attempt an escape. The gates were opened for me to enter; they shall be opened for me to go out of the Tower. God Almighty sent me here for some purpose. I am determined to see the end of it." Where the project of an escape originated is uncertain; but I am fully convinced it was not the scheme of the person who spoke to me upon the subject. The ruin of that person and family would have been the consequence of my escape, unless there had been some previous assurance of indemnification.

JOHN LAWSON

[—1712]

D. H. HILL

JOHN LAWSON, the second writer on North Carolina, was a type of the scholar and man of the world so common in the early days of American colonization. In his love of adventure, in his indifference to hardship and danger, in his fondness for seeing with his own eyes, he was the embodiment of the spirit which made homes in the wilds of America and founded commonwealths on the wrecks of Indian wigwams.

Lawson's coming to North Carolina was determined by a chance remark of an accidental companion. With his mind filled with thoughts of a career beyond the ocean, he went "to see the solemnity of the Grand Jubilee at Rome," in the year 1700. There he fell in with a traveler. "He assured me," says Lawson, "that Carolina was the best country I could go to; and that there lay a ship in the Thames in which I might have my passage."

Instantly the young Englishman was off. The ship in the Thames was caught, and, "after a pinching voyage," landed him in New York. At the end of a fortnight spent in studying the government, situation, and trade of that city, he "put out from Sandy Hook and in fourteen days after arrived at Charlestown, the metropolis of South Carolina."

On December 28, 1700, he started for North Carolina. Six Englishmen accompanied him. The hardships of the "half-moon journey of a thousand miles" were extreme, and men of softer mould would have turned back to await the spring or would have sunk under the fatigue and exposure. "Tart gales," freezing temperature, flooded streams disquieted the bodies but did not ruffle the spirits of this company in its canoe journey around the coast and up the Santee River to the French settlements. Thence the travelers proceeded on foot. Even the French dwellers on the Santee, inured as they were to frontier life, wondered at Lawson's company "undertaking such a Voyage, thro' a Country inhabited by none but savages, and them of so different Nations and Tongues."

Although Lawson was always cheery and uncomplaining, such fragments as these from his narrative show the perils of the routes: "Wet bedding and freezing Air had so qualified our Bodies that we were nigh Frozen to Death"—"Came to a great swamp where we

were forced to strip ourselves to go over it."—"We passed over a prodigious wide deep swamp, being forced to strip stark naked (in January) and much ado to save ourselves from drowning in this Fatigue"—"One of our companions tired, not being able to travel any farther, so we went forward, leaving the poor dejected traveler with Tears in his Eyes to return to Charles-Town over so much bad way"—"Set out early, breaking the ice we met withal in the Stony Runs, which were many"—"Only parched corn to subsist on for one hundred miles."

After leaving the French settlements, Lawson's route, as traced by Ethnologist James Mooney, was up the eastern side of the Santee, Wateree, and Catawba rivers. Then the travelers struck a trading path leading by or near the present towns of Charlotte, Salisbury, Greensboro, Hillsboro, Falls of Neuse, Goldsboro, and Greenville. Finally the footsore adventurers, after a trip of about seven weeks, reached the "Pamticough River in North Carolina, where being well received by the inhabitants and pleased with the goodness of the country" they all "resolved to continue."

Of the early life of the young Englishman, who was accorded a gracious welcome by the Carolinians, we know next to nothing. From his affixing the word "gentleman" to his name on the title-page of his history we infer that he was of gentle birth. From the following facts we conclude that he was an educated man: first, from his historic style; second, from his promotion to the office of surveyor-general, an office at that time of importance and of dignity; third, from a remark in his preface; namely, that "most of the travellers who go to this vast continent are persons of the meaner sort and generally of a very slender education and (hence) are incapable of giving any reasonable account of it." This remark, of course, implies that his qualifications were different.

Of the people who received Lawson into their homes we of course get our best account from his pages. He says: "The Planters are kind and hospitable to all that come to visit them; there being very few house-keepers but what live nobly, and give away more provisions to Coasters and Guests who come to them than they expend among their own families." Some of the men were "very industrious," but he adds, "I dare hardly give 'em the character in General. The easy way of living in that Plentiful Country makes a great many Planters very negligent." The women were more laborious than the men and Lawson evidently thought them rather model home-makers. Their looks, too, matched their culinary accomplishments, for he comments: . . . . "They are often very fair and generally as Well-Featured as you shall find anywhere, and have very brisk charming eyes." Children of both sexes were "very docile" and "learned anything

with ease and method." They were carefully reared and the admonitions of parents made "great impression on their children."

Lawson was soon busied in the life of the colony. First as deputy and then as surveyor-general the activity of his compass and chain brought on his head the wrath of the Indians, for their feeble intellects could not disassociate the surveyor from the loss of their land. From Pollock's Letter Book ('Colonial Records,' I, 723-725) we should infer that Lawson was a diligent and zealous officer.

During the Cary-Glover episode Lawson's position "craved wary walking." Pollock was anxious for Lawson as an officer and as a man of influence to recognize the Cary government ('Colonial Records,' I, 726); but while Lawson "both on the Lords Proprietors' account and on his own" favored "putting the government on a proper foundation" he seems to have remained aloof from the quarrel. It appears from Pollock's letter to Lawson ('Colonial Records,' I, 727) that the surveyor was on friendly terms with Porter and Moseley, but there is no record of his being identified with either faction.

In 1705 Lawson joined Joel Martin in applying for and receiving articles of incorporation for the town of Bath, the oldest town in North Carolina, and for some years the center of its social life.

When the unfortunate De Graffenried was preparing to settle his colony of Swiss and Palatines in Carolina, Lawson, who was then on a visit to London, was appointed a director of the company. He and some of the other directors appeared in person before the Royal Committee and were "confirmed in their authority." Lawson seems to have returned in 1710-'11 with the first colony, and located the newcomers on a tongue of land between the News (Neuse) and Trent rivers, called Chattawka, where afterward was founded the small city of New Bern. De Graffenried complains that Lawson settled the colony on his personal lands and at the "hottest and most unhealthy place." Moreover, he adds: "What furthermore was very dishonest in the Surveyor is the fact that we had paid him a very heavy price for that piece of tongue of land, not knowing that he had no title to it and that the place was still inhabited by Indians. He sold it to us as free of all incumbrance and attested that there were no Indians on it." However, as De Graffenried wrote his narrative to clear his own skirts, we must take his statement subject only to further proof.

As surveyor-general Lawson was in 1709 appointed a joint commissioner with Edward Moseley to act for North Carolina in settling the disputed boundary line between North Carolina and Virginia. However, at the time of the meeting of the commissioners Lawson was engaged in settling the De Graffenried colonists. He, therefore, appointed his deputy, Colonel William Maule, to serve in his place.

Owing to disputes between the commissioners from the two States nothing was accomplished, and the line remained a source of trouble until 1728.

In the fall of 1711, just before the unexpected and terrible uprising of the Indians, Lawson invited De Graffenried to accompany him on a trip up the Neuse River. The surveyor desired to determine the navigability of the river and also to find a route for a better highway to Virginia. De Graffenried at first demurred, but on Lawson's laughing at his fear of Indians, agreed to make the journey. The two, with their negro attendants, were captured by the Indians and hurried to Catechna, the home-town of King Hencock. The Indians were jubilant over their important capture. The "Assembly of the Great," however, first acquitted the two prisoners, but after the coming of some other "war men," and after a quarrel between Lawson and one of the chiefs, both Lawson and De Graffenried were sentenced to death. De Graffenried induced the savages to spare his life, but Lawson was executed. The manner of his death is uncertain. Whether, as one report went, he was hanged, or whether, as another says, his throat was cut with his own razor, or whether, as Christopher Gale wrote, "the savages stuck him full of fine small splinters of torchwood, like hog's bristles, and so set them gradually on fire," we shall never know; for, as De Graffenried writes, "The Indians kept that execution very secret."

Lawson's history was first published in London in 1709. It is not improbable that the Lords Proprietors of Carolina aided in its publication, for at that time they voted "Twenty pounds to Mr. Lawson for Maps of North Carolina and South Carolina." ('Colonial Records,' I, 717). Other editions, including at least two German editions, followed in 1711, 1712, 1714, 1718, and 1722. The State of North Carolina ordered a reprint in 1860, and in 1903 the Charlotte *Observer* published an edition under the editorial supervision of Colonel F. A. Olds. Copies of the earlier editions are now rare. Dr. S. B. Weeks notes that about 1820 a copy of the edition of 1718 was bid in by the State Library for sixty dollars, and that at the Brinley sale in 1880 a "splendid copy" of the 1709 edition brought two hundred and fifty dollars.

Lawson divided his history into three parts: "Journal of a thousand miles of travel"; "A description of North Carolina," and "An account of the Indians of North Carolina." Since the book pictures life in North Carolina as an intelligent and apparently honest outsider saw it, it is of course invaluable as a contemporary document. The reader can but regret that much of the space given to an inaccurate natural history has not preserved for us a fuller account of the social, industrial, political, and economic life of the people.

But the book ranks well with contemporary histories and is far superior to many better known volumes. Its pictures of the Indians, among whom the author ate, slept, and moved as freely as a native, are beyond question among the most striking and the most accurate of their generation.

Lawson's vocabulary is free and unconventional. His sentences are generally clear and often forceful. He has always the good observer's faculty of seizing and utilizing essential characteristics. Most of the books of that day complacently disregarded unity and proportion. Lawson is no exception. He never apologizes for the introduction of irrelevant matter and is as much interested in an Indian's way of stalking a deer as in his way of burying his dead or his doctrine of a future life. But withal the history has the one vital quality of style—interest; and seemingly the one essential quality of history—truth.

D. H. Hill

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THE INDIANS OF NORTH CAROLINA

From 'History of North Carolina.'

The Indians of North Carolina are a well-shaped, clean-made People, of different Statures, as the Europeans are, yet chiefly inclined to be tall. They are a very straight People, and never bend forwards or stoop in the shoulders, unless overpowered by Old Age. Their limbs are exceedingly well-shaped. As for their Legs and Feet they are generally the handsomest in the World. Their Bodies are a little Flat, which is occasioned by their being Laced hard down to a Board in their Infancy. This is all the Cradle they have, which I shall describe at large elsewhere; their Eyes are black or of a Dark Hazel; The White is marbled with red Streaks, which is ever common to these people, unless when sprung from a white

Father or Mother. Their Colour is of a Tawny, which would not be so dark, did they not dawb themselves with Bear's Oil and a Colour like burnt Cork. This is begun in their Infancy and is continued for a long time, which fills the Pores, and enables them better to endure the Extremity of the Weather. They are never bald on their Heads, although never so old, which I believe proceeds from their Heads being always uncovered, and the Greasing their Hair (so often as they do) with Bear's Fat, which is a great Nourisher of the Hair, and causes it to grow very fast. Amongst the Bear's Oil, (when they intend to be fine) they mix a certain red powder that comes from a Scarlet Root, which they get in the hilly country, near the foot of the great ridge of Mountains, and it is no where else to be found. They have this Scarlet Root in great esteem, and sell it for a great Price, one to another. The reason of its Value is, because they not only go a long way for it, but are in great danger of the Sinnagars or Iroquois, who are mortal Enemies to all our Indians, and very often take them Captives, to kill them before they return from their Voyage. The Tuskeruros and other Indians have often brought this seed from the Mountains, but it would never grow in our Land. With this and Bear's Grease they anoint their Heads and Temples, which is esteemed as ornamental, as sweet Powder to our Hair. Besides this Root has the Virtue of Killing Lice and suffers none to abide or breed in their Heads. For want of this Root they sometimes use Pecoon-Root, which is of a Crimson Colour, but it is apt to dye the Hair of an ugly Hue.

Their Eyes are commonly full and manly, and their Gate sedate and majestic. They never walk backward and forward as we do, nor contemplate on the Affairs of Loss and Gain; the affairs which daily perplex us. They are dextrous and steady both as to their Hands and Feet, to Admiration. They will walk over deep Brooks, and Creeks on the smallest Poles, and that without any Fear or Concern. Nay an Indian will walk on the ridge of a Barn or House and look down the Gable-end and spit upon the Ground, as unconcerned as if he were walking on Terra Firma. In Running, Leaping or any such other exercise, their legs seldom miscarry and give them a fall; and as for letting anything fall out of their hands, I

never yet knew one Example. They are no Inventors of any Arts or Trades worthy of mention; the reason of which I take to be that they are not possessed with that Care and Thoughtfullness how to provide for the Necessaries of Life as the Europeans are; yet they will learn anything very soon. I have known an Indian stock Guns better than most of our Joiners, although he never saw one stocked before, and besides his Working-Tool was only a sorry knife. I have also known several of them that were slaves to the English, learn Handicraft Trades very handily and speedily. I never saw a Dwarf among them nor one that was Hump-backed. Their teeth are yellow with Smoking Tobacco, which both Men and Women are much addicted to. They tell us, that they had Tobacco amongst them, before the European made any discovery on that Continent. It differs in the Leaf from the sweet-scented, and Oroonoko, which are the Plants we raise and cultivate in America. Theirs differs likewise much in the Smell, when green, from our Tobacco before cured. They do not use the same way to cure it as we do; and therefore the Difference must be very considerable in Taste; for all Men (that know Tobacco) must allow, that it is the Ordering thereof which gives a Hogoo to that Weed, rather than any natural relish it possesses when green. Although they are great Smokers, yet they are never seen to take it in Snuff or chew it.

They have no hairs on their faces (except some few,) and those but little. They are continually plucking it away from their Faces, by the Roots. . . . Although we reckon these a very smooth People, and free from Hair; yet I once saw a middle-aged Man, that was hairy all down his back, the Hairs being above an inch long. As there are found very few or scarce any, Deformed or Cripples, amongst them, so neither did I ever see but one Blind Man, and then they would give me no account how his Blindness came. They had a Use for him, which was to lead him with a Girl, Woman, or Boy, by a string; so they put what burden they pleased upon his back and made him very serviceable upon all such occasions. No people have better Eyes, or see better in the Night or Day, than the Indians. Some allege, that the smoke of the Pitch-Pine, which they chiefly burn, doth both preserve and strengthen the Eyes, as perhaps it may do, because that Smoke never

offends the Eyes, tho' you hold your Face over a Great Fire thereof. This is occasioned by the volatile Part of the Turpentine which rises with the Smoke, and is of a friendly, balsamick Nature; for the Ashes of the Pine Tree afford no fix'd salt in them. They let their Nails grow very long, which, they reckon, is the Use nails are design'd for, and laugh at the Europeans for paring theirs, which they say, disarms them of that which Nature design'd for them.

They are not of so robust and strong bodies, as to lift great Burdens and endure Labour and Slavish work, as the Europeans are, yet some that are Slaves prove very good and laborious; but of themselves, they never work as the English do, taking care for no further than what is absolutely necessary to support life. In Travelling and Hunting they are very indefatigable; because that carries a Pleasure along with the Profit. I have known some of them very strong; and as for Running and Leaping they are extraordinary Fellows, and will dance for several Nights together with the greatest Briskness imaginable, their Wind never failing them.

Their Dances are of Different Natures and for every sort of Dance they have a tune which is allotted for that Dance; as, if it be a War-Dance they will have a War-Like Tune, wherein they express with all the passion and vehemence imaginable what they intend to do with their Enemies; how they will kill, roast, scalp, beat and make Captive, such and such numbers of them, and how many they have destroy'd before. All these Songs are made New for every Feast, nor is one and the same song sung at two several Festivals. Some one of the Nation (which have the best Gift of expressing their Design) is appointed by the King, and War-Captains, to make these Songs.

Others are made for Feasts of another Nature; as, when several Towns, of different Nations have made Peace with one another; then the Song suits both Nations and relates, how the Bad Spirit makes them go to War, and Destroy one another; but it shall never be so again, but that their Sons and Daughters shall marry together, and the two Nations love one another and become as one People.

They have a third sort of Feasts and Dances, which are always when the Harvest of corn is ended, and in the Spring.

The one to return thanks to the Good Spirit for the Fruits of the Earth, the other to beg the same blessing for the succeeding Year. And, to encourage the Young Men to labour stoutly, in Planting their Maiz and Pulse, they set a sort of an idol in the field, which is dressed up exactly like an Indian, having all the Indian habits, besides abundance of Wampum, and their Money, made of Shells, that hang about his Neck. The Image none of the young men dare approach; for the Old Ones will not suffer them to come near him, but tell them that he is some famous Indian Warrior, that died a great while ago, and now is come amongst them to see if they work well, which, if they do, he will go to the good Spirit and speak to Him to send them Plenty of Corn and make all the young Men expert hunters and Mighty Warriors. All this While, the King and Old Men sit around the Image, and seemingly pay a profound Respect to the same. One great Help to these Indians in carrying on these Cheats, and inducing the Youths to do what they please is the uninterrupted silence which is ever kept and observed, with all the Respect and Veneration imaginable.

At these Feasts, which are set out with all the magnificence their fare allows of, the Masquerades begin at night and not Before. There is commonly a Fire made in the Middle of the House which is the largest in the Town, and is very often the Dwelling of their King, or War-Captain, where sit two men on the Ground, upon a Mat; one with a rattle made of a Gourd, with some Beans in it; the other with a Drum made of an Earthen Pot, covered with a dressed Deer Skin, and one Stick in his Hand to beat thereon, and so they bothe begin the Song appointed. At the same time one Drums and the other Rattles, which is all the artificial Music of their own Making I ever saw among them. To these two Instruments they sing, which carries no Air with it, but is a sort of unsavory Jargon; yet their Cadences and raising of their Voices are formed with that Equality and Exactness, that (to us Europeans) it seems admirable how they should continue their Songs, without once missing to agree, each with the other's Note and Tune.

As for the Dancing, were there Masters of the Profession amongst them, as there are with us, they would dearly earn their money; for these Creatures take the most Pains with it

that Men are able to endure. I have seen thirty odd together a-dancing until every one dropp'd down with Sweat, as if Water had been poured down their Backs. They use those hard Labours to make them able to endure Fatigue, and improve their Wind, which indeed is very long and durable, it being a hard matter, in any exercise to dispossess them of it.

At these Feasts they meet from all the Towns within Fifty or Sixty Miles around, where they buy and sell several Commodities, as we do at Fairs and Markets. Besides, they game very much, and often strip themselves of all they would have in the World, and what is more, I have known several of them sell themselves away, so that they have remained the Winner's Servants, till their Relations or themselves could raise the money to redeem them; and when this happens the Loser is never dejected or melancholy at the loss, but laughs and seems no less contented than if he had won. They never differ at Gaming, nor did I ever see a Dispute about the Legality thereof, so much as rise amongst them.

The chiefest Game is a sort of Arithmetic, which is managed by a Parcel of small split Reeds, the thickness of a small Bent; these are made very nicely, so that they part and are tractable in their Hands. They are fifty-one in number, their length about seven inches; when they play they throw part of them to their Antagonist; the art is to discover, upon sight, how many you have, and what you throw to him that plays with you. Some are so expert with their numbers that they will tell ten times together what they threw out of their Hands. Although the whole Play is carried on with the quickest Motion it's possible to use, yet some are so expert at this game as to win great Indian Estates by this Play. A good set of these reeds, fit to play withal, are valued and sold for a dressed Doe Skin.

They have several other Plays and Games, as with the Kernels or Stones of Persimmons, which are in effect the same as our Dice, because Winning or Losing depend on which side appears uppermost, and how they happen to fall together.

Another game is managed with a Batoon and a Ball, and resembles our Trap-ball; besides several Nations have several Games and Pastimes which are not used by others.

These Savages live in Wigwams, or Cabins built of Bark,

which are made round like an Oven to prevent any danger by hard Gales of Wind. They make the Fire in the middle of the House, and have a Hole at the top of the Roof, right above the Fire, to let out the smoke. These Dwellings are as Hot as Stoves, where the Indians sleep and Sweat all night. The Floors thereof are never paved nor swept, so that they have always loose earth on them. They are often troubled with a multitude of Fleas, especially near the Places where they dress their Deer-skins, because that Hair harbours them, yet I have never felt any ill, unsavory Smell in their Cabins, whereas, should we live in our Houses as they do, we should be poisoned with our own Nastiness; which confirms these Indians to be, as they really are, some of the sweetest People in the world.

The Bark they make their Cabins withal is generally Cypress, or red or white Cedar, and sometimes when they are a great way from any of these Woods, they make use of Pine Bark, which is the Worser sort. In building these fabricks they get very long Poles of Pine, Cedar, Hickory or any other Wood that will bend; these are the thickness of the small of a Man's Leg, at the thickest end of which they generally strip off the bark, and warm them well in the fire, which makes them tough and fit to bend; afterwards they stick the thickest ends of them in the ground, above two yards asunder, in a circular form, the distance they design the Cabin to be (which is not always round but sometimes oval); then they bend the tops and bring them together and bind their ends with bark of trees, that is proper for that use, as Elm is, or sometimes the Moss that grows on the Trees, and is a yard or two long and never Rots; then they brace them with other poles, so that they are very warm and tight, and will keep firm against all the Weathers that blow. They have other sorts of Cabins without Windows, which are for their Granaries, Skins, and Merchandizes; and others that are covered overhead and the rest left open for air. These have Reed Hurdles like Tables, to lie and sit on in summer, and serve for pleasant Banqueting Houses in the Hot Season of the Year. The Cabins they dwell in have Benches all around, except where the door stands. On these lay Beast-Skins and Mats made of Rushes, whereon they sleep and loll. In one of these several Families commonly live, though all related to one another.

As to the Indian's Food, it is of several sorts, which are as follows:

Venison, and Fawns in the Bag, cut out of the Doe's Belly; Fish of all sorts, the Lamprey-Eel excepted, and the Sturgeon our Salt-Water Indians will not touch; Bear and Beaver; Panther; Pole-Cat; Wild-Cat; Possum; Raccoon; Hares and Squirrels roasted with their Guts in; Snakes, all Indians will not eat them, tho' some do; all wild Fruits that are Palatable, some of which they dry and keep against Winter, as all sorts of Fruits, and Peaches which they dry, and make Quiddonies, and Cakes, that are pleasant, and a little tartish; young Wasps when they are white in the Combs before they can fly, this is esteemed a dainty; All Sorts of Tortoise and Terebins; Shell-Fish and Stingray or Scate, dryed; Gourds; Melons; Cucumbers; Squashes; Pulse of all sorts; Rockahomine Meal, which is their Maiz, parched and pounded into powder; Fowl of all sorts, that are eatable; Ground-Nuts or Wild Potatoes; Acorns and Acorn Oil; Wild-Bulls; Beef; Mutton, Pork, etc., from the English; Indian Corn, or Maiz, made into several sorts of Bread; Ears of Corn roasted in the Summer or preserved against the Winter.

The Victuals is Common, throughout the whole Kindred Relations, and often to the whole Town; especially, when they are in Hunting-Quarters, then they all fare alike, whichsoever of them kills the Game. They are very kind and charitable to one another, but more especially to those of their own Nation; for if any one of them has suffered any Loss by Fire or otherwise, they order the grieved persons to make a Feast, and invite them all thereto, which, on the day appointed, they come to, and after every Man's mess of Victuals is dealt to him, one of their Speakers or grave old Men, makes an Harangue, and acquaints the Company That that Man's House has been burnt, wherein all his Goods were destroyed; That he and his Family very narrowly escaped; That he is every Man's friend in that Company; and, That it is all their Duties to help him, as he would do to any of them, had like Misfortune befallen them. After this Oration is over, every Man, according to his quality, throws him down upon the Ground some Present, which is commonly Beads, Ronoak, Peak, Skins or Furs, and which very often amounts to treble the amount

he has suffered. The same assistance they give to any Man that wants to build a Cabin, or make a Canoe. They say it is our Duty thus to do; for there are several Works that one Man cannot effect, therefore, we must give him our help, otherwise our Society will fall, and we shall be deprived of those urgent Necessities which life requires. They have no Fences to part one another's Lots in their Corn-Fields; but every Man knows his own, and it scarce ever happens that they rob one another of so much as an Ear of Corn, which if any is found to do, he is sentenced by the Elders to work, and plant for him that was robbed, till he is recompensed for all the damage he has suffered in his Corn-Field; and this is punctually performed, and the Thief held in Disgrace that steals from any of his Country-Folks. It often happens that a Woman is destitute of her Husband, and has a great many Children to maintain; such a Person they always help, and make their young men plant, reap and do everything for her that she is not capable of doing for herself; yet they do not allow anyone to be idle; but to employ themselves in some Work or other.

They never fight with one another, unless Drunk, nor do you ever hear any scolding amongst them. They say the Europeans are always wrangling and uneasy, and wonder that they do not go out of this World, since they are so uneasy and discontented in it. All their Misfortunes and Losses end in Laughter; for if their Cabins take fire, and all their Goods are burnt therein, (indeed all will strive to prevent further Damage whilst there is any possibility) yet such a misfortune ends in a hearty Fit of laughter, unless some of their Kinsfolk and Friends have lost their Lives; but then the Case is altered and they become very pensive, and go into deep Mourning, which is continued for a considerable time; sometimes longer or shorter, just according to the Dignity of the Person, and the Number of Relations he had near to him.

When an Indian is dead the greater person he is the more expensive is his Funeral. The first thing which is done is, to place the nearest Relations near the Corps, who mourn and weep very much, having their hair hung down their Shoulders, in a very forlorn manner. After the dead Person has laid a day and a Night in one of their Hurdies or Canes, commonly

in some out-House made for that purpose, those that officiate about the Funeral go into Town, and the first young Men they Meet withal that have Blankets or Match Coats on, whom they think fit for their Turn, they strip them from their Backs, who suffer them to do so without any Resistance. In these they wrap the dead Bodies, and convey them with two or three Mats which the Indians make of Rushes or Cane; and last of all they have a long web of woven Reeds, or hollow Canes, which is the Coffin of the Indians, and is brought around several times and is tied fast at both ends, which indeed looks very decent and well. Then the Corps is brought out of the House into the Orchard of Peach-Trees, where another Hurdle is made to receive it, about which comes all the Relations and Nations that the dead person belonged to, besides several from other Nations in Alliance with them; all which sit down on the Ground, upon Mats spread there for that purpose; where the Doctor or Conjurer appears, and after some time, makes a sort of O-yes, at which all are very silent. Then he begins to give an account who the dead person was, and how stout a man he approved himself; how many Enemies and Captives he had killed and taken; how strong, tall, and nimble he was; that he was a great Hunter, a lover of his Country, and possessed of a great many beautiful wives and children, esteemed the greatest of Blessings among these Savages, in which they have a true Notion. Thus this Orator runs on, highly extolling the dead Man, for his Valour, Conduct, Strength, Riches, and Good Humour; and enumerating his Guns, Slaves and almost everything he was possess'd of, when living. After which he addresses himself to the People of that Town or Nation, and bids them Supply the Dead Man's Place, by following his steps, who he assures them, is gone into the Country of Souls (which they think lies a great way off, in this World, which the Sun visits, in his ordinary Course) and that he will have the enjoyment of handsome young Women, great Store of Deer to hunt, never Meet with Hunger, Cold or Fatigue, but everything to answer his Expectation and Desire. This is the Heaven they propose to themselves; but on the contrary, for those Indians that are lazy, thievish amongst themselves, bad Hunters and no Warriours, nor of much use to the Nation, to such they allot in the next World,

Hunger, Cold, Troubles, Ugly old Women for their Companions, with snakes and all sorts of Nasty Victuals to feed on. Thus is marked out their Heaven and Hell. After all this Harangue, he diverts the People with some of their Traditions, as when there was a violent hot Summer or a very hard Winter; when any notable Distempers raged amongst them; when they were at War with such and such Nations; how victorious they were, and what were the Names of their War-Captains. To prove the times more exactly, he produces the Records of the Country, which are a Parcel of Reeds of different lengths, with several distinct marks known to none but themselves; but which they seem to guess, very exactly, at Accidents that happened many years ago; nay two or three Ages or more. The reason I have to believe what they tell me, on this Account, is because I have been at the meetings of several Indian Nations; and they agree in relating the same Circumstances, as to Time, very exactly; as, for example they say, there was so hard a winter in Carolina 105 years ago, that the great Sound was frozen over and the Wild geese came into the Woods to eat Acorns and they were so tame (I suppose through Want) that they were killed abundantly in the Woods by knocking them on the Head with Sticks.

But, to return to the dead Man. When this Long Tale is ended by him that spoke first; perhaps a second begins another long Story; so a third and fourth if there be so many Doctors present; which all tell one and the same thing. At last the Corps is brought away from the Hurdies to the Grave, by four young Men, attended by the Relations, the King, Old Men and all the Nation. When they come to the Sepulchre, which is about six foot deep, and eight foot long, having at each end, (that is, at the Head and Foot) a Light-Wood or Pitch-Pine Fork driven close down the sides of the Grave, firmly into the Ground; (these two forks are to contain a Ridge-Pole, as you shall understand presently) before they lay the Corps into the Grave they cover the bottom two or three times over with Bark of Trees, then they let down the Corps (with two Belts, that the Indians carry their Burdens withal) very leisurely upon the said Barks; then they lay over a Pole of the Same Wood, in the two Forks, and having a great many Pieces

of Pitch-Pine logs, about two foot and a half long, they stick them in the sides of the Grave down each end, and near the top thereof, where the other Ends lie on the Ridge-Pole, so that they are declining like the roof of a House. These being very thick-placed they cover them (many times double) with Bark; then they throw the Earth thereon, that came out of the Grave, and beat it down very firm, by this means the Dead Body lies in a vault, nothing touching him; so that when I saw this way of burial, I was mightily pleased with it, esteeming it very pleasant and decent, as having seen a great many Christians buried without the tenth part of that Ceremony and Decency. Now when the Flesh is rotten and Moulder'd from the Bones they take up the Carcass and clean the Bones, and join them together; afterwards, they dress them up in pure white dressed Deer-Skins, and lay them amongst their Grandees and Kings in the Quiogozon, which is their royal Tomb or Burial-Place of their Kings and War-Captains. This is a very large Magnificent Cabin, (according to their Building) which is raised at the Publick Charge of the Nation, and maintained in a great deal of form and Neatness. About seven foot high is a Floor or Loft made, on which lie all their Princes and great Men, that have died for several hundred years, all attired in the dress I have before told you of. No person is to have his bones lie here and be thus dressed, unless he gives a round sum of their Money to the Rulers, for Admittance. If they remove never so far, to live in a Foreign Country, they never fail to take all these dead Bones with them, tho' the Tediousness of their short daily Marches keeps them never so long on their Journey. They reverence and adore this Quiogozon, with all the Veneration and Respect that is possible for such a People to discharge, and had rather lose all than have any Violence or Injury offer'd thereto. These Savages differ some small matter in their Burials; some burying right upwards, and otherwise, as you are acquainted withal from my Journal from South to North Carolina. Yet they all agree in their Mourning, which is to appear every night at the Sepulchre, and howl and weep in a very dismal manner, having their Faces dawb'd over with Light-Wood Soot, (which is the same as Lamp-Black) and Bear's Oil. This renders them as black as it is possible to make themselves, so that theirs very much resem-

bles the Faces of Executed Men boil'd in Tar. If the Dead Person was a Grandee, to carry on the Funeral Ceremonies, they hire people to cry and lament over the Dead Body. Of this sort, there are several that practice this for a livelihood, and are very expert at shedding Abundance of Tears, and howling like Wolves and so discharging their office with abundance of Hypocrisy and Art. The Women are never Accompanied with these Ceremonies after Death; and to what World they allot that sex I never understood, unless to wait on their dead Husbands; but they have more wit than some of the Eastern Nations; who sacrifice themselves to accompany their Husbands into the next World. It is the Dead Man's relations, by Blood, as his Uncles, Brothers, Sisters, Cousins, Sons and Daughters, that mourn in good earnest; the Wives thinking their Duty is discharged, and that they are become free, when their Husband is dead; so, as fast as they can, look out for another, to supply his Place.

As for the Indian Women, which now happen in my Way; when young, and at Maturity, they are as fine-shap'd Creatures (take them generally) as any in the Universe. They are of a tawny Complexion, their Eyes very brisk and amorous; their Smiles afford the finest Composure a face can possess; their Hands are of the finest make, with small long Fingers, and as soft as their Cheeks; and their Whole bodies of a smooth Nature. They are not so uncouth or unlikely, as we suppose them. . . . When any young Indian has a mind for such a Girl to his Wife, he, or some one for him, goes to the Young Woman's Parents, if living; if not to her nearest Relations; where they make offers of the Match betwixt the Couple. The Relations reply, they will consider of it, which serves for a sufficient Answer, till there be a second meeting about the Marriage which is generally brought into Debate before all the Relations (that are Old People) on both Sides; and sometimes the King with all his great Men to give their Opinions therein, if it be agreed on, and the young Woman approves thereof (for these Savages never give their children in Marriage without their own consent) the man pays so much for his Wife; and the Handsomer she is, the greater Price she bears. Now, it often happens that the Man has not so much of their Money ready as he is to pay for his Wife; but if

they know him to be a good Hunter, and that he can raise the Sum, agreed for, in some few Moons, or any little time, they agree, she shall go along with him as betroth'd. Yet the Women are quite contrary, and those Indian Girls that have convers'd with the English and other Europeans never care for the conversation of their Countrymen afterwards. The Indian men are not so vigorous and impatient in their Love as we are. They never marry so near as a first Cousin; and although there is nothing more coveted amongst them than to marry a Woman of their own Nation, yet when the Nation consists of a very few People (as nowadays it often happens, so that they are all of them related to one another) then they look out for Husbands and Wives amongst strangers. An Indian is allowed to marry two Sisters, or his Brother's Wife. The Marriages of these Indians are no farther binding than the Man and Woman agree together. Either of them has Liberty to leave the other upon any frivolous excuse they can make, yet whoever takes the Woman that was another Man's before, and bought by him, as they all are, must certainly pay to her former Husband, whatsoever he gave for her. Nay, if she be a Widow and her Husband died in debt, whoever takes her to Wife, pays all her Husband's Obligations, tho' never so many; yet the Woman is not required to pay anything (unless she is willing) that was owing from her Husband, so long as she keeps single. You may see Men selling their Wives as Men do horses in a Fair, a Man being allow'd not only to change as often as he pleases, but likewise to have as Many Wives as he is able to Maintain. I have very often seen very Old Indian Men (that have been Grandees in their Own Nation) have three or four very likely young Indian Wives, which I have much wondered at. They are never to boast of their Intrigues with the Women. This proceeds not on the score of Reputation, for there is no such thing known amongst them; yet they retain and possess a Modesty which requires those passions never to be Divulged. . . . The Indians say, that the Woman is a weak creature, and easily drawn away by the Man's Persuasions; for which reason they lay no blame upon her, but the Man (who ought to be the master of his Passion) for persuading her to it.

They are of a very hale Constitution, their breaths are as

sweet as the air they breathe in, yet their love is never of that Force and Continuance that any of them ever runs Mad or makes away with themselves on that score. They never love beyond retrieving their first indifferences and when slighted are as ready to untie the knot at one end as you are at the other. Yet I knew an European man who after living with one of these Indian Women married a Christian, and when he went to visit his Indian Mistress she made answer that she then had forgot she ever knew him, so fell a crying and went out of the Cabin (away from him) in great disorder.

JOSEPH LECONTE

[1823—1901]

H. C. WHITE

JOSEPH LE CONTE was born on the plantation of "Woodsmanton," Liberty County, Georgia, February 26, 1823, and died in the Yosemite Valley, California, July 6, 1901, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

The LeConte family is of Huguenot extraction. Guillaume LeConte, a native and citizen of Rouen, emigrated in 1685, in the troublous times succeeding the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and, after serving as an officer in the army of William of Orange in Holland and England, settled at New Rochelle, not far from New York City, in 1695. A grandson, Louis, born in Shrewsbury, New Jersey, August 4, 1782, removed to Georgia in 1810, assuming the management of large landed estates belonging to the family in Liberty and Bryan Counties. There he married, in 1812, Ann Quarterman, a descendant of the colony of Dorchester Puritans which had settled in Liberty County in 1750. The issue of this marriage was four sons and three daughters; the fifth child and youngest son is the subject of this sketch.

Joseph LeConte's mother was an orthodox Puritan, rigorous as to morality and the observances of her sect, but of highly artistic temperament, passionately fond of music and painting, and proficient in both. She died when he was but three years of age; he remembered her but slightly, but was her debtor for a large inheritance of artistic instincts which were no small factor in deciding his career and determining the quality of his achievements. His father, a graduate of Columbia (1799), was a cultured, scholarly gentleman with an extremely forceful personality. An excellent classical scholar and fine mathematician, he was, besides, an ardent lover of science and a keen observer of natural phenomena. Possessed of wealth; administering the affairs of a large plantation in the patriarchal manner of slavery days; owner of extensive fields and forests, streams, and swamps, remote from congested populations and teeming with the wild, luxuriant life of a semi-tropical region, he had abundant leisure and opportunity to gratify his own scholarly tastes and love of nature and to impart them to his children. An excellent library was supplied with the standard books and periodicals of the day, and a chemical laboratory was established in the attic of the dwelling-

house, which was surrounded by a "botanical garden," famous throughout the South for the extent, variety, and beauty of its products and its intelligent arrangement for purposes of study. The woods and swamps abounded in game; the streams in fish; and the mild Southern climate afforded an indulgence throughout the year in the healthful plantation sports of riding and swimming, hunting and fishing. Amid these surroundings, ideal for development of the sound mind in sound body, an accomplished and affectionate father was chief tutor to the young LeContes and director and companion in their sports.

Of systematic, elementary schooling Joseph had but little. He attended, occasionally and irregularly, the "old-field schools" of the neighborhood. Among his teachers—and the only one, it seems, who impressed him seriously—was Alexander H. Stephens, the famous Georgia statesman. Prepared for college by his father, he entered the University of Georgia in January, 1838, and was graduated, A.B., in August, 1841. After an extended and interesting visit, with other members of the family, to Washington, New York, and Boston, the two following years were spent mainly on the plantation, with a few months given to the nominal study of medicine under Dr. Charles West of Macon, and an elder brother, Dr. John LeConte, in Savannah. In the autumn of 1843 he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York and was graduated M.D., in May, 1845. The summer vacation of 1844 had been spent in a long and interesting journey with a cousin through the region of the Great Lakes, returning by the then thinly-settled States of the Northwest, an experience which had a marked influence upon his future career.

Returning to the leisurely life of the plantation, on January 14, 1846, he married Miss Caroline Elizabeth Nisbet, of Macon, to which city he removed two years later, in January, 1848, and began the practice of medicine. The life of the general practitioner was extremely distasteful to him; the call of the scholar and investigator was in the blood; so, in August, 1850, he abandoned the profession and entered Agassiz's laboratory at Harvard as a special student and was graduated B.S. from the Sheffield Scientific School in June, 1851. His association with Agassiz was extremely intimate, and in January, 1851, he accompanied him on a famous zoölogical expedition to the reefs of Florida. Returning to Georgia, in November, 1851, he was appointed professor of natural science in Oglethorpe University at Midway, Georgia. In December, 1852, his Alma Mater, the University of Georgia, called him to the chair of geology and natural history, which he held until December, 1856, resigning to accept the professorship of chemistry and geology in

the South Carolina College at Columbia, South Carolina, which post he held until the disbandment of the college by stress of war in June, 1862. During the war he engaged in technical chemical work for the Confederacy in connection with the manufacture of medical and ordnance supplies. At the close of the war the college was reorganized as the University of South Carolina, and LeConte resumed his chair until the atrocities of the Reconstruction made further connection with the institution intolerable. In August, 1869, therefore, he accepted the professorship of geology and natural history in the newly-established University of California, which post he held until his death.

In appearance LeConte was of medium height, rather slender, but sturdy and well-favored. Devoted to out-door sports, he excelled particularly in swimming. On a visit to Tallulah Falls in North Georgia, in 1845, he made a daily practice of bathing in the dangerous Hawthorn Pool, shunned by the ordinary expert, and, at the age of seventy-seven he was still daring and proficient in the art. He was kindly and amiable in disposition; keenly appreciative of humor; sensitive in matters of honor and affection. His domestic relations were of the happiest character throughout his life and his friends were many and sincere. He was always most popular among the students and the best beloved professor in the several faculties of which he formed a part. His life ran smoothly from start to finish, unbroken by calamity save the inevitable deaths of near and dear relatives and the horrors—of which he witnessed a full share—visited upon his people by the great war.

With the combined inheritance of Puritan and Huguenot, in matters of religion he was, in early life, as he himself expresses it, "orthodox of the orthodox." "Later, as thought germinated and grew apace, I adopted a liberal interpretation of orthodoxy; then gradually I became unorthodox; then in deep sympathy with the most liberal movement of Christian thought; and finally to some extent a leader in that movement." His father, although "in the truest sense religious," was no church member, but attended regularly, with his wife, the Puritan-Congregationalist Church at Midway, of which she was a devout member. While a student at Athens, LeConte, at the age of seventeen, united himself with the Presbyterian Church—the "nearest in faith" in the community to that attended by his parents. He was never active, however, in church work, although deeply religious; and throughout his life he cared "little for denominational differences." A rare combination of breadth and tolerance of spirit with strong religious conviction is manifested in the tone of all his philosophical writings and adds greatly to their power and charm.

The circumstances of LeConte's life were such that he gave an unusual number of years to preparation for his ultimate serious work. In early manhood his career and choice of a profession were long undecided. The esthetic and artistic impulses inherited from his mother inclined him strongly to some form of literary pursuit as a field for expression of the idealistic thought to which he felt himself moved. For a brief moment he contemplated entering the ministry as affording opportunity to become a great preacher. Literature as a pursuit was then practically unknown in the South; publication of literary efforts was rare, and facilities for publication were even more scant than now. Had he lived in New England he might have become an imaginative writer of great merit or perhaps a fair poet. On the other hand, he shared his father's enthusiasm for scientific research, to which, indeed, the imaginative faculty is essential, and this was stimulated by the education of his boyhood at his father's hands on the great, wild plantation, with its constant close communion with Nature, its botanical garden, and its chemical laboratory. Tentatively he adopted the profession of medicine, with no taste or love for the actual practice of the healing art; but as furnishing at the time the fittest opportunity for scientific investigation. He first really found himself when, at twenty-seven, he came under the influence of Agassiz and caught inspiration and direction from intimate association with that wonderful genius and teacher. Thenceforth his line of intellectual endeavor was clearly marked out, and was followed brilliantly and without deviation to the end.

Geology—in many respects the greatest of the natural sciences, making application, on a cosmic scale, of all the others, and embracing the study and interpretation of the grand phenomena concerned with the formation and development of the earth—afforded an appropriate and congenial field for the exercise of his peculiar and great intellectual powers. To this branch of science, therefore, stimulated by the advice and example of Agassiz, he devoted himself with ardor and enthusiasm as student, investigator, and teacher. His creative work began while he was still connected with the colleges of the South. It reached full fruition, however, only after his transfer to California, where a lesser burden of routine duties gave greater leisure for investigative work, and the magnificent mountains and valleys of the geologically-young Pacific Coast afforded rare opportunity for first-hand observation of the phenomena in which he was particularly interested. It was during his residence in California that his chief scientific work was done and his most important publications were made. A typical product of the "ante-bellum" South, LeConte rang true to his birth and breeding. Thinking high thoughts, musing upon things beautiful, frequently reaching,

along original lines, the most profound of philosophical conceptions, interchange of intellectual product by the men of the South was mainly through personal conversation or correspondence or the oratory of special occasion, and little provision was made or desire entertained for permanent preservation. This lofty modesty—the outgrowth, doubtless, of the fine sensitiveness of Southern character which was, in some measure, the glory and, in large measure, the misfortune of Southern letters—LeConte shared to the full. Many of his earlier papers, on a variety of topics, were prepared for local clubs or occasional addresses and few were given more permanent form than the written page. As his manuscripts met destruction during the war, the loss was complete. Subsequently he reproduced many of his earlier ideas in later publications, but there can be no doubt that much of the peculiar flavor of the earlier forms was lost.

Primarily, LeConte was a man of science. He investigated in many fields and contributed largely to the publications of many scientific bodies. The variety and extent of his papers are exhibited by the bibliography appended to this sketch. Of the technical value of his scientific work this is perhaps not the appropriate place to speak in detail. It may be stated briefly, however, that his original contributions to a correct theory of Vision are regarded among physicists as especially noteworthy, and that his fame as a geologist rests chiefly upon his original and brilliant exposition of the genesis of mountains.

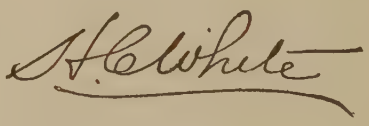
But he was philosopher no less than science-specialist. He pondered deeply upon the relations of his interpretations of nature to human interests, and was ever mindful that the soul of Man was chiefest creation of the universe, believing firmly that all lesser phenomena might be construed to understanding of its purpose. His philosophical reflections are as admirable in their way as his contributions to the truths of science are valuable.

He was, withal, a charming writer, and in his popular treatment of scientific and philosophical subjects he exhibits a literary style which easily ranks him among the producers of good and abiding literature. Truly eloquent as a lecturer by reason of the clearness, the conscientious accuracy and the simplicity in language of his expression, as a writer he is lucid, direct, forceful, and convincing. His great imaginative powers he held strictly to the "scientific use," but they are manifested abundantly, nevertheless, in all the productions of his pen. The results of keen observation, close analysis, and strict logical reasoning are clothed in artistic forms which add literary excellence in expression to the scientific value or the philosophic acceptability of the conclusions which he presents. His

papers on technical scientific subjects may be read with delight by untechnical readers; his great text-book on the 'Elements of Geology' is virtually self-teaching by reason of the charm and simplicity of its style; and his admirable little book on 'Evolution in its Relation to Christian Thought' has probably been more widely read and has received a larger measure of general appreciation than any other single contribution to the profoundly interesting subject with which it deals.

During his life LeConte was the recipient, at home and abroad, of many honors and scholarly appreciations of his work. He became a member of the Georgia Medical Society in 1849; member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1850, Councillor and General Secretary in 1861 and President in 1891; first vice-president of the American Committee and presiding officer of the International Geological Congress in 1891; member of the California Academy of Science in 1870; of the National Academy of Science in 1875; of the American Geological Society in 1882, and its president in 1895; of the National Educational Association in 1892; of the American Institute of Mining Engineers in 1894; was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws by Princeton University on the occasion of the sesquicentennial celebration in 1896; and was a member of numerous minor scientific, literary, and philosophical societies.

He died in a manner and amid surroundings befitting his life and work, at an advanced age; in full possession of his faculties; suddenly and without pain; surrounded by affectionate members of his family and devoted, admiring friends; in the open, among the mountains he dearly loved and intimately knew; on a camping trip in the grand Valley of the Yosemite.



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(Excellent material for gaining a correct estimate of the man, prepared by him shortly before his death and published a few months thereafter.)

PERSONALITY OF DEITY

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I WISH you to understand, once for all, that I stand on the same platform as every one of you; that I do not appear before you as one having authority to teach you upon these high subjects: I do not come having a commission in my hand, except such a commission as every one holds to exert all his influence on the side of truth and virtue. I simply present here the thoughts of one who has thought intensely, if not profoundly, and felt still more intensely, upon subjects which must stir the heart of every one in this audience—subjects of such vital importance that, in comparison, all others sink into insignificance; the thoughts of one who has all his life sought with passionate ardor the truth revealed in the one book, but who clings no less passionately to the hopes revealed in the other.

Perhaps some of you think that this very position puts me in a condition of *prejudice;* that a condition of intellectual indifferency is absolutely necessary for sound and fair judgment. I know many think so. On the contrary, I assert that intense interest and love of the truths revealed in both books is the only condition of a rational view of their mutual relations.

Not many Sundays ago I heard an eloquent minister, standing in this place, say, "It is impossible to know a man *unless you first love him.*" There is a profound truth in this remark. You cannot be a wise philanthropist unless you deeply sympathize with human nature, unless you love your fellow-men. You cannot understand the character of children unless you deeply sympathize with them and love them. You cannot understand your friend unless you first love him. Indifferency shuts the door of the mind as well as of the heart. Hate not only shuts but double-locks it, and throws away the key. Only Love can open it. Now, what is true of persons is no less true of subjects. It is impossible to judge fairly of any theory, of any philosophy, of any subject, unless you are deeply interested, unless you deeply sympathize with and love its spirit. This is true even in the lower departments of

thought, but more and more true as the subjects become more complex. As we rise higher and higher we find it more and more necessary to bring the affections to the work, until, in the highest of all, in religious subjects, the language of Scripture is literally true, *we understand with the heart more than with the head.* I repeat, then, that it is impossible to judge fairly and appreciate thoroughly the mutual relations of these two revelations unless we deeply sympathize with and love the truths contained in both.

After this introduction, defining my position, I announce as the subject of this my first lecture, as well as of one or two following, the *"Personality of Deity as revealed in Nature."*

Theism, or a belief in God or in gods, or in a super-natural agency of some kind controlling the phenomena around us, is the fundamental basis and condition of all religion, and is therefore universal, necessary, and intuitive. I will not, therefore, attempt to bring forward any proof of that which lies back of all proof, and is already more certain than anything can be made by any process of reasoning. The ground of this belief lies in the very nature of man; it is the very foundation and ground-work of reason. It is this and this only which gives significance to Nature; without it, neither religion, nor science, nor indeed human life, would be possible. For, observe what is the characteristic of man in his relation to external Nature. To the brute the phenomena of Nature are nothing but sensuous phenomena: but man, just in proportion as he uses his human faculties, instinctively ascends from the phenomena to their cause. This is inevitable by a law of our nature, but the process of ascent is different for the cultured and uncultured races. The uncultured man, when a phenomenon occurs, the cause of which is not immediately perceived, passes by one step from the sensuous phenomenon to the first cause; while the cultured and especially the scientific man passes from the sensuous phenomenon through a chain of secondary causes to the first cause. This region of second causes, and this only, is the domain of science.

Science may, in fact, be defined as the *study of the modes of operation of the first cause.*

It is evident, therefore, that the recognition of second

causes cannot preclude the idea of the existence of God. If, in tracing the chain of causes upward, we stop at any cause, or force, or principle, that force or principle becomes for us God, since it is the efficient agent controlling the phenomena of the universe. Thus, Theism is necessary, intuitive, and therefore, universal. We cannot get rid of it if we would. Push it out, as many do, at the front-door, and it comes in again, perhaps unrecognized, at the back-door. Turn it out in its *nobler forms* as revealed in Scripture, and it comes in again in its *ignoble forms,* it may be as magnetism, electricity, or gravity, or some other supposed efficient agent controlling Nature. In some form, noble or ignoble, it will become a guest in the human heart. I therefore repeat, *Theism neither requires nor admits of proof.*

But in these latter times there is a strong tendency for Theism to take the form of *Pantheism,* and thereby religious belief is robbed of all its power over the human heart. It becomes necessary, therefore, for me to attempt to show, not the existence, indeed, but the *personality of Deity.* If I were lecturing to an unlettered audience, this would not be necessary, for the mind naturally conceives of God as a person. But, among a certain class of cultivated minds, and especially among scientific men, there is a growing sentiment, sometimes openly expressed, sometimes only vaguely felt, that what we call God is only a universal, all pervading principle animating Nature—a general principle of evolution—an unconscious, impersonal life-force under which the whole cosmos slowly develops. Now, this form of Theism may possibly satisfy the demands of a purely speculative philosophy, but cannot satisfy the cravings of the human heart. For practical religion—for a religion which connects itself with morality, and influences human life, which shall make us better men and women, which shall be the agent of human progress—we must have more than this, we must have a personal Deity; not indeed a material form, but a personal Will and Intelligence, a Father of our spirits, one to whom we come in our ignorance and darkness for guidance and light, in our weakness for help, in our hungerings after spiritual food for daily bread; into whose image by daily communion we may be more and more transfigured;

by steadfast upward gazing into whose face we may be drawn higher and higher.

Now, it is precisely such a personal Being, which as you all know is revealed in Scripture, underlying in fact every line of its language; it is such a personal Deity which, as I am convinced, is revealed in Nature also, and underlies all her language.

The argument for the personality of Deity is derived from the evidences of intelligent contrivance and design in Nature; or the adjustment of parts for a definite and an intelligible purpose. It is usually called "*the argument from design.*" The force of this argument is felt at once intuitively by all minds, and its effect is irresistible and overwhelming to every plain, honest mind, unplagued by metaphysical subtleties. Even in minds thus troubled the effect is still intuitive and irresistible in all cases except in a work of Nature, that is, of God.

But some will say, "The very object of science is to destroy popular intuitions." There cannot be a greater mistake. There are two great functions of science. One is the discovery of *new* truth; the other and far the more characteristic is to give clear and perfect form to *old* truth—to give rational form to the vague intuitions of the popular mind—to winnow out the chaff from the grain, separate the dross from the gold. This it does by means of its admirable methods. As is the eye among the sense-organs, so is science among the means of acquiring knowledge: as the vague perceptions of the external world received through the other senses are changed into clear, distinct, definite knowledge only through the delicately-adjusted mechanism of the eye; even so the vague intuitions of the popular mind and even of philosophic genius take clear, distinct, and permanent form only through the exquisitely-delicate methods and processes of science. This, I repeat, is the more characteristic function of science. The discovery of new truth does not seem to come by any characteristic method. When a great truth is discovered by scientific genius, it seems to come suddenly, like a revelation. It seems to be by the same faculty of intuition which is common to all minds, but which in its highest forms we call *genius.* But the characteristic work of science is the subsequent verification of that truth, and the putting it into clear, exact, permanent shape. In other

words, intuition quarries the blocks—huge, shapeless masses unfit for building-purposes; science hews and shapes them in proper forms and fits them into the edifice. This is the characteristic work of science—this constructive mason-work, by which knowledge is gradually built up into a beautiful edifice.

Now, in these latter times, there has been so much of this stone-cutting, the clink of the scientific hammer and chisel so deafens our ears, that the function of the quarrier is in danger of being underrated, if not entirely overlooked. Few appreciate how many of the greatest blocks of truth have been quarried by popular and philosophic intuitions. Let us, then, learn to respect popular intuitions. The intuitions of the human heart and the human mind, when strong and universal, are always true, although the form of truth may be vague and crude. The function of science is not to destroy these, but to shape them.

Thus much I have thought it necessary to say concerning the nature of the argument from design, because it has been the fashion to speak of it with contempt as "the carpenter's theory of the universe."

But you will ask me: "Do you then, reject the doctrine of evolution? Do you accept the creation of species *directly* and without secondary agencies and processes?" I answer, No! Science knows nothing of phenomena which do not take place by secondary causes and processes. She does not deny such occurrence, for true Science is not dogmatic; and she knows full well that, tracing up phenomena from cause to cause, we must reach somewhere the most direct agency of a First Cause. But a phenomenon referred to direct agency of the First Cause is immediately put beyond the domain of Science. The domain of Science is secondary causes and processes—is all that lies between the phenomenon, the object of *sense,* and the First Cause, the object of *faith.* Science passes from sensible phenomena to immediate causes, from these to other higher causes; and thus by a continuous chain she rises higher and still higher until she approaches the Great First Cause, until she stands before the very throne of God Himself. But there she doffs her robes, she lays down her sceptre, and veils her face.

It is evident, therefore, that, however species were intro-

duced, whether suddenly or gradually, it is the duty of science ever to strive to understand the means and processes by which species originated. This is her only domain; she would belie her character and her mission if she did not.

Now, of the various conceivable secondary causes and processes, by means of some of which we must believe species originated, by far the most probable is certainly that of *evolution* from other species. This, be it observed, is by no means proved; but if species originated by secondary causes at all (and no other view is scientific), surely this is far the most probable. But, admitting evolution is probable, there still remain the questions of the cause and the mode of evolution.

First, as to the *cause* of the origin of new forms, whether it be (*a*) the pressure of *external conditions* modifying organic structure and the modification transmitted by inheritance, and the same process continued from generation to generation, as supposed by some; or whether it be (*b*) *improvement of organs by use* and the improvement transmitted by inheritance to be again improved upon, and so on, as others suppose; or whether it be (*c*) by *divergent variation of offspring and survival of the fittest* in the sharp struggle for life, as supposed by Darwin; or whether, admitting all these as factors of change, there be not (*d*) a fourth *unknown factor* far more important than all; these are questions yet to be solved by science. My own very strong conviction, however (and I think many others are coming to the same conclusion), is that no theory of evolution yet proposed explains the origin of species, that the factors mentioned above (*a, b, c*) may produce *varieties,* but not species, much less genera, orders, and classes; that the great factor of change and the real cause of evolution are still unknown. Evolution may be the universal formal law of the universe of Time, but the cause of this law is yet undiscovered. The Time universe may have its Keplers, but its Newton has not yet arrived.

Again, as to the mode of origin of new species. Is it by *uniform rate of change* and by gradations so insensible that, if we only had all the links, there would be no such thing as species at all, or is it by more or less *paroxysmal change?* This question is yet undecided; nevertheless, as I have already said,

all the real evidence which we have is in favor of paroxysmal change. It may be meagre, but it is all we have.

Most naturalists seem to think that sudden change is inconsistent with the evolution. It may, indeed, be inconsistent with any theory now before the scientific world; but this only shows that we have not yet a true theory of evolution. But others say the constancy of Nature's laws necessitates change by insensible gradations. "Nature," they say, "never goes by leaps." On the contrary, although laws and forces are constant, phenomena almost always change by leaps. Meteorological phenomena, such as storms and lightning—geological phenomena, such as earthquakes and volcanoes, are paroxysmal. Even embryonic development, the very type of all evolution, is paroxysmal always in some of its steps and in many animals in several of its steps. Is it, then, inconceivable or contrary to the known analogies of Nature that the evolution of the organic kingdom should also have its periods of paroxysmal change? On the contrary, it seems to me far more probable that in the evolution of the organic kingdom, as in the evolution of the earth, in the evolution of society, in the evolution of the egg, in fact, as in all evolution, there have been periods of comparative quiet and periods of rapid change. How rapid these changes have been can only be determined by further observations. All I wish to insist on is, that the mind should not be closed against sudden or paroxysmal change by any idea that such change is inconsistent with evolution by secondary causes.

Let me insist, however, that it can make no difference, so far as the argument for design is concerned, whether there be evolution or not; or whether in case of evolution, the evolutionary change be paroxysmal or uniform. The existence of contrivance is one thing, the mode by which the contrivance is effected is quite another thing. The sudden appearance of species, with all their admirable contrivances complete, might be a relief to our finite minds—might strengthen the wavering faith of some, but cannot affect the real argument in any way.

Thus, then, you will observe that skepticism takes its first refuge in the past eternity of existing contrivances, or else, in the case of organisms, in the eternity of the species. Driven

from this by geology, it takes its next refuge in the eternity of the organic kingdom. Driven again from this, it takes its next refuge in the eternity of the cosmos. Driven from this also, as it has been, it takes its last refuge beyond the domain of Science, in the eternity of matter and material forces. Thus in every case it seeks refuge in our ignorance—it flies ever before the light of Science, and finds safety and rest only beyond her domain.

WHAT IS EVOLUTION?

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We have shown continuously progressive change in organic forms during the whole geologic history of the earth, similar in a general way to that observed in embryonic development. We wish now to show that the *laws of change* are similar in the two cases. What, then, are the laws of succession of forms in geologic times? I have been accustomed to formulate them thus: The law of differentiation; The law of progress of the whole; The law of cyclical movement. We will take up these and explain them successively, and then, afterwards, show that they are also the laws of embryonic development, and therefore the laws of evolution.

It is a most significant fact, to which attention was first strongly directed by Louis Agassiz, that the earliest representatives of any group, whether class, order, or family, were not what we would now call typical representatives of that group; but, on the contrary, they were, in a wonderful degree, connecting links; that is, that along with their distinctive classic, ordinal, or family characters they possessed also other characters which connected them closely with other classes, orders, or families, now widely distinct, without connecting links or intermediate forms. For example: The earliest vertebrates were fishes, but not typical fishes. On the contrary, they were fishes so closely connected by many characters with amphibian reptiles, that we hardly know whether to call some of them reptilian fishes, or fish-like reptiles. From these, as from a common vertebrate stem, were afterwards separated, by slow changes from generation to generation, in two direc-

tions, the typical fishes and the true reptiles. So, also, to take another example, the first birds were far different from typical birds as we now know them. They were, on the contrary, birds so reptilian in character, that there is still some doubt whether bird characters or reptilian characters predominate in the mixture, and therefore whether they ought to be called reptilian birds or bird-like reptiles. From this common stem, the more specialized modern reptiles branched off in one direction and typical birds in another, and intermediate forms became extinct; until *now,* the two classes stand widely apart, without apparent genetic connection. This subject will be more fully treated hereafter, and other examples given. These two will be sufficient now to make the idea clear.

Such early forms combining the characters of two or more groups, now widely separated, were called by Agassiz *connecting types, combining types, synthetic types,* and sometimes *prophetic* types; by Dana, *comprehensive* types; and by Huxley, *generalized* types. They are most usually known now as *generalized* types, and their widely-separated outcomes *specialized* types. Thus, in general, we may say that the widely-separated groups of the present day, when traced back in geological times, approach one another more and more until they finally unite to form common stems, and these in their turn unite to form a common trunk. From such a common trunk, by successive branching and rebranching, each branch taking a different direction, and all growing wider and wider apart (differentiation), have been gradually generated all the diversified forms which we see at the present day. The last leafy ramifications—flower-bearing and fruit-bearing—of this tree of life, are the fauna and flora of the present epoch. The law might be called a law of ramification, of *specialization* of the parts, and diversification of the whole.

Many imagine that progress is the one law of evolution in fact, that evolution and progress are coextensive and convertible terms. They imagine that in evolution the movement must be upward and onward in all parts; that degeneration is the opposite of evolution. This is far from the truth. There is doubtless, in evolution, progress to higher and higher planes; but not along every line, nor in every part; for this would be contrary to the law of differentiation. It is only progress of

the whole organic kingdom in its entirety. We can best make this clear by an illustration. A growing tree branches and again branches *in all directions,* some branches going upward, some sidewise, and some downward—anywhere, everywhere, for light and air; but the whole tree grows ever taller in its higher branches, larger in the circumference of its outstretching arms, and more diversified in structure. Even so the tree of life, by the law of differentiation, branches and rebranches continually in all directions—some branches going upward to higher planes (progress), some pushing horizontally, neither rising nor sinking, but only going farther from the generalized origin (specialization); some going downward (degeneration), anywhere, everywhere, for an unoccupied place in the economy of Nature; but the whole tree grows ever higher in its highest parts, grander in its proportions, and more complexly diversified in its structure.

It may be well to pause here a moment to show how this mistaken identification of evolution with progress alone, without modification by the more fundamental laws of differentiation, has given rise to misconceptions in the popular and even scientific mind. The biologist is continually met with the question: "Do you mean to say that any one of the invertebrates, such, for instance, as a spider, may eventually in the course of successive generations, become a vertebrate, or that a dog or a monkey is on the highway to become a man?" By no means. There is but one straight and narrow way to the highest in evolution as in all else, and few there be that have found it—in fact, probably two or three only at every step. The animals mentioned above have diverged from that way. In their ancestral history, they have missed the golden opportunity, if they ever had it. It is easy to go on in the way they have chosen, but impossible to get back on the ascending trunk-line. To compare again with the growing tree, only one straight trunk-line leads upward to the terminal bud. A branch once separated must grow its own way if it grow at all.

Of the same nature is the mistake of some extreme evolutionists, such as Dr. Bastian and Professor Hæckel, and nearly all anti-evolutionists, viz., that of imagining that the truth of evolution and that of spontaneous generation must stand or fall together. On the contrary, *if* life did *once arise*

spontaneously from any lower forces, physical or chemical, by natural *process, the conditions necessary for so extraordinary a change could hardly be expected to occur but once in the history of the earth.* They are, therefore, *now,* not only unreproducible, but unimaginable. Such golden opportunities do not recur. Evolution goes only onward. Therefore, the impossibility of the derivation of life from non-life *now,* is no more an argument against such a derivation *once,* than is the hopelessness of a worm ever becoming a vertebrate *now,* an argument against the derivative origin of vertebrates. Doubtless if life were now extinguished from the face of the earth, it could not again be rekindled by any natural process known to us; but the same is probably true of every step of evolution. If any class—for example, mammals—were now destroyed, it could not be re-formed from any other class now living. It would be necessary to go back to the time and conditions of the separation of this class from the reptilian stem. Therefore, the falseness of the doctrine of abiogenesis, so far from being any argument against evolution, is exactly what a true conception of evolution and knowledge of its laws would lead us to expect.

The movement of evolution has ever been onward and upward, it is true, but not at uniform rate in the whole, and especially in the parts. On the contrary, it has plainly moved in successive cycles. The tide of evolution rose ever higher and higher, without ebb, but it nevertheless came in successive waves, each higher than the preceding and overborne by the succeeding. These successive cycles are the dynasties or reigns of Agassiz, and of Dana; the reign of mollusks, the reign of fishes, of reptiles, of mammals, and finally of *man.* During the early Palæozoic times (Cambrian and Silurian) there were no vertebrates. But never in the history of the earth were mollusks of greater size, number and variety of form than then. They were truly the rulers of these early seas. In the absence of competition of still higher animals, they had things all their own way, and therefore grew into a great monopoly of power. In the later Palæozoic (Devonian) fishes were introduced. They increased rapidly in size, number, and variety; and being of higher organization they quickly usurped the empire of the seas, while the mollusca dwindled in size and

importance, and sought safety in a less conspicuous position.

In the Mesozoic times, reptiles, introduced a little earlier finding congenial conditions and an unoccupied place above, rapidly increased in number, variety, and size, until sea and land seem to have swarmed with them. Never before or since have reptiles existed in such numbers, in such variety or form, or assumed such huge proportions; nor have they ever since been so highly organized as then. They quickly became rulers in every realm of Nature—rulers of the sea, swimming reptiles; rulers of the land, walking reptiles; and rulers of the air, flying reptiles. In the unequal contest, fishes therefore sought safety in subordination. Meanwhile mammals were introduced in the Mesozoic, but small in size, low in type (marsupials), and by no means able to contest the empire with the great reptiles. But in the Cenozoic (Tertiary), the conditions apparently becoming favorable for their development, they rapidly increased in number, size, variety, and grade of organization, and quickly overpowered the great reptiles, which almost immediately sank into the subordinate position in which we now find them, and thus found comparative safety. Finally, in the Quaternary, appeared man, contending doubtfully for a while with the great mammals but soon (in Psychozoic) acquiring mastery through superior intelligence. The huge and dangerous mammals were destroyed and are still being destroyed; the useful animals and plants were preserved and made subservient to his wants; and all things on the face of the earth are being readjusted to the requirements of his rule. In all cases it will be observed that the rulers were such because, by reason of strength, organization, and intelligence, they were fittest to rule. There is always room at the top. To illustrate again by a growing tree: This successive culmination of higher and higher classes may be compared to the flowering and fruiting of successively higher and higher branches. Each uppermost branch, under the genial heat and light of direct sunshine, received in abundance by reason of position, grew rapidly, flowered, and fruited; but quickly dwindled when overshadowed by still higher branches, which, in their turn, monopolized for a time the precious sunshine.

But observe, furthermore: when each ruling class declined in importance, it did not perish, but continued in a subordi-

nate position. Thus, the whole organic kingdom became not only higher and higher in its highest forms, but also more and more complex in its structure and in the interaction of its correlated parts. . . . . .

In reproduction the new individual appears: As a germ-cell—a single microscopic living cell. Then, by growth and multiplication of cells, it becomes an egg. This may be characterized as an aggregate of *similar* cells, and therefore is not yet differentiated into tissues and organs. In other words, it is not yet visibly organized; for organization may be defined as the possession of different parts, performing different functions, and all coöperating for one given end, viz., the life and well-being of the organism. Then commences the really characteristic process of development, viz., *differentiation* or diversification. The cells are at first all alike in form and function, for all are globular in form, and each performs all the functions necessary for life. From this common point now commences development in *different directions,* which may be compared to a branching and rebranching, with more and more complex results, according as the animal is higher in the scale of organization and advances toward a state of maturity. First, the cell-aggregate (egg) separates into three distinct layers of cells, called ecto-blast, endo-blast, and meso-blast. These by further differentiation form the three fundamental groups of organs and functions, viz., the *nervous system,* the *nutritive system,* and the *blood system*: the first presiding over the exchange of *force* or influence, by action and reaction with the environment, and between the different parts of the organism; the second presiding over the exchange of *matter* with the environment, by absorption and elimination; the third presiding over exchanges of matter between different parts of the organism. The first system of functions and organs may be compared to a system of telegraphy, foreign and domestic; the second to foreign commerce; the third to an internal carrying-trade. Following out any one of these groups in higher animals, say the nervous system, it quickly differentiates again into two sub-systems, viz., cerebro-spinal and ganglionic, each having its own distinctive functions which we cannot stop to explain. Then the cerebro-spinal again differentiates into voluntary and reflex systems. All of these have

meanwhile separated into sensory and motor centers and fibers. Then, taking only the sensory fibers these again are differentiated into five special senses, each having a wholly different function. Then, finally, taking any one of these, say the *sense of touch* or feeling, this again is differentiated into many kinds of fibers, each responding to a different impression, some to heat, others to cold, still others to pressure, etc. We have taken the nervous system; but the same differentiation and redifferentiation takes place in all other systems, and is carried to higher and higher points according to the position in the scale of the animal which is to be formed. . . .

As already stated, all will admit a grand resemblance between the stages of embryonic development and those of the development of the organic kingdom. This was first brought out clearly by Louis Agassiz, and is, in fact, the greatest result of his life-work. All admit, also, that the embryonic development is a natural process. Is the development of the organic kingdom also a natural process? All biologists of the present day contend that it is; all the old-school naturalists, with Agassiz at their head, and all anti-evolutionists of every school, contend that it is not. We take Agassiz as the type of this school, because he has most fully elaborated and most distinctly formulated this view. As formulated by him, it has stood in the minds of many as an alternative and substitute for evolution.

According to the evolutionists, all organic forms, whether species, genera, families, orders, classes, etc., are variable, and, if external conditions favor, these variations accumulate in one direction and gradually produce new forms, the intermediate links being usually destroyed or dying out. According to Agassiz, the higher groups, such as genera, families, orders, etc., are indeed variable by the introduction of new species, but species are the ultimate elements of classification, and, like the ultimate elements of chemistry, are unchangeable; and, therefore, the speculations of the evolutionist concerning the transmutation of species are as vain as were the speculations of the alchemist concerning the transmutation of metals—that the origin of man, for example, from any lower species is as impossible as the origin of gold from any baser metal. Both sides admit frequent change of species during geological history, but one regards the change as a

change by gradual *transmutation* of one species *into* another through successive generations and by *natural* process, the other as change by *substitution* of one species *for* another by direct supernatural *creative act.* Both admit the gradual development of the organic kingdom as a whole through stages similar to those of embryonic development; but the one regards the whole process as natural, and therefore strictly comparable to embryonic development, the other as requiring frequent special interference of creative energy, and therefore comparable rather to the development of a building under the hand and according to the preconceived plan of an architect—a plan in this case conceived in eternity and carried out consistently through infinite time. It is seen that the essential point of difference is this: The one asserts the variability of species (if conditions favor, and time enough is given) without limit; the other asserts the permanency of specific forms, or their variability only within narrow limits. The one asserts the origin of species by "*descent with modifications,*" the other, the origin of species by "*special act of creation.*" The one asserts the law of continuity (that is, that each stage is the natural outcome of the immediately preceding stage) in this, as in every other department of Nature; the other asserts that the law of continuity (that is, of cause and effect) does not hold in this department; that the links of the chain of changes are discontinuous, the connection between them being intellectual, not physical.

ORIGIN AND STRUCTURE OF MOUNTAINS

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MOUNTAINS are the glory of our earth, the culminating points of scenic beauty and grandeur. They are so because they are also the culminating points, the theatres of the greatest activity, of all geological agencies. The study of mountain-chains, therefore, must ever be of absorbing interest, not only to the painter and the poet, but also to the geologist. A thorough knowledge of their structure, origin, and mode of formation, would undoubtedly furnish a key to the solution of many problems which now puzzle us; but their structure is as yet little known, and their origin still less so.

The general cause of mountain-chains (as in fact of all igneous phenomena) is the "reaction of the earth's hot interior upon its cooler crust." Mountain-chains seem to be produced by the secular cooling, and therefore contraction, of the earth, *greater in the interior than the exterior;* in consequence of which, the face of the old earth is become wrinkled. Or, to express it a little more fully, by the greater interior contraction, the exterior crust is subjected to enormous lateral pressure, which crushes it together, and swells it upward along certain lines, the strata, by the pressure, being at the same time thrown into more or less complex foldings. These lines of upswelled and folded strata are mountain-chains. The first grand forms thus produced are afterwards chiseled down and sculptured to their present diversified condition by means of aqueous agency. Thus much it was necessary to say of the origin of chains, in order to make the account of their structure intelligible. The theory of their origin will be given more fully hereafter.

A mountain-*chain* consists of a great plateau or bulge of the earth's surface, often hundreds of miles wide and thousands of miles long. This plateau or bulge, which is the *chain,* is usually more or less distinctly divided by great longitudinal valleys into parallel *ranges;* and these ranges are again often separated into *ridges* by smaller longitudinal valleys; and these ridges, again serrated along their crests, or divided into *peaks,* by transverse valleys.

Thus the Appalachian *chain* is a great plateau or bulge, 100 miles wide, 1,000 miles long, and 3,000 feet high. It is divided into three *ranges,* the Blue, the Alleghany, and the Cumberland, separated by great valleys, such as the Valley of Virginia and the Valley of East Tennessee. These ranges are again in some places quite distinctly divided into parallel *ridges,* which are serrated into *peaks.* The American Cordilleras consist of an enormous bulge running continuously through the whole of South and North America, nearly ten thousand miles long, and from five hundred to one thousand miles wide. This great *chain* is divided into parallel *ranges.*

In North America, there are at least three of these very conspicuous, the Rocky Mountain, the Sierra Nevada, and the Coast Range, separated by the Great Salt Lake Valley and the Valley of Central California, respectively. Each of these ranges is separated more or less perfectly into ridges and peaks, as already explained. These terms, *chain, range,* and *ridge,* are often used interchangeably. I have attempted to give a more definite meaning.

Chains are evidently always produced solely by the bulging of the crust by lateral pressure. *Ranges* are usually produced in a similar manner, that is, by greater crushing together, and therefore greater bulging along parallel lines, within the wider bulge; this is the mode of formation of the ranges of the North American Cordilleras. In such cases, they have been probably *consecutively* formed. The ranges of the Appalachian chain, however, have been formed almost entirely by erosion. The ridges and intervening longitudinal valleys are *usually,* and the *peaks,* with their intervening transverse valleys, are *always,* produced by erosion.

Such is the simplest ideal of the form of a mountain-chain; but in most cases this ideal is far from realized. In many cases the chain is a great plateau, composed of an inextricable tangle of ridges and valleys of erosion, running in all directions. In all cases, however, the erosion has been immense. Mountain-chains are the great theatres of erosion, as they are of igneous action. As a general fact, all that we see, when we stand on a mountain-chain—every peak and valley, every ridge and canon, all that constitutes scenery—is wholly due to erosion.

The enormous foldings of strata which must always occur in the formation of a mountain-chain by lateral thrust would of necessity often produce fractures at right angles to the thrust, or parallel to the folds, that is, to the range. The walls of such fissures would often slip *by readjustment* by the force of gravity, or else, in cases of great mashing together, *might be pushed one over the other by the sheer force of the horizontal thrust.* The former case would give rise to those slips in which the hanging wall has dropped down, which are by far the most common slips in gently-folded strata. The latter would give rise to those cases often found in strongly folded strata, as in the Appalachian, in which the hanging wall has been pushed upward, and slidden over the foot-wall. The *sudden rupture* of the earth's crust under accumulating horizontal forces, or the sudden slipping of the broken strata, sufficiently accounts for the phenomena of earthquakes.

It will be observed that, according to our view, beneath every thick mass of sediments there is a layer of aqueo-igneously softened matter. This it is which determines the line of yielding, and therefore the place of the mountain-chain. Perhaps this aqueo-igneous softening may be sufficient to account for some cases of semi-fused lavas and hot volcanic muds; although the intense heat of ordinary fused lavas cannot be thus accounted for. But as soon as the yielding commences, *mechanical energy,* by means of the friction of the crushed strata, *is converted into heat.* Mr. Mallet believes that the heat thus produced is sufficient to fuse the rocks. Beneath every chain, therefore, there must be, or has been, *a mass of fused matter.* Now, in the progressive crushing together of the mountain-strata, it follows inevitably that this fused matter is squeezed *into* fissures of the folded strata, forming dikes, or *squeezed out* through such fissures, and outpoured upon the surface as *great sheets of lava.* Thus the association of these lava-floods with mountain-chains is also completely accounted for; and it is simply impossible to account for them in any other way, unless, indeed, by Fisher's view of superheated steam issuing from the fissures.

No doubt the study of causes now in operation forms the only true foundation of a scientific geology. Nevertheless, the assimilation of agencies in previous geological epochs to

those now in operation may be carried too far. For instance, there is a strong tendency among the best geologists to make volcanoes or crater-eruptions (the only form of eruption now going on) the type of all igneous eruptions in all times. But the attentive study of the mode of occurrence of eruptive rocks will show that by far the larger quantity have come through fissures, as explained above, and not through craters.

No one who has examined the eruptive rocks of the Pacific coast can for a moment believe that these immense floods of lava have issued from craters. The lava-flood of the Sierra and Cascade ranges is certainly among the most extraordinary in the world. Commencing in Middle California as separate lava-*streams* (which, however, cannot be traced in any case to craters), in Northern California it becomes an almost continuous *sheet,* several hundred feet thick; and in Oregon an overwhelming *flood,* at least two thousand feet thick. In apparently undiminished thickness it then stretches through Washington Territory to the borders of British Columbia. An area eight hundred miles long and one hundred miles wide is apparently covered with a universal lava-flood, which, in the thickest part, where it is cut through by the Columbia River, is certainly not less than three thousand feet thick. Over this enormous area there are scattered about a dozen extinct volcanoes—mere pimples on its face. It is incredible that all this flood should have issued from these craters. There is no proportion between the cause and the effect. We therefore unhesitatingly adopt the view of Richthofen, that these immense floods of lava, so often associated with mountain-chains and often forming, as in this case, the great mass of the chain itself, have issued, not from *craters,* but from *fissures;* and that volcanoes or crater-eruptions are secondary phenomena, arising from the access of water to the hot interior portions of great fissure-eruptions. Thus, as monticules are parasites on volcanoes, so are volcanoes parasites on fissure-eruptions, and fissure-eruptions themselves parasites on an interior fluid mass. This interior fluid mass, however, according to Richthofen, is the supposed *universal liquid interior;* while, according to our view, it is *the sub-mountain reservoir, locally formed,* as above explained.

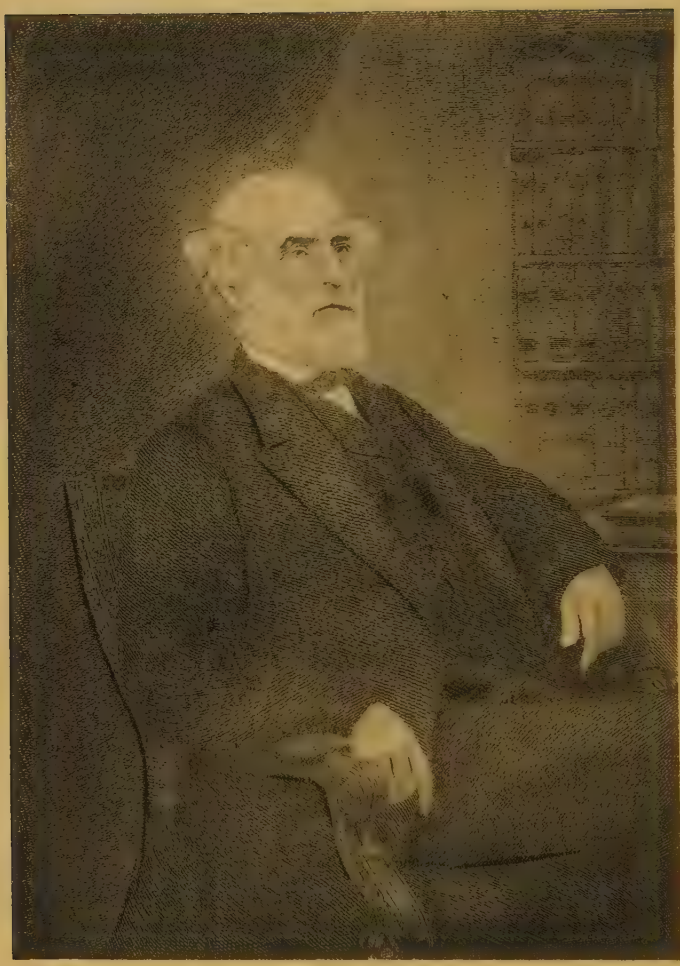
By this theory it is necessary to suppose that there have

been, in the history of the earth, *periods of comparative quiet,* during which the forces of change were gathering strength; *and periods of revolutionary change*—periods of gradually-increasing horizontal pressure, and periods of yielding and consequent mountain-formation. These latter would also be periods of great fissure-eruptions, and would be followed during the period of comparative quiet by volcanoes gradually decreasing in activity. The last of these great fissure-eruption periods in the United States occurred in the later Tertiary. Since then we have been in a crater-eruption period, which has been steadily decreasing in activity, until only geysers and hot springs remain to tell us of the still hot interior masses of the great fissure-erupted lavas. The periods of revolution separate the great eras and ages of geological history, and are marked by *unconformity, because the sea-margin sediments,* upon which the sediments of the next period are necessarily deposited, are *crumpled up;* and also by change of species, because changes of physical geography determine changes of climate, and therefore enforced migration of species.

The theory here presented accounts for all the principal facts associated in mountain-chains. This is the true test of its general truth. It explains satisfactorily the following facts: 1. The most usual position of mountain-chains on the borders of continents. 2. When there are several ranges belonging to one system, these have been formed successively coast-ward. 3. Mountain-chains are masses of immensely thick sediments. 4. The strata of which mountain-chains are composed, are strongly folded, and, where the materials are suitable, are affected with slaty cleavage; both the fold and the cleavage being usually parallel to the chain. 5. The strata of mountain-chains are usually affected with metamorphism, which is great in proportion to the height of the chain and the complexity of the foldings. 6. Great fissure-eruptions and volcanoes are usually associated with mountain-chains. 7. Many other minor phenomena, such as fissures, slips, and earthquakes, it equally accounts for.

The Reverend O. Fisher and Captain Dutton have objected to the above view, that at the calculable rate at which the earth is now cooling, the amount of contraction is wholly inadequate

to produce the supposed effect. But even if this be true, the objection does not touch the *fact* of contraction which is certain, but only the *cause* of contraction, that is, by cooling. Other causes of contraction are conceivable, for example, loss of interior vapors and gases, according to Fisher's theory of volcanoes.



Robert Edward Lee.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

[1807—1870]

GEORGE H. DENNY

ROBERT EDWARD LEE, the son of General Henry ("Light-Horse Harry") Lee, was born at "Stratford," Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19, 1807. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy in June, 1829; married, at Arlington, Mary Custis, June 30, 1831; was promoted captain of engineers, 1839; was appointed chief engineer (Mexican War) on General Scott's staff, and wounded at Chapultepec, 1847; was inaugurated superintendent of the United States Military Academy, 1852; was nominated Lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, 1855; was offered command of the Federal Army, resigned commission in that army, and was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, 1861; was promoted to succeed Joseph E. Johnston as Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, 1862; invaded Pennsylvania (battle of Gettysburg), 1863; conducted Virginia campaign, 1864; surrendered his army at Appomattox, April 9, 1865; was installed President of Washington College (Washington and Lee University), October 2, 1865; died, at Lexington, October 12, 1870.

Such, in barest outline, is a chronological statement of the more significant events in the career of General Lee. To attempt here and now a fuller statement of the multitude of important facts connected with such a career would be superfluous. The story of the public life of General Lee is familiar to the English-speaking race. His genius for war has given him rank among the foremost soldiers of all ages and of all nations. His capacity for organization, his grasp of affairs, his powers of leadership, his mastery in administration, are today everywhere known and recognized.

We shall attempt merely an informal review of some of the more remarkable personal characteristics of the man, and a still more informal review of some of the qualities of his literary style. The fact is, General Lee's typical writings were never intended for the public eye. They find their chief charm in their dignified informality. A fair appraisal of the value of his writings, therefore, will have reference to their qualities of style, rather than to the style itself, it being always borne in mind that General Lee was not writing with a view

to, or from the standpoint of, literary effect. But let us first speak a word concerning the qualities of the man.

A conspicuous characteristic of General Lee, which deserves a larger emphasis than it has hitherto received, was his remarkable gift in the mastery of details. This quality he exhibited, of course, in planning his military campaigns. It was likewise exhibited in his work as college president. He had that kind of genius which Goethe defines as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." He was in constant touch with everybody, no matter how humble, and with everything, no matter how minute. Nothing seemed ever to escape his notice. His letters at times almost startle the reader by their detailed statement of facts and incidents.

A quality in the character of General Lee, far more generally recognized, was his rare personal influence with men, young and full-grown. He understood men. He did not need to use the whip of compulsion in dealing with them. His masterful personality was of itself enough to draw men to him. His appeal was always addressed to the reason and to the conscience of men, never to their emotions. He had faith in men. If he happened to come across one counterfeit dollar, he did not straightway, for that reason, lose faith in all money. He never indulged in flattery, but no one was quicker than he in giving to the other man what he justly deserved. He notably exhibited this virtue when the message announcing the mortal agony of Stonewall Jackson was conveyed to him: "Jackson has lost his left arm," he exclaimed, "but I have lost my *right* arm."

Another characteristic of General Lee was the great and overpowering devotion to duty that swayed him. Much has been said concerning his consecration of purpose. Consecration, however, was not to him a penal servitude. It was freedom to realize a great purpose, an unselfish ideal. Much has also been said concerning his concentration of purpose. Concentration, however, was not, in his view, a mere waste-heap for the sacrifice of physical, mental, or moral energy. It was freedom to devote himself to essentials, to look at life with clear and steady eyes, and to do a great, majestic work.

Undoubtedly, the most valued quality in the character of General Lee, in the popular view, was that quality which expressed itself in the remarkable private virtues of the man. His life taught many lessons that men need to learn. First of all, it taught the lesson of simplicity. He took refuge in the primary sources of life. He used to sit in his house and "rest his eyes on the rolling fields of grass and grain, bounded by the ever-changing mountains." He found a tonic strength in campus and playground. He would wander out to the hill-tops to enjoy the sweet confidence of nature and its silent peace. He would write to his daughter: "Preserve your simple tastes and

manners. . . . You will bear in mind that it will not be becoming in a Virginia girl now to be fine and fashionable, and that gentility, as well as self-respect, requires moderation in dress and gaiety."

General Lee's life further taught the futility of vain regret; that human virtue is superior to human calamity. "The mill will never grind with the water that is past." If his life were shadowed by the memory of an individual injury that could not be repaired, his policy was to name all mankind as the legatee to receive the benefit of the restitution that must be made. If he felt regret for any adversary he had slain, his remedy was to place the entire country on his pension list. He never put on exhibition the catacombs of his life. He never passed his cup of sorrow to others. If he had regrets and sorrows, instead of forming a syndicate, he organized a trust, retaining for himself every share of the stock.

General Lee's life also taught the value and the dignity of submission to authority, of tolerance, and of charity. To the board of trustees of Washington College, on coming to Lexington, he said: "It is particularly incumbent upon those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority." He was not the man to stir the ashes of a spent quarrel. He was the champion of reason rather than of passion. He pleaded for "silence and patience" as the true antidote to "excitement and passion." He knew that hate could thrive only on ignorance. If anyone attempted to smirch his name, he was big enough to cover the attempt with the cloak of charity.

There are many other qualities in the character of General Lee that deserve a fuller statement. We might speak concerning his promptness in all things, with the one exception, that he never performed an act to-day which would make to-morrow ashamed; concerning his perseverance, except in doing a wrong thing; concerning his calmness, except in the presence of deceit. But history has exhausted these phases of his character. We do wish to refer to two characteristics which he exemplified in a conspicuously notable way. The first is the wonderful modesty of the man, and the second, the strength and the catholicity of his religious faith. Notoriety and applause were not only distasteful, but even painful to him. The Napoleonic cloak of egotism was never wrapped about the great figure of General Lee. Nor must we omit to say concerning him that, in every relation of life, he set the example of a man who was devoutly religious. If he was interested in literature and science, he was also interested in religion. If he was not afraid to open his eyes in the presence of nature, he was also not ashamed to close them in the presence of God. He was liberal and catholic in his creed. "He was

devout as Stonewall Jackson, with an added note of sweetness and light."

This cursory review of the character of General Lee is given here with no purpose of undertaking to exalt the man. That would be an altogether superfluous task. It is given solely for the reason that we would emphasize the fact that the character of the *man* is the best index to the character of his *writings*.

General Lee's letters, official papers, military orders, and the biography of his father, printed as an introduction to the latter's 'Memoirs of the War of '76,' constitute the literary material by which he is chiefly known as a writer. His reports as college president, while less widely known, also constitute valuable literary material. He was not merely a great college president in matters of internal administration and detail. He was also a great educational prophet. Forty years ago he was recommending to the trustees of Washington College policies of expansion that have only in recent years been adopted by the foremost universities of the country. Unfortunately, no institution in the South has had the income necessary to adopt them.

There is no finer definition of truth than that which was accepted by General Lee: "Truth is the shortest distance between a fact and the expression of it." We cite this definition because it furnishes an exact and discriminating description of General Lee's general style of expression. The dominant characteristic of his style is its simplicity and its directness. He always said exactly what he meant. This quality of simple, direct, straightforward statement is characteristic of all his writings, from his celebrated offhand description of "Traveller" to his most important and dignified official papers.

General Lee's writings were characterized by the utmost moderation in the use of words and the utmost propriety in the choice of expressions. He rarely employed the superlative degree of comparison. He was scrupulously careful in the use and in the selection of adjectives and adverbs. The writer has before him an original document written by an admirer of General Lee and submitted to him for criticism and correction. Throughout the entire document we find General Lee eliminating superfluous language, moderating apparent exaggerations of statement, turning phrases from a personal to a general character, tempering the form and style of expression, and always adding simplicity and force to the original. Throughout General Lee's writings, including his intimate letters, many of them written under difficulties and frequently in haste, with no thought that any one of them would ever become public property, we find the same temperate use of language, and the same regard for accurate and moderate statement. No man has ever written letters that surpass those of

General Lee, when measured by this standard. There is nowhere a suggestion of over-statement, of exaggeration, or of a lack of moderation in the use of language.

General Lee's writings were characterized by their frankness, their modesty, and their naturalness. When an admirer proposed to write a sketch of his life, he knew how to enter a protest that was at once unaffected in its modesty and candid in its sentiment. "It is a hazardous undertaking," said he, "to publish the life of anyone while living, and there are but few who would desire to read a true history of themselves. Independently of the few national events with which mine has been connected, it presents little to interest the reader, nor do I know where to refer you for the necessary materials." When the trustees of Washington College were urging him to accept the presidency of that institution, he knew how to make this frank and modest answer: "The proper education of youth requires not only great ability, but I fear more strength than I now possess. . . . I have thought it probable that my occupancy of the position of president might draw upon the college a feeling of hostility; and I should, therefore, cause injury to an institution which it would be my highest desire to advance."

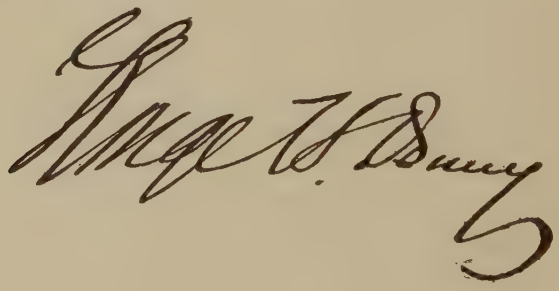
General Lee's writings, especially his letters to the members of his family, were characterized by a quiet, playful, and insistent humor. It is rarely a fair procedure to attempt to illustrate this quality of a writer's work by citing passages out of their relation to the time, the place, and the circumstances under which they were written. This is one of the particulars in which humor differs from wit. The most casual reader, however, will be impressed by the sincere, unaffected, and delicate humor of General Lee. The letters of Cicero are, in this particular, somewhat analagous, though the humor of General Lee was never suggestive, as is unfortunately the case in some of the letters of Cicero, of an indelicate reference, or of an ambiguous construction. There is in the Lee letters nothing exaggerated or distorted for effect. There is no forced, artificial effort to "make fun." Everything is natural, authentic, and genuine.

General Lee's writings were marked by a rare force and dignity of expression. This is especially true in his official papers. There are few finer documents than his letter to General Scott, resigning his commission in the Federal Army, his celebrated "Address to the People of Maryland," or his farewell address to his old soldiers, issued on the day following the capitulation of his army.

General Lee's writings were marked by clearness of thought and precision of expression. They are models of clear and correct form. His letters to Generals Early, Longstreet, and others, written after

the war, are fine specimens of his wonderfully lucid thought and wonderfully accurate method of expression. The following passage from a letter to General Pendleton, written just before the surrender, is typical: "I have never believed that we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good, in the long run, our independence, unless foreign powers, directly or indirectly, assisted us."

Finally, General Lee's writings were marked by a high moral and religious tone, his expressions at times passing into ethical maxims. There are few nobler passages in literature than several which are incorporated in his celebrated "Chambersburg order": "The duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. . . . We make war only upon armed men, and cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain." There can be no finer expressions of sentiment than these of General Lee in a letter to his son, Custis: "Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. . . . Never do a wrong to make a friend or to keep one. . . . Duty is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things. You cannot do more; you should never do less."



RESIGNATION FROM UNITED STATES ARMY

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA, April 20, 1861.

GENERAL:—Since my interview with you, on the 18th instant, I have felt that I ought not longer retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life, and all the ability I possessed.

During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, and the most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, general, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me.

Save in defence of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me, most truly yours, R. E. LEE.

Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott,
Commanding United States Army.

LETTER TO G. W. CUSTIS LEE

. . . YOU must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot: you will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so, is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly, but firmly, with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with

any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say, nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that, nearly a hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as "the dark day"—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and, as the members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and, therefore, moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more, you should never wish to do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER TO HIS WIFE

December 25, 1861.

I CANNOT let this day of grateful rejoicing pass without some communion with you. I am thankful for the many among the past that I have passed with you, and the remembrance of them fills me with pleasure. As to our old home, if not destroyed it will be difficult ever to be recognized. Even if the enemy had wished to preserve it, it would almost have been impossible. With the number of troops encamped around it, the change of officers, the want of fuel, shelter, etc., and all the dire necessities of war, it is vain to think of its being in a habitable condition. I fear, too, the books, furniture, and relics

of Mount Vernon will be gone. It is better to make up our minds to a general loss. They cannot take away the remembrances of the spot, and the memories of those that to us rendered it sacred. That will remain to us as long as life will last and that we can preserve. In the absence of a home I wish I could purchase Stratford. It is the only other place I could go to now acceptable to us, that would inspire me with pleasure and local love. You and the girls could remain there in quiet. It is a poor place, but we could make enough corn-bread and bacon for our support, and the girls could weave us clothes. You must not build your hopes on peace on account of the United States going to war with England. The rulers are not entirely mad, and if they find England is in earnest, and that war or restitution of the captives* must be the consequence, they will adopt the latter. We must make up our minds to fight our battles and win our independence alone. No one will help us.

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF MARYLAND

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia, Near Fredericktown,

September 8, 1862.

To the People of Maryland:

It is right that you should know the purpose that has brought the army under my command within the limits of your State, so far as that purpose concerns yourselves.

The people of the Confederate States have long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a Commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties.

They have seen, with profound indignation, their sister State deprived of every right, and reduced to the condition of a conquered province. Under the pretence of supporting the Constitution but in violation of its most valuable provisions, your citizens have been arrested and imprisoned upon no charge, and contrary to all forms of law. The faithful and

*Mason and Slidell.

manly protest against this outrage, made by the venerable and illustrious Marylanders—to whom in better days no citizen appealed for right in vain—was treated with scorn and contempt. The government of your chief city has been usurped by armed strangers; your Legislature has been dissolved by the unlawful arrest of its members; freedom of the press and of speech have been suppressed; words have been declared offences by an arbitrary desire of the Federal Executive, and citizens ordered to be tried by military commission for what they may dare to speak.

Believing that the people of Maryland possessed a spirit too lofty to submit to such a government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke, to enable you again to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen, and restore independence and sovereignty to your State.

In obedience to this wish, our army has come among you, and is prepared to assist you, with the power of its arms, in regaining the rights of which you have been despoiled. This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission so far as you are concerned. No constraint upon your free will is intended—no intimidation will be allowed. Within the limits of this army, at least, Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech. We know no enemies among you, and will protect all of every opinion. It is for you to decide your destiny, freely, and without constraint. This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be; and, while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free will.

R. E. Lee, *General Commanding.*

CHAMBERSBURG ORDER

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
CHAMBERSBURG, PA., June 27, 1863.

THE commanding general has observed with much satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude, or better performed the arduous marches of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers, and entitles them to approbation and praise.

There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness, on the part of some, that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own.

The commanding general considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and, through it, our whole people than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages on the innocent and defenceless, and the wanton destruction of private property, that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators, and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army, and destructive of the ends of our present movements. It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, without offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain.

The commanding general, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain, with most scrupulous care, from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property; and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

FINAL ADDRESS TO OLD SOLDIERS

Headquarters Army Northern Virginia,
April 10, 1865.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged.

You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. Lee, *General.*

ACCEPTING COLLEGE PRESIDENCY

Powhatan County, August 24, 1865.

Gentlemen:—I have delayed for some days replying to your letter of the 5th inst., informing me of my election by the board of trustees to the presidency of Washington College, from a desire to give the subject due consideration. Fully impressed with the responsibilities of the office, I have feared that I should be unable to discharge its duties to the satisfaction of the trustees or to the benefit of the country. The proper education of youth requires not only great ability, but I fear more strength than I now possess, for I do not feel able to

undergo the labour of conducting classes in regular courses of instruction. I could not, therefore, undertake more than the general administration and supervision of the institution. There is another subject which has caused me serious reflection, and is, I think, worthy of the consideration of the board. Being excluded from the terms of amnesty in the proclamation of the President of the United States of the 29th of May last, and an object of censure to a portion of the country, I have thought it probable that my occupation of the position of president might draw upon the college a feeling of hostility; and I should, therefore, cause injury to an institution which it would be my highest desire to advance. I think it the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or general government directed to that object. It is particularly incumbent on those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority, and I could not consent to be the cause of animadversion upon the college. Should you, however, take a different view, and think that my services in the position tendered to me by the board will be advantageous to the college and country, I will yield to your judgment and accept it; otherwise I must most respectfully decline the office. Begging you to express to the trustees of the college my heartfelt gratitude for the honour conferred upon me, and requesting you to accept my cordial thanks for the kind manner in which you have communicated their decision, I am, gentlemen, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

LETTER TO H. C. SAUNDERS

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LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, August 22, 1866.

Mr. HERBERT C. SAUNDERS,
3 Bolton Gardens,
South Kensington, London, England.

MY DEAR MR. SAUNDERS:—I received to-day your letter of the 31st ult. What I stated to you in conversation, during the visit which you did me the honour to pay me in November last, was entirely for your own information, and was in no way intended for publication. My only object was to gratify the interest which you apparently evinced on the several topics which were introduced, and to point to facts which you might investigate, if you so desired, in your own way. I have an objection to the publication of my private conversations, which are never intended but for those to whom they are addressed. I cannot, therefore, without an entire disregard of the rule which I have followed in other cases, and in violation of my own sense of propriety, assent to what you propose. I hope, therefore, you will excuse me. What you may think proper to publish I hope will be the result of your own observations and convictions, and not on my authority. In the hasty perusal which I have been obliged to give the manuscript enclosed to me, I perceive many inaccuracies, resulting as much, perhaps, from my imperfect narration as from misapprehension on your part. Though fully appreciating your kind wish to correct certain erroneous statements as regards myself, I prefer remaining silent to doing anything that might excite angry discussion at this time, when strong efforts are being made by conservative men, North and South, to sustain President Johnson in his policy, which, I think, offers the only means of healing the lamentable division of the country, and which the result of the late convention at Philadelphia gives great promise of doing. Thanking you for the opportunity afforded me of expressing my opinion before executing your purpose, I am, etc.,

R. E. LEE.

LETTER TO GOVERNOR LETCHER

NEAR CARTERSVILLE, VIRGINIA, August 28, 1865.

HON. JOHN LETCHER, Lexington, Va.

MY DEAR SIR:—I was much pleased to hear of your return to your home and to learn by your letter of the 2d of the kindness and consideration with which you were treated during your arrest, and of the sympathy extended to you by your former congressional associates and friends in Washington. The conciliatory manner in which President Johnson spoke of the South must have been particularly agreeable to one who has the interests of its people so much at heart as yourself. I wish that spirit could become more general. It would go far to promote confidence and to calm feelings which have too long existed. The questions which for years were in dispute between the State and General Governments, and which unhappily were not decided by the dictates of reason, but referred to the decision of war, having been decided against us, it is the part of wisdom to acquiesce in the result, and of candor to recognize the fact.

The interests of the State are therefore the same as those of the United States. Its prosperity will rise or fall with the welfare of the country. The duty of its citizens, then, appears to me too plain to admit of doubt. All should unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war, and to restore the blessings of peace. They should remain if possible in the country; promote harmony and good feeling; qualify themselves to vote, and elect to the State and general legislatures wise and patriotic men, who will devote their abilities to the interests of the country and the healing of all dissensions. I have invariably recommended this course since the cessation of hostilities, and have endeavoured to practice it myself. I am much obliged to you for the interest you have expressed in my acceptance of the presidency of Washington College. If I believed I could be of advantage to the youth of the country, I should not hesitate. I have stated to the committee of trustees the objections which exist in my opinion to my filling the position, and will yield to their judgment. Please present me to Mrs. Letcher and your children, and believe me

Most truly yours, R. E. LEE.

LETTER TO CAPTAIN TATNALL

Near Cartersville, Virginia, 7th September, 1865.

Captain Josiah Tatnall, Savannah, Ga.

Sir:—I have received your letter of the 23d ult., and in reply will state the course I have pursued under circumstances similar to your own, and will leave you to judge of its propriety. Like yourself I have since the cessation of hostilities advised all with whom I have conversed on the subject who come within the terms of the President's proclamation to take the oath of allegiance and accept in good faith the amnesty offered. But I have gone farther and have recommended to those who were excluded from their benefits to make application under the proviso of the proclamation of the 29th of May to be embraced in its provisions. Both classes in order to be restored to their former rights and privileges were required to perform a certain act, and I do not see that an acknowledgment of fault is expressed in one more than the other. The war being at an end, the Southern States having laid down their arms and the questions at issue between them and the Northern States having been decided, I believe it to be the duty of every one to unite in the restoration of the country and the reestablishment of peace and harmony. These considerations governed me in the counsels I gave to others and induced me on the 13th of June to make application to be included in the terms of the amnesty proclamation. I have not received an answer and cannot inform you what has been the decision of the President. But whatever that may be, I do not see how the course I have recommended and practiced can prove detrimental to the former President of the Confederate States. It appears to me that the allayment of passion, the dissipation of prejudice, and the restoration of reason will alone enable the people of the country to acquire a true knowledge and form a correct judgment of the events of the past four years. It will I think be admitted that Mr. Davis has done nothing more than all citizens of the Southern States, and should not be held accountable for acts performed by them in the exercise of what had been considered by them an unquestionable right. I have too exalted an opinion of the

American people to believe that they will consent to injustice; and it is only necessary in my opinion that truth should be known for the rights of every one to be secured. I know of no surer way of eliciting the truth than by burying contention with the war. I enclose a copy of my letter to President Johnson and feel assured that however imperfectly I may have given you my views on the subject of your letter, your own high sense of honor and right will lead you to a satisfactory conclusion as to the proper course to be pursued in your own case. With great respect and esteem,

I am your most obedient servant,

R. E. Lee.

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS

Washington College, November 26, 1866.

The Faculty desires to call the attention of the students to the disturbances which occurred in the streets of Lexington on the nights of Friday and Saturday last. They believe that none can contemplate them with pleasure, or can find any reasonable grounds for their justification. These arts are said to have been committed by students of the college, with the apparent object of disturbing the peace and quiet of a town whose inhabitants have opened their doors for their reception and accommodation, and who are always ready to administer to their comfort and pleasure.

It requires but little consideration to see the error of such conduct, which could only have proceeded from thoughtlessness and a want of reflection. The Faculty therefore appeal to the honor and self-respect of the students to prevent any similar occurrence, trusting that their sense of what is due to themselves, their parents, and the institution to which they belong, will be more effectual in teaching them what is right and manly, than anything they can say.

There is one consideration connected with these disorderly proceedings which the Faculty wish to bring to your particular notice—the example of your conduct, and the advantage taken of it by others to commit outrages for which you have to bear the blame. They therefore exhort you to adopt the only

course capable of shielding you from such charges: the effectual prevention of all such occurrences in the future.

R. E. Lee,
President Washington College.

LETTER TO W. H. F. LEE

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Lexington, Virginia, February 26, 1867.

My Dear Fitzhugh:—You must not think because I write so seldom that you are absent from my thoughts. I think of you constantly, and am ever revolving in my mind all that concerns you. I have an ardent desire to see you re-established at your home and enjoying the pleasure of prosperity around you. I know this cannot be accomplished at once, but must come from continuous labour, economy and industry, and be the result of years of good management. We have now nothing to do but to attend to our material interests which collectively will advance the interests of the State, and to await events. The dominant party cannot reign forever, and truth and justice will at last prevail. I hope I shall be able to get down to see you and Rob during the next vacation. I shall then have a more correct apprehension of existing circumstances, and can follow your progress more satisfactorily. I was very much obliged to you for the nice eye-glasses you sent me Xmas, and asked your mother and the girls to thank you for them, which I hope they did. I fear they are too nice for my present circumstances, and do not think you ought to spend anything except on your farm, until you get that in a prosperous condition. We have all, now, to confine ourselves strictly to our necessities. . . . While you are your own manager you can carry on cultivation on a large scale with comparatively less expense than on a small scale, and your profits will of course be greater. I would commence a system of progressive improvement which would improve your land and add steadily to your income. I have received, lately, from Fitz Lee a narrative of the operations of his division of cavalry. I requested Custis to write to you for a report of your opera-

tions during the winter of 1863-4 down to April 18, 1865. How are you progressing with it? I know the difficulties of making such a narrative at this time; still, by correspondence with your officers, and by exerting your own memory, much can be done, and it will help me greatly in my undertaking. Make it as full as you can, embracing all circumstances bearing on the campaigns affecting your operations and illustrating the conduct of your division. I hope you will be able to get up to see us this spring or summer. Select the time when you can best absent yourself, that you may feel the freer and enjoy yourself the more. . . . I wish I were nearer to you all. . . . Your mother is about the same, busy with her needle and her pen, and as cheerful as ever. . . .

Affectionately your father,

General Wm. H. F. Lee. R. E. Lee.

LETTER TO GENERAL LONGSTREET

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Lexington, Virginia, October 29, 1867.

General J. Longstreet,

21 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, La.

My Dear General:—When I received your letter of the 8th of June, I had just returned from a short trip to Bedford County, and was preparing for a more extended visit to the White Sulpher Springs for the benefit of Mrs. Lee's health. As I could not write such a letter as you desired, and as you stated that you would leave New Orleans for Mexico in a week from the time you wrote, to be absent some months, I determined to delay my reply till my return. Although I have been here more than a month, I have been so occupied by necessary business, and so incommoded by the effects of an attack of illness, from which I have not yet recovered, that this is the first day that I have been able to write to you. I have avoided all discussion of political questions since the cessation of hostilities, and have, in my own conduct, and in my recommendations to others, endeavoured to conform to existing circumstances. I consider this the part of wisdom, as well as of

duty; but, while I think we should act under the law and according to the law imposed upon us, I cannot think that the course pursued by the dominant political party the best for the interests of the country, and therefore cannot say so or give it my approval. This is the reason why I could not comply with the request in your letter. I am of the opinion that all who can should vote for the most intelligent, honest, and conscientious men eligible to office, irrespective of former party opinions, who will endeavour to make the new constitutions and the laws passed under them as beneficial as possible to the true interests, prosperity, and liberty of all classes and conditions of the people. With my best wishes for your health and happiness, and my kindest regards to Mrs. Longstreet and your children, I am, with great regard, and very truly and sincerely yours, R. E. Lee.

LETTER TO FITZHUGH LEE

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Lexington, Virginia, December 21, 1867.

My Dear Fitzhugh:—I was very glad last night to receive your letter of the 18th announcing your return to Richmond. I did not like my daughter to be so far away. I am glad, however, that you had so pleasant a visit, which has no doubt prepared you for the enjoyments of home, and will make the repose of Xmas week in Petersburg doubly agreeable. I had a very pleasant visit to Brandon after parting with you, which Custis and Robert seemed equally to enjoy, and I have regretted that I could only spend one night. I passed Shirley both going and returning with regret, from my inability to stop; but Custis and I spent a day at Hickory Hill on our way up very agreeably. My visit to Petersburg was extremely pleasant. Besides the pleasure of seeing my daughter and being with you, which was very great, I was gratified in seeing many friends. In addition when our armies were in front of Petersburg I suffered so much in body and mind on account of the good townspeople, especially on that gloomy night when I was forced to abandon them, that I have always reverted to

them in sadness and sorrow. My old feelings returned to me, as I passed well-remembered spots and recalled the ravages of the hostile shells. But when I saw the cheerfulness with which the people were working to restore their condition, and witnessed the comforts with which they were surrounded, a load of sorrow which had been pressing upon me for years was lifted from my heart. This is bad weather for completing your house, but it will soon pass away, and your sweet helpmate will make everything go smoothly. When the spring opens and the mocking birds resume their song you will have much to do. So you must prepare in time. You must give a great deal of love for me to all at Mr. Bolling's, to General and Mrs. Mahone, and other friends. We shall be very glad when you can bring our daughter to see us. Select the time most convenient to you, and do not let it be long distant. Tell her I wish to see her very much, as do also her Mama and sisters. Your mother regrets that you did not receive her letter in answer to yours from Baltimore. She wrote the day of its reception, and addressed it to New York, as you directed. The box about which you inquired arrived safely and was much enjoyed. Mary is in Baltimore, where she will probably spend the winter. As I am so far from Mildred, it will be difficult for her to make up her mind when to return, so that the whole care of the household devolves upon Agnes, who is occupied all the morning, teaching our niece, Mildred. . . . God bless you all is the prayer of

Your devoted father,

R. E. Lee.

General Wm. H. F. Lee.

LETTER TO GENERAL EARLY

From 'Recollections and Letters of General Lee.' Copyright, Doubleday, Page and Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

March 16, 1866.

My Dear General:—I am very much obliged to you for the copies of my letters, forwarded with yours of January 25th. I hope you will be able to send me reports of the operations of your commands in the campaign, from the Wilderness to Richmond, at Lynchburg, in the Valley, Maryland, etc.; all statistics as regards numbers, destruction of private property by the Federal troops, etc., I should like to have, as I wish my memory strengthened on these points. It will be difficult to get the world to understand the odds against which we fought, and the destruction or loss of all returns of the army embarrass me very much. I read your letter from Havana to the New York *Times,* and was pleased with the temper in which it was written. I have since received the paper containing it, published in the City of Mexico, and also your letter in reference to Mr. Davis. I understand and appreciate the motives which prompted both letters, and think they will be of service in the way you intended. I have been much pained to see the attempts made to cast odium upon Mr. Davis, but do not think they will be successful with the reflecting or informed portion of the country. The accusations against myself I have not thought proper to notice, or even to correct misrepresentations of my words and acts. *We shall have to be patient* and suffer for a while at least; and all controversy, I think, will only serve to prolong angry and bitter feeling, and postpone the period when reason and charity may resume their sway. At present the public mind is not prepared to receive the truth. The feelings which influenced you to leave the country were natural, and, I presume, were uppermost in the breasts of many. It was a matter which each one had to decide for himself, as he only could know the reasons which governed him. I was particularly anxious on your account, as I had the same apprehensions to which you refer. I am truly glad that you are beyond the reach of annoyance, and hope you may be able to employ yourself profitably and usefully. Mex-

ico is a beautiful country, fertile, of vast resources; and, with a stable government and virtuous population, will rise to greatness. I do not think that your letters can be construed by your former associates as reflecting upon them, and I have never heard the least blame cast by those who have remained upon those who thought it best to leave the country. I think I stated in a former letter the reasons which governed me, and will not therefore repeat them. I hope, in time, peace will be restored to the country, and that the South may enjoy some measure of prosperity. I fear, however, much suffering is in store for her, and that her people must be prepared to exercise fortitude and forbearance. I must beg you to present my kind regards to the gentlemen with you, and, with my best wishes for yourself and undiminished esteem, I am,

Most truly yours,

R. E. Lee.

DESCRIPTION OF "TRAVELLER"

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If I were an artist like you I would draw a true picture of "Traveller"—representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and sufferings through which he passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection, and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts, through the long night marches and days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist; I can only say he is a Confederate gray. I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861, and he has been my patient follower ever since—to Georgia, the Carolinas, and back to Virginia. He carried me through the Seven Days' battle around Richmond, the second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last days at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappahannock. From the commence-

ment of the campaign in 1864 at Orange, till its close around Petersburg, the saddle was scarcely off his back, as he passed through the fire of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbour, and across the James River. He was almost in daily requisition in the winter of 1864-65 on the long line of defenses from Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatcher's Run, south of the Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865, he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox Court House. You must know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He is well supplied with equipments. Two sets have been sent to him from England, one from the ladies of Baltimore, and one was made for him in Richmond; but I think his favourite is the American saddle from St. Louis. Of all his companions in toil, "Richmond," "Brown Roan," "Ajax," and quiet "Lucy Long," he is the only one that retained his vigour. The first two expired under their onerous burden, and the last two failed. You can, I am sure, from what I have said, paint his portrait.

HUGH SWINTON LEGARÉ

[1797—1843]

B. J. RAMAGE

HUGH SWINTON LEGARÉ, son of Solomon Legaré, was born of Huguenot ancestry, in Charleston, South Carolina, January 2, 1797. He received his early training in the various private schools of his native city, including what is now the College of Charleston, and subsequently prosecuted his studies at the Willington Academy in Abbeville District, then under the direction of the famous Dr. Moses Waddell. Entering the sophomore class at the South Carolina College, December 11, 1811, Legaré was graduated December 5, 1814, at the head of a class of forty-five. Returning to Charleston, he began the study of law under Judge Mitchell King, where he remained for three years, and subsequently went abroad, studying jurisprudence and other subjects at the University of Edinburgh. Returning home in 1820, he was elected in the autumn of the same year to a seat in the lower house of the State Legislature. He was admitted to the Bar January 12, 1821, and at once began the practice of his profession in Charleston. In 1822 Legaré was again a candidate for the Legislature, but was defeated. Running once more, however, in 1824, he was elected, and retained his seat for the ensuing six years with an ever augmenting number of votes. During the exciting debates over the tariff, he set his face strongly against the so-called nullification theories. That he still retained the confidence of his constituents, however, is amply shown not only by his reëlection in 1830 to a seat in the Legislature, but also by his election in December of the same year to the post of Attorney-general of the State.

Glad to escape scenes that were uncongenial to his tastes, Legaré found in his new environments excellent opportunities for developing his rare powers. While he was Attorney-general of South Carolina business brought him to Washington to argue a case before the Supreme Court. Here his talent attracted the attention of Edward Livingston, Jackson's Secretary of State, through whose influence Legaré was appointed Minister to Belgium. In his "Diary of Brussels" we have a faithful picture of four years spent in that capital (1832-1836). No less interesting are the letters he then exchanged

with friends in Charleston, which throw a flood of light on the questions then agitating the public mind of America.

Returning to the United States in 1836, Legaré was elected to Congress as a Union Democrat, but, chiefly because of his opposition to Van Buren's financial policies, he was defeated in the autumn elections of 1838. He supported Harrison in the campaign of 1841, and after the President's death, April 4, 1841, and Tyler's succession, Legaré was appointed Attorney-general. Meanwhile, on Webster's resignation, Legaré was asked to act as Secretary of State *ad interim,* a work he performed in addition to that which already devolved upon him. While serving in this capacity Legaré went to Boston in June, 1843, to join the President and the rest of the Cabinet officers in the unveiling of the Bunker Hill Monument, and died there June twentieth, after a brief illness.

Legaré's activity in literature was mainly in connection with the *Southern Review,* which he and Stephen Elliott founded in 1827. On the death of Crafts, Legaré took his place in the field of letters at Charleston, but it can scarcely be said that he possessed the genius or originality of Crafts.

The first number of the *Review* appeared in February, 1828. Modeled after the English periodicals, and designed to combat the alleged centralizing tendencies on the part of the general Government, the journal went through eight volumes, and expired when Legaré ceased writing for it.

While Legaré's fame is chiefly that of a scholar in politics, he was a frequent contributor to the newspapers and periodicals of his day, and he displayed rare talent as well as unusual power of research. His knowledge of history and political economy is also everywhere apparent. Of his essays, the best are probably those on "The Democracy of Athens," "Demosthenes," and "Roman Legislation." In the last named he shows a mastery of the civil law, and, with the exception of Edward Livingston, he probably knew more about the subject than any of his contemporaries. And, while Legaré left no volume behind him, he seems to have been engaged in translating Heineccius into English at the time of his death. On the whole, therefore, one cannot escape the conviction that, had he devoted himself exclusively to literature, he would have contributed something of permanent value to the world of letters. But even as it was, he held before the vision of his countrymen the ideals of a pure, high-minded statesman, a united country governed by a free and educated people. His views on finance, civil service, the tariff, and the delicate questions arising in the field of diplomacy were such as render them still valuable both to the student and the man of

affairs. A graceful, finished speaker—an art he cultivated with extraordinary perseverance—he scarcely had his superior as an orator among the men of his day, unless one has Edward Everett in mind. Legaré always knew what he wanted to say, and said it earnestly, eloquently, without affectation or bombast. His temperament, however, and the circumstances of his life were not calculated to make him a great leader in politics. Hence, in spite of his culture, his sense of honor, his versatility and charm of manner, his unwearying diligence, Legaré was little adapted either by nature or education to head a movement or buffet the storm of active life.

His career on the whole is well deserving of careful study because it illustrates in a striking manner the gradual implication of the tariff with the slavery controversy, driving Legaré, as it did many others, into paths little calculated to develop what was best in him.

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LORD BYRON'S CHARACTER AND WRITINGS

All selections from 'Life and Writings.'

Lord Byron's life was not a literary, or cloistered and scholastic life. He had lived generally in the world, and always and entirely for the world. The *amat nemus et fugit urbes,* which has been predicated of the whole tuneful tribe, was only in a qualified sense a characteristic of his. If he sought seclusion, it was not for the retired leisure or the sweet and innocent tranquillity of a country life. His retreats were rather like that of Tiberius at Capreæ—the gloomy solitude of misanthropy and remorse, hiding its despair in darkness, or seeking to stupefy and drown it in vice and debauchery. But, even when he fled from the sight of men, it was only that he might be sought after the more, and, in the depth of his hiding places, as was long ago remarked of Timon of Athens, he could not live without vomiting forth the gall of his bitterness, and sending abroad most elaborate curses in good verse to be admired of the very wretches whom he affected to despise. He lived in the world, and for the world—nor is it often that a career so brief affords to biography so much impressive incident, or that the folly of an undisciplined and reckless spirit has assumed such a motley wear, and played off, before God and man, so many extravagant and fantastical antics.

On the other hand, there was, amidst all its irregularities, something strangely interesting, something, occasionally, even grand and imposing in Lord Byron's character and mode of life. His whole being was, indeed, to a remarkable degree, extraordinary, fanciful, and fascinating. All that drew upon him the eyes of men, whether for good or evil—his passions and his genius, his enthusiasm and his woe, his triumphs, and his downfall—sprang from the same source, a feverish temperament, a burning, distempered, insatiable imagination; and these, in their turn, acted most powerfully upon the imagination and the sensibility of others. We well remember a time —it is not more than two lustres ago—when we could never think of him ourselves but as an ideal being—a creature, to use his own words, "of loneliness and mystery"—moving

about the earth like a troubled spirit, and even when in the midst of men, not of them. The enchanter's robe which he wore seemed to disguise his person, and, like another famous sorcerer and sensualist—

> he hurled
> His dazzling spells into the spungy air,
> Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion
> And give it false presentments.

It has often occurred to us, as we have seen Sir Walter Scott diligently hobbling up to his daily task in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, and still more when we have gazed upon him for hours seated down at his clerk's desk, with a countenance of most demure and business-like formality, to contrast him, in that situation, with the only man, who had not been at the time, totally overshadowed and eclipsed by his genius. It was, indeed, a wonderful contrast! Never did two such men—competitors in the highest walks of creative imagination and deep pathos—present such a strange antithesis of moral character, and domestic habits and pursuits, as Walter Scott at home, and Lord Byron abroad. It was the difference between prose and poetry—between the dullest realities of existence and an incoherent, though powerful and agitating romance—between a falcon trained to the uses of a domestic bird, and, instead of "towering in her pride of place," brought to stoop at the smallest quarry, and to wait upon a rude sportsman's bidding like a menial servant—and some savage, untamed eagle, who, after struggling with the bars of his cage until his breast was bare and bleeding with the agony, had flung himself forth, once more, upon the gale, and was again chasing before him the "whole herd of timorous and flocking birds, and making his native Alps, through all their solitudes, ring to his boding and wild scream." Lord Byron's pilgrimages to distant and famous lands—especially his first—heightened this effect of his genius and of his very peculiar mode of existence. Madame de Staël ascribes it to his good fortune or the deep policy of Napoleon, that he had succeeded in associating his name with some of those objects which have, through all time, most strongly impressed the imaginations of men, with the Pyramids, the Alps, the Holy Land, etc. Byron

had the same advantage. His muse, like Horace's image of Care, mounted with him the steed and the gondola, the post-chaise and the packet-ship. His poems are, in a manner, the journals and common-place books of the wandering Childe. Thus, it is stated or hinted that a horrible incident, like that upon which the Giaour turns, had nearly taken place within Byron's own observation while in the East. His sketches of the sublime and beautiful in nature, seem to be mere images, or so to express it, shadows thrown down upon his pages from the objects, which he visited, only colored and illumined with such feelings, reflections and associations as they naturally awaken in contemplative and susceptible minds. His early visit to Greece, and the heartfelt enthusiasm with which he dwelt upon her loveliness even "in her age of woe"—upon the glory which once adorned, and that which might still await her —have identified him with her name, in a manner which subsequent events have made quite remarkable. His poetry, when we read it over again, seems to breathe of "the sanctified phrenzy of prophecy and inspiration." He now appears to have been the herald of her resuscitation. The voice of lamentation, which he sent forth over Christendom, was as if it had issued from all her caves, fraught with the wo and the wrongs of ages, and the deep vengeance which at length awoke—and not in vain! In expressing ourselves as we have done upon this subject, it is to us a melancholy reflection that our language is far more suitable to what we have felt, than to what we now feel, in reference to the life and character of Lord Byron.

The last years of that life—the wanton, gross, and often dull and feeble ribaldry of some of his latest productions—broke the spell which he had laid upon our souls; and we are by no means sure that we have not since yielded too much to the disgust and aversion which follow disenchantment like its shadow. . . . .

The literary reputation of Lord Byron has been established beyond all possibility of change or decay. We do not believe —notwithstanding some apparent exceptions—that the opinions of contemporaries, in regard to the works of men of genius, have ever materially differed from those of posterity. But this is especially true of those writers who have addressed

themselves more to the feelings of mankind, than to the imagination. Milton, although his works were far more justly appreciated by his own age, than is commonly thought, certainly did not hold exactly as high a rank in general estimation then as has been conceded to him since. But—besides the character of that wretched age—Milton's poetry is addressed to the learned. It bears, upon every line of it, the impress of vast erudition and consummate art. It is true he is the greatest master of the sublime that any language has to boast of—greater than Shakspeare—greater than Dante—greater than Homer. But it requires study and reflection, objects of comparison and a competent familiarity with literature, to perceive the amazing magnitude of this glorious orb. A vulgar eye might glance over him a thousand times, and still mistake this "ocean of flame" for a star of an inferior class. This is a great obstacle to his popularity—and it is one not less formidable, that he is deficient in pathos, and in topics of general interest. Byron wrote because he felt, and as he felt. It may be said most justly of his genius—*furor arma ministrat.* Instead of "lisping in numbers," as Pope did, he sighed and groaned and cursed in them. He spoke to the hearts of men, and, however the spirit of most of his productions is to be censured, his voice, whether for good or for evil, has seldom failed to find an echo there.

It may in general be remarked of his poetry, as of most of that of the present age, that it is not sufficiently elaborated. Many feeble, prosaic, and even unmeaning lines abound every where in his finest compositions. English criticism is less fastidious in this respect, than that of any other language, and things are pardoned or passed over by it which would endanger the success of a work in France or Italy, and would have destroyed it at Athens. But it is impossible to read any of Byron's masterpieces along with the best passages of our classical poetry, without being struck with the general inferiority and carelessness of his diction, as well as with the great inequality of his style. Compare for instance, anything that he has done, (except, of course, some highly wrought passages) in the Spenserian stanza, with Spenser himself, or with the first part of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence." Whatever may be thought of their relative merits in other respects, we fancy

everybody, who has either ear or taste, must agree that, as far as mere language goes, there is a richness, harmony and uniform finish in the works of those masters, which are sadly wanting in Byron. So in satire, he has produced nothing to be talked of in comparison to Dryden's vigorous and bold pen, or the condensed and sententious elegance of Pope. Nothing can be more powerful and pathetic than his poetry in his loftier vein —but the same objection lies here to the want of that *limæ labor,* which entitles a work of genius to be classed among perfect specimens of art. Lord Byron threw off some, probably most of his compositions, with almost as much rapidity as a hackneyed writer for the daily press. . . . Byron does not strike us as a poet of very fertile invention. He composed, it is true, with considerable facility, but there is no variety either in his subjects or his style. We doubt, for this reason, whether he could have become distinguished as a dramatic poet, in the modern sense of the term.

Besides this, his compositions are rather short sketches of notable objects, or occasional meditations upon them, than complete and well combined works. Still it is hard to say what the author of "Manfred" might not have done. One thing seems probable—that had he been born at Athens, at the right time, he might have rivalled Æschylus and Sophocles, in tragedy *à la Grecque.* Two or three heroic *dramatis personæ,* a simple plot, beautiful or powerful narrative and dialogue, interrupted by passionate ejaculation and choral ode—such a task would have been Byron's element.

Upon the whole, excepting the two first places in our literature—and Pope and Dryden, who are writers of quite another stamp—we do not know who is to be placed, all things considered, above Byron. We doubt between him and Spenser—but no other name is prominent enough to present itself to us in such a competition. His greatest rival, however, was himself. We throw down his book dissatisfied. Every page reveals powers which might have done so much more for art—for glory—and for virtue.

MR. LEGARÉ TO HIS SISTER

LOUVAIN, 17th Aug., 7½ o'clock, P.M. Looking over what I wrote at Spa, I have great scruples about sending you an account of my pleasures, which it will give you so much pain to decipher. But I never copied what I wrote for the *Southern Review*—how should I copy a letter? Besides, you will have a specimen of the pen, ink, and paper they use at the Hotel de l'Orange at Spa—and generally, of the sort of discomforts, under the name of pleasures, one is willing to exchange his own home for, even when, like mine at Brussels, it combines every thing necessary, or not necessary, to a life of the most perfect epicurean ease and voluptuousness. I arrived in this famous old town about two hours ago, and expect to be at Brussels (eighteen miles off) to-morrow evening. As soon as I had ordered dinner, I sallied out to see the Hôtel de Ville and the principal church. The former is a renowned specimen of Gothic architecture, four hundred years old, and deserves all its reputation. It is, without doubt, the most remarkable monument of the sort I ever saw. But I shan't attempt to describe it, as I mean that you shall see, sooner or later, an engraving of it. At the church I found them in the midst of the evening service, and passed half an hour there, as I always do in such a place at such an hour, with the deepest interest.

I am, as I always have been, in my heart or imagination, I don't exactly know which, more than half a Catholic; and it is positively no exaggeration to say that nothing in the world has such attractions for me as that service, in the evening especially, performed with good music and the pomp of some solemn occasion. This evening there was a procession within the vast building itself, with wax-lights, a cohort of priests and acolytes, thundering forth their Latin psalmody in concert with the peal of the organ above, while all these sounds were nearly drowned in the tolling of the mighty bells of the cathedral.

To return to Spa. While there, although remarkably well, I was tempted to try the waters of the several fountains. I became convinced of their virtues by their vicious effects on

me. For a couple of days afterwards, I felt precisely as one does after taking a dose of laudanum. The first day my appetite was voracious, though quite healthy, the second and third it was still great, but morbid, attended with an occasional feeling of disgust. I am now quite restored, and am in most excellent condition. I am satisfied that, with all necessary prudence in taking them, their efficacy must be very great; and I shall certainly pass some weeks there next summer. There can be no doubt, however, that the effects of the water are wonderfully increased by the manner of living at Spa—breathing the air of the mountains at six o'clock in the morning, walking, riding, and driving many miles a day, banishing all care, going to bed early, etc., etc. How strange it is to meet people there whom one has seen in the midst of Courts and capitals, with all their trumpery and constraint, negligently dressed, mounted on donkeys, talking with the first comer, without distinction of persons, and acknowledging themselves happier and healthier, both in body and mind, than those envied (but not enviable) circles where it is the silly ambition of mankind to shine! Watering-places are a sort of confessionals or shrines, set apart by nature, to which pilgrims of all nations resort to renounce, for a moment, the lying vanities of the world, and get absolution for sins and errors they are sure to return to as soon as opportunity presents. Of these pilgrims by far the greater portion (at least, of any one nation) are English. It is inconceivable what multitudes of them are swarming over the whole face of this country, paying twice and thrice as much as they ought for everything they stand in need of. . . . .

H. S. L.

DEMOSTHENES

LET any one, who has considered the state of manners at Athens just at the moment of his appearance upon the stage of public life, imagine what an impression such a phenomenon must have made upon a people so lost in profligacy and sensuality of all sorts. What wonder that the unprincipled though gifted, Demades, the very personification of the witty and reckless libertinism of the age, should deride and scoff at this strange man, living as nobody else lived, thinking as nobody else thought; a prophet, crying from his solitude of great troubles at hand; the apostle of the past, the preacher of an impossible restoration; the witness to his contemporaries that their degeneracy was incorrigible and their doom hopeless, and that another seal in the book was broken, and a new era of calamity and downfall opened in the history of nations.

We have said that the character of Demosthenes might be divined from his eloquence; and so the character of his eloquence was a mere emanation of his own. It was the life and soul of the man, the patriot, the statesman. "Its highest attribute of all," says Dionysius, "is the spirit of life—Το Πνευμα —that pervades it." His very language dictates to a reader how it is to be uttered, and I should think it impossible (it is the same critic who speaks) that one with the sense of a brute, nay, of a stock or stone, could pronounce his text without distinguishing the various meaning, and kindling with the changing passions of the master. This is the first and great characteristic of Demosthenes, the orator. You see absolutely nothing of the artist; nay, you forget the speaker altogether: it is the statesman, or the man only, that is before you. To him, eloquence, wonderful as his was considered as mere rhetoric, is but an instrument, not, as in Cicero, a thing to boast of and display. This feature of his character has been well seized and portrayed by the author of a declamatory encomium on Demosthenes, ascribed to Lucian and printed among his works. Gesner and Becker after him will not consent to give it up; all we can say is that, if it is the work of the Voltaire of antiquity, Lucian was not Lucian when he wrote it. But, though too high-flown and exaggerated for

its supposed author, it is a striking instance of the admiration in which the great orator was held by the Greeks in all ages. It is from him we borrow the phrase "the Homer of Prose," which describes so well the admitted perfections of Demosthenes as a writer. But it is not his style only that is extolled there. He admires his life, his administration, his truly touching and sublime death. He puts into the mouth of Antipater a supposed conversation in reference to this last event, in which the latter does justice to his great adversary in a magnanimous spirit, and regrets that he chose rather to die free and by his own hand, than survive a courtier for the favor, or a dependent upon the mercy of the conqueror. It consecrates forever that tragical scene at Calauria, and leaves the image of the mighty orator upon the mind with the greatest pictures of fiction or history—with Œdipus at Colonus, or Marius sitting upon the ruins of Carthage. We cannot join with the author in his blasphemy against heaven for the trials to which the greatest men have almost always been subjected, and none more than Demosthenes. We know that sorrow is knowledge; that, if in much wisdom there is much grief, the reverse is also true; and that adversity is the only school in which genius and virtue are permitted to take their highest degrees.

The second remarkable feature of the eloquence of Demosthenes is a consequence of the first: its amazing flexibility and variety. As he thinks only of the subject, so he always speaks like his subject. We have endeavored to illustrate this through the whole course of this paper. We wanted to eradicate the false and pernicious idea that *Demosthenian* is synonymous with *ranting*. At times, no doubt, on extraordinary and exciting occasions, he forgot himself in a transport of passion, and raged on the Bema, as Plutarch has it, like a Bacchante. But we will venture to affirm, that when he did so, his audience was as little conscious of it as himself, partaking fully with him in the phrenzy of the moment. In general, he aims at nothing but the true and the natural. Hence, every thing is perfectly appropriate and fitting, and, in the almost infinite range of his speaking, from a special plea in bar or in abatement to the sublime and ravishing enthusiasm of the immortal defence of the Crown, every thing is every where just

what it ought to be—"proper words in proper places." It is he that exemplifies Cicero's definition—*Is enim est eloquens, qui et humilia subtiliter, et magna graviter, et mediocria temperate potest dicere.* And accordingly, he remarks farther that he is fully equal to Lysias, to Hyperides, and to Æschines, in their respective excellencies, while he adds to them, whenever occasion calls for them, his own unapproachable sublimity and power. Dionysius of Halicarnassus goes still farther. In a work, written expressly to unfold the perfection of the *diction* of Demosthenes (for he promised another and a separate one upon his other excellencies), he shows, by a critical comparison of passages from the works of the orator with the most celebrated productions of other pens, that he was the greatest master of every style. He prefers him, for instance, to Plato, even in that kind of writing, in which the philosopher is considered as a model.

The third distinguishing peculiarity of Demosthenes as an orator is that his greatest beauties consist not in words or tropes and figures of rhetoric, similes, metaphors, etc., which he seldom condescends to use, but in thought, and sentiment, and passion. The forms he delights in most are all adapted to express these—to show the orator to be truly in earnest, and to enforce his opinions as matters of deep conviction with himself, and deserving to be so with his hearers. His grandest amplifications are only vehement reasonings. Hence, too, his occasional abruptness, and suddenness of transition and startling appeal, interrogatory and apostrophe—all the perfection of art because the dictate of nature, which Blair most absurdly censures as defects, as if the master of all style fell into such things because he could not help it. Cicero develops this topic at some length, and with his usual power of language, in one of his rhetorical works. He represents his perfect orator, who is only an imaginary Demosthenes, as presenting the same topic often in various lights, and dwelling upon it more or less according to circumstances—as extenuating some things and turning others into ridicule—as occasionally deviating from his subject and propounding what he shall presently have to say, and when he has fully discussed any matter, reducing it into the shape of a rule or definition—as correcting himself, or repeating what he had said—as pressing by interrogation

and answering his own questions—as wishing to be taken in a sense the opposite of what he seems to say—as doubting what or how he should speak—as dividing into parts, omitting and neglecting some points and fortifying others in advance—as casting the blame upon his adversary of the very things for which he is himself censured—as often deliberating with those who hear him, sometimes even with his adversary—as describing the manners and language of men—as making mute things speak (that is rare in Demosthenes)—as drawing off the minds of the audience from the true question before them—as anticipating objections which he foresees will be made—as comparing analogous cases—as citing examples—as putting down interruptions—as pretending to suppress or reserve something, or to say less than he knows—as warning those he addresses to be on their guard—as venturing at times on some bold proposition—as being angry, and even so far as to chide and rail—as deprecating, supplicating, conciliating—as uttering wishes or execrations, and using sometimes a certain familiarity with his hearers. He will, he continues, aim at other times, at other virtues of style—as brevity, if the occasion call for it. He will bring the object often before their very eyes, etc., etc. It is, indeed, in such ornaments of speech as these that the grand excellence of Demosthenes consists—it is by these that it becomes a thing of life, and power, and persuasion—a means of business—a motive of action—but there is never the least prettiness or rhetoric—nothing fine, or showy, or theatrical—nothing in short, that can be spared, nothing that can be lopped off without mutilating and weakening the body as well as deforming it.

And this leads us to consider a fourth characteristic of eloquence—its condensation and perfect logical unity. It is not easy, perhaps, without extending these remarks farther than would be proper here, to make ourselves quite intelligible upon this subject to the general reader. But every one that has studied Greek literature and art, will at once perceive that we refer to that unity of design, that closeness of texture and mutual dependence of the parts—that harmony of composition and exact fitness and proportion—in short, that αναγκη λογογραφικη as Plato expresses it, which makes of every production of genius a sort of organized body with nothing

superfluous, nothing defective in it, but every thing necessary to constitute a complete whole, answering perfectly the ends of its being, whatever those may be. What Cicero says of the Stoical philosophy may be applied to the orations of Demosthenes. What is there in the works of nature where such a perfect arrangement and symmetry prevails, or in those of man, so well put together, so compact, so intimately united? What consequent does not agree with its antecedent? What follows that does not answer to that which goes before? What is there that is not so knit together with the rest, that, if a single letter be removed, the whole structure would totter? But, in truth, nothing can be removed, etc. We differ, therefore, entirely, with Lord Brougham, when, in one of the passages cited above, he speaks of this marvellous unity and condensation as a thing as much within the reach of mediocrity as of genius. It is, on the contrary, the perfection of Greek art, and the orations of Demosthenes are in this, as in every other respect, the most exquisite model of it.

Another excellence, that has been mentioned repeatedly in the course of the preceding remarks, remains to be particularly noticed. Not only do the orations of Demosthenes resemble the great works of nature in this, that their beauty and sublimity are inseparable from utility, or more properly speaking, that utility is the cardinal principle of all their beauties, but there is still another analogy between them. It is, that the grandeur of the whole result is not more remarkable than the elaborate and exquisite finish of the most minute details. Dionysius, in the essay so often referred to, aims to show that the orator was by far the greatest master of composition the world had ever seen. This critic may be relied on for such a purpose. His fault is, that he exacts in all things rather a pedantic precision and accuracy. In short, he is hypercritical, and is too little disposed to make allowance for small blemishes, even when they are redeemed by high virtues, or to approve and relish the *non ingrata negligentia*—the careless grace of genius. But in Demosthenes, whose eloquence makes him perfectly ecstatical in its praise, he searches in vain for a spot, however minute. He takes his examples at random, and finds every thing perfect every where. Certainly, in the critical comparisons which he institutes between him and Plato and

Isocrates, it is impossible not to admit the soundness of his judgments. This prodigious perfection of style he affirms to have been a creation of the orator's. He had studied, he thinks, all the masters who had gone before him, and, selecting from each what he excelled in, made up a composition far superior to any of its ingredients. Thucydides gave him his force and pregnancy, Lysias, his clearness, ease, and nature, Isocrates, his occasional splendor and brilliancy, and Plato, his majesty, elevation, and abundance. That Demosthenes studied, and studied profoundly, all these models we have no doubt. Of Thucydides, especially, the tradition represents him to have been a devoted admirer. But *eclecticism,* imitation, was out of the question with him. Undoubtedly he was indebted to them for having done so much to perfect the instrument he was to use—the Greek language; and their beauties and defects were hints to him in the training of his own mighty and original genius. But that is all: had they never written, his works would not, probably, have been so unblemished in the execution, but they would infallibly have formed an era in literature, and displayed very much the same excellences that now distinguish them. The instrument, of which we have just spoken, must not be lost sight of in appreciating the Greek masters, and especially Demosthenes.

When one reads the rhetorical works of Cicero and Dionysius, one cannot but perceive that the ancient languages, from their complicated and highly artificial structure, admitted of certain graces that cannot be aimed at, to any thing like the same degree, by any modern composition. One of these is *harmony* and rhythm. The effect, which a polished and musical period (in the right place) had on the ears of an Attic, and even of a Roman assembly, is scarcely intelligible any where but in southern Europe. But there was immense difficulty in avoiding a vicious extreme in the use of this art. If it were not directed by the most exquisite taste and judgment, it became very offensive, and gave to a business speech the air of a mere panegyrical or scholastic declamation. Not only so, but nothing was harder to avoid than the uttering of a complete verse, and nothing was reckoned more vicious. In this, as in every other respect, Demosthenes is pronounced by Dionysius a perfect model of judgment and excellence. With

a compass, a fulness, a pomp and magnificence of periods that distance the efforts of Isocrates in the same style, he displays such an inexhaustible variety of cadence, his tone is so continually changing with the topic, there is every where such an appearance of ease and simplicity, that while the ear is always charmed, the taste is never once offended. He takes care always of the great capital object of eloquence—the being, and seeming to be in earnest. For this reason it is that he throws in occasionally those abrupt and startling sentences, so ignorantly censured by Blair. He thus avoids that *concinnity* which is too apparent and somewhat offensive in Cicero, who continually forgets his own maxims on this subject—that in all things sameness is the mother of satiety.

THE ROMAN LEGISLATOR

The Roman legislator, according to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, built the state upon the family, or more philosophically speaking, the state grew up of itself out of the family, and *father of a family* is synonymous with him who enjoyed, without any diminution, all the *jura Quiritium.* Patricians, *patres,* were the whole caste of those entitled to such rights, each, when *sui juris,* or not in the power of any other, being a *pater familias.*

This image of patriarchal authority was preserved with care, and only enlarged, as we have said, in the constitution of the state itself. The law, in its turn, clothed the Roman father, at home, with her own majesty. Seated upon his domestic throne, or tribunal, he exercises without appeal, and beyond even the veto of the tribune, a despotic authority in his family. He has power of life and death over his wife, his child, his slave, his debtor—they are his money, as we have seen. Three terrible words of the law sum up his *imperium,* in these four relations, *potestas, manus, mancipium.* It is not by way of implying any restraint upon his dominion, that the XII Tables expressly authorize or enjoin the making away with deformed infants. No office, no virtue, no power in the state, no glory in arms, releases his son from this natural, and unless his master will it otherwise, eternal allegiance. He may marry a

wife, by permission, but he shall not be capable of holding property to maintain her; he may beget children, but they shall be bondmen born of his own lord. As for the slave, he may be cut up to feed the fish in his ponds, and both he and the child, if they commit any trespass, may be abandoned to the arbitrary discretion of the injured party, in order to release their *owner* from liability. The fate of the poor debtor we have just read, in that *horrendum carmen,* as it was well called. This relation (as money has been at the bottom of most revolutions) gave rise to unceasing contests between the ruling *caste* and the *plebs.* The patriarchs obstinately, and, for centuries together, successfully maintained the principle and practice of the *nexus.* The house of our *Pater Romanus* is not only his own castle, it is the dungeon of enslaved debtors toiling under the lash. Livy's words are quoted by Niebuhr, whose commentary is powerfully written, and presents a frightful picture of oppression. The eloquent Roman informs us, that men "adjudged according to their 'bond' to slavery, were seen daily, by troops, dragged from the forum to their *ergastula;* that the houses of the nobles were filled with debtors in chains, and that wherever a patrician dwelt, *there* was a private prison."

Towards the foreigner, he is altogether without sympathy. Stranger and enemy are the same, in his old language. With the consciousness or the instincts of his high destinies, he considers every means consecrated by such an end as the aggrandizement of Rome: and wo to those who stand in the way of it. He pleads, when made a prisoner in battle, and released to procure a peace, that he may be sent back to certain torture or servitude—if he have saved an army under his command, by an unauthorized treaty, he begs to atone for his officiousness with his life—he puts his son to death, if he gain a victory at the expense of discipline—how shall he feel for enemies, created, predestined to become his slaves? Accordingly, he destroys without compunction—ravages whole tracts of country, sacks and burns cities, fills his camp with plunder, and sells (where it is not more politic to spare and colonize) into bondage, to traffickers who follow his bloody footsteps like vultures, all—man, woman, and child—whom the sword has not cut off. The bravest and finest of his captives shall one

day be reserved for the nameless horrors of the amphitheatre, the only pastime that really interests him—a pastime fit for a horde of cannibals such as a demon of hell might invent for the amusement of fiends.

Our Pater Romanus, however, does not always oppress the poor and weak; he sometimes, nay, frequently, serves them from motives of policy especially. His own clients and retainers are under his guardian care, of course; it is the condition and the reward of their fealty. But he emancipates his slave readily, and so makes him one of his own *gens* or lineage, bearing a patrician name, and entitled to all the privileges of a citizen. He sits in the forum, upon a sort of throne, or walks up and down among the people, glad to give legal advice gratis to whoever will ask for it. Even his most destructive conquests are made in the spirit of civilization, and directed to perpetual possession, regular administration, and unity of government—and hence his admirable colonial system —by which subjugated nations are adopted as his subjects, rather than extirpated as enemies; and his laws and his language are diffused over the whole earth.

Every thing inspires him with ideas of superiority; and his self-esteem is immense, but calm, enlightened, and majestic. He is a fatalist; but his fatalism too, as always happens, is self-conceit in disguise. He never dreams of being vanquished in the end, though he frequently is at the beginning of a war, and bears it with perfect composure. He has no faith in impulses; he works by system, and relies on general laws in every thing—in war especially—he has "organized victory," as they said of Carnot, and is deliberately brave by calculation. If he will deliver up his own consuls to an enemy, stripped and pinioned for a sacrifice, what will he not do with *their* great men? He will expose them in his cruel triumphs to the "rabble's curse" and scoffs, and then murder them; he will make the title of king a jest; they shall be his vassals; one of them shall put a liberty-cap upon his shorn head, and glory in being his freedman; another he will scourge and crucify like a bond-slave.

In private life, he is grave and austere, simple, sober, industrious, patient of toil, hardship, and pain. His conjugal love is none of the most rapturous, and his marriage is there-

fore of the kind called "good," not "delicious,"—yet he is perfectly satisfied with it—for this whole period of five centuries passes away without a single change of wives. Yet he would almost as willingly adopt a child as have one of his own, and does not like too many of them on any terms. He looks with contempt on all arts, trades, and professions, which he abandons to his freedmen, reserving to himself war and agriculture alone; but he is very frugal, and decidedly avaricious—though as yet his avarice takes the shape rather of parsimony than rapacity; but the day is coming when he shall be as insatiable as the grave, and *alieni appetens sui profusus* will be the device of his degenerate order. He is deeply religious, in his own way, controlled even in the weightiest matters by the most grovelling superstition—faithful to oaths and to promises, made in proper form, and profoundly impressed with reverence for the law, which he is seldom persuaded to break, although he is apt to evade it by fraudulent interpretation. So, if ever he violates the faith of treaties it is by sophistry and not by force; special pleading is the great instrument of his policy; and he thinks the gods satisfied, if men are only argued out of their rights with decent plausibility. His whole history shows that his courage is equalled by his conduct, and his strength by his cunning.

In politics, he is strenuously conservative; he adheres to established institutions as long as they hold together and work well; but he is not a bigot, and abandons them as soon as he perceives that the time is really come; neither does he scruple to adopt from his enemies weapons and methods which experience has shown him to be better than his own. One thing is most remarkable in his history; he never seeks a treaty, nor even comes to terms, with a foreigner successful in arms, and still threatening war or resistance—he always does so with his plebeian brethren, who drive him from post to post until he fairly opens the door of the city to them all. He loves power by the instinct of his nature, and for its own sake—not for the pomps and vanities that surround it—this simplicity distinguishes him from the kings of the barbarians.

Long protected by an appeal to the people, his person is at length rendered inviolable by the Portian and Sempronian laws. But it is not himself only that is sacred; he consecrates the

state; he consecrates the city with its walls and gates; he consecrates the territory around it. Every thing about him is sanctified to his use, and his very property is not like other people's; he holds it *ex jure Quiritium*. Thus descended, thus constituted, thus disciplined, with such a character, and under such laws, he has from God the grandest mission that was ever confided to merely human hands. He is trained up for centuries in civil broils and border warfare, that he may learn to conquer the world, and in disputes about rights that he may know how to give laws. The day is coming, when those laws, converted as it were to Christianity, shall breathe a higher, a purer, and a holier spirit; and when the cross, which is now the instrument of his most terrific despotism, shall be the earnest of a new order of triumphs in Constantine, and the symbol of the most perfect civilization that has ever blessed mankind—a civilization founded upon peace on earth, good will to men, and equality before the law.

JAMES MATTHEW LEGARÉ

[1823—1859]

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

IF the external facts of the life and the personal memorials of James Matthew Legaré of South Carolina were not, as they apparently are, irretrievably obscured, one could imagine some future American Matthew Arnold delineating his delicate and reticent soul in such charming pages as the English critic devoted to Maurice or Eugénie Guérin. But we know next to nothing of the personality of this "quiet singer"; the Duyckinks knew nothing; and personal inquiries in Charleston fail to elicit any memory that has a specific flavor, a personal note. Legaré followed the law, reluctantly we may be sure, published a single slim volume of verse: 'Orta-Undis and Other Poems,' at the age of twenty-five, contributed sparingly to several of Simms's innumerable journalistic ventures, and died, never having "spoken out," in his thirty-sixth year. There remains of him, then, no memorial, save those few verses. But by virtue of them his place in American letters will, in time, be perfectly secure.

In any study of the minor figures of our older literature it is an unfortunate fact that negative criticism must predominate. There was, so often, the impassioned effort to create literature, but the effort was nearly always lacking in knowledge, in restraint, and rendered nugatory in a disheartening number of cases by the essential fallacy of a pseudo-religious, pseudo-ethical didacticism. Hence it is with unspeakable refreshment that one comes upon work such as Legaré's—work that has sincerity, that has charm, that is always right in aim and in a few instances, at least, achieves its aim.

Only a pretty thorough reading of Legaré's Carolinian contemporaries can serve to reveal the full measure of his difference from them. Politics, ethics, other semi- and quasi-poetical interests fill their verse. Legaré stands with Timrod (the two men seem never to have met) as a poet, an artist; and as such he felt, of course, the immense preoccupation of form, which further differentiates him from the writers of his place and hour. The besetting sin of all these (with the constant exceptions of Timrod and Hayne) was utter artistic helplessness. They had a tantalizing way of choosing as the vehicle of their usually thin ideas just those forms which it is most difficult to handle with any distinction. In their hands such forms

generally degenerated into mere doggerel. It is the surprising merit of Legaré to have used these simple lyric meters with firmness and distinction, to have developed an occasional originality of form, and to have made these forms, old and new, carry adequately an observation and a spiritual interpretation of nature, alert, painstaking, and true. A fine vein of pure lyric inspiration, which not even such unfortunate models as Schiller and Longfellow could obliterate, runs through his best verse.

All these qualities—a firm and delicate treatment of simple lyric forms and a quiet charm in the handling of subjects drawn from nature—will be fully illustrated in the extracts at the end of this note. In regard to such a poem as "Haw-Blossoms" one may drop at least the careful use of the word "verse" and say openly that here is poetry—not rich or elaborate or lofty, but unmistakable in its soft undertone of melody, in its accurate and restrained vision. And that last word brings one to consider another of Legaré's most charming traits. He had the poet's eye; he turned an imaginative sight upon the simple appearances that attracted him and was then able to present in brief compass pictures of nature that take the mind at once with their delicacy and truth. And always he is severely simple, charming with a reluctant charm, plain and clear, as in this stanza:

"A bird with scarlet on his wings
Down in the meadow sits and sings;
Beneath his weight
The long corn-tassels undulate."

Or in this:

"The solemn brotherhood of pines,
Like monks slow chanting in a choir,
Nos miserere: Cypress nuns
In sad attire."

But it would be unjust to create the impression that Legaré cannot, at times, strike a deeper note. This he usually does when he attains that originality of technique which he alone possesses of all the minor Carolinian writers of verse. Thus, his stanzas on the Tallulah Falls are vigorous and imaginative; so are the verses "To Anne"; but more especially the poem "Flowers in Ashes." Here Legaré's technique seems almost modern, and in such lines as

"Between the arches dimly in the early dawn described,"

or

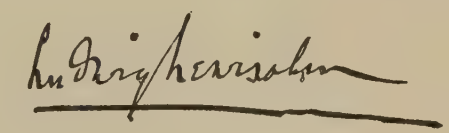
"I saw a shallop issue from the shadow of the shore,"

or, finally:

"And where in closes, loud and clear, the forging hammers beat,"

he has a distinction of movement that is quite admirable.

In a word, then, Legaré was a man who, at a time and amid influences that furthered anything rather than the study of perfection in the matters of art, surrounded by writers of facile and nerveless verse that was constantly and fulsomely praised, set himself a fairly high standard of artistic workmanship and labored with great care and no small success to attain that standard. Hence, while in many of the Carolinian writers of his day it is not hard to find isolated lines or stanzas that are pleasant enough, Legaré succeeded in writing at least a dozen poems which, though not impeccable, may be unhesitatingly praised as wholes. They have a studiously plain charm, a clear, fine melody, a touch of austere beauty. Anthologists of our poetry, North or South, can never afford to overlook them.



THE REAPER

How still Earth lies!—behind the pines
The summer clouds sink slowly down.
The sunset gilds the higher hills
And distant steeples of the town.

Refreshed and moist the meadow spreads,
Birds sing from out the dripping leaves,
And standing in the breast-high corn
I see the farmer bind his sheaves.

It was when on the fallow fields
The heavy frosts of winter lay,
A rustic with unsparing hand
Strewed seed along the furrowed way.

And I too, walking through the waste
  And wintry hours of the past,
Have in the furrows made by griefs
  The seeds of future harvests cast.

Rewarded well, if when the world
  Grows dimmer in the ebbing light,
And all the valley lies in shade,
  But sunset glimmers on the height.

Down in the meadows of the heart
  The birds sing out a last refrain,
And ready garnered for the mart
  I see the ripe and golden grain.

TO A LILY

Go bow thy head in gentle spite,
Thou lily white,
For she who spies thee waving here,
With thee in beauty can compare
As day with night.

Soft are thy leaves and white: Her arms
Boast whiter charms.
Thy stem prone bent with loveliness
Of maiden grace possesseth less:
Therein she charms.

Thou in thy lake dost see
Thyself: So she
Beholds her image in her eyes
Reflected. Thus did Venus rise
From out the sea.

Inconsolate, bloom not again
Thou rival vain
Of her whose charms have thine outdone:
Whose purity might spot the sun,
And make thy leaf a stain.

TALLULAH*

Recollect thou, in thunder
How Tallulah spoke to thee,
When thy little face with wonder
Lifted upwards, rocks asunder
Riven, shattered,
Black and battered,
Thou aloft didst see?

Downward stalking through TEMPESTA
Did a giant shape appear.
All the waters leaping after
Hound-like, with their thunder-laughter
Shook the valley
Teocalli,
Hill-top bleak and bare.

Vast and ponderous, of granite,
Cloud enwrapt his features were.
In his great calm eyes emotion
Glimmered none; and like an ocean
Billowy, tangled,
Foam bespangled
Backward streamed his hair.

On his brow like dandelions
Nodded pines: the solid floor
Rocked and reeled beneath his treading,
Black on high a tempest spreading,
Pregnant, passive,
As with massive
Portal, closed the corridor.

Frighted, sobbing, clinging to me
In an agony of dread,
Sawest thou this form tremendous
Striding down the steep stupendous

*A waterfall in North Georgia, raging down granite steps of a *barranca* nearly a thousand feet deep.

With the torrent:
Night abhorrent
Closing overhead.

Then my heart dissembling courage,
That thine own so loudly beat.
Comfort thee, I said, poor trembler:
Providence is no dissembler.
Higher power
Guards each flower
Blooming at thy feet.

Flushed and tearful from my bosom
Thereat thou didst lift thy face.
Blue and wide thy eyes resplendent,
Turned upon the phantom pendent,
Whose huge shadow
Overshadowed
All the gloomy place.

Back revolving into granite,
Foam and fall and nodding pine,
Sank the phantom. Slantwise driven
Through the storm-cloud rent and riven,
Sunshine glittered
And there twittered—
Birds in every vine.

Then sonorous from the chasm
Pealed a voice distinct and loud:
"Innocence and God-reliance
Set all evil at defiance.
Maiden, by these,
(As by snow, trees,)
Evil heads are bowed."

ON THE DEATH OF A KINSMAN*

I see an Eagle winging to the sun—
  Who sayeth him nay?
He glanceth down from where his wing hath won:
His heart is stout, his flight is scarce begun—
  Oh hopes of clay!

Saw he not how upon the cord was lain
  A keen swift shaft;
How Death wrought out in every throbbing vein,
In every after agony of pain,
  His bitter craft?

Like old Demetrius, the sun had he
  Beheld so long,
Now things of earth no longer could he see,
And in his ear sang Immortality
  A pleasant song.

Icarus-like, he fell when warm and near
  The sunshine smiled:
He rose strong-pinioned in his high career—
Thy dust remains, thy glorious spirit where,
  Minerva's child?

Therefore him Fame had written far and high
  Upon her scroll,
Who fell like sudden meteor from the sky,
Who strenuous to win at last did die
  E'en at the goal.

June 21st, 1843.

*Hon. Hugh S. Legaré.

TO ANNE

Disconsolate and ill at ease
The heart that is, a future sees
Affording naught to cheer or please.

But she that owns a quiet mind
To good or evil fate resigned,
No great unhappiness can find

In any lot. A child in years,
Already have maturer cares
Oppressed thee, and thy eyes to tears

No strangers are. Fair, fresh, and young,
Thrice bitterly thy heart was wrung.

For what had they to do with thee,
In thy spring days, despondency,
Or any woful mysteries?

Yet when thy eyes were no more blind
With weeping, self-possessed, resigned,
Preëminent arose thy mind.

And resolute in doing well,
Didst henceforth teach thy breast to swell
With naught that maiden will could quell.

Thou sawest how man breathes a day
Before re-mingling with his clay:
How feeble in Almighty ken
The most omnipotent of men
Appears: And how the longest life
Is one short struggle in the strife

That rocks the world from age to age.
What worthy hand may write the page
Whose Alexandrine words unbind
Thy upwardly directed mind?

One beat triumphant of the wings,
And dust no more about thee clings,
And all the galaxy of things

Intangible and vast, expand,
So that thou mayest safely stand
On hitherto a quaking sand.

Yet must this excellence be wrought
Not by companionship with thought

Alone: By tracing down the stream
Of life, the glitter of a dream:

By repetition vain of creeds:
No—it is by the deeds—THY DEEDS,
The flowers will o'ertop the weeds

In thy God's-garden. Cheerfully
Do that allotted is to thee,
And fashion out thy destiny;

So that the tomb-doors may not be
Dreaded and dark, but ope to thee
A heaven far as thou can'st see.

FLOWERS IN ASHES

Where, with unruffled surface wide,
The waters of the river glide
Between the arches dimly in the early dawn descried;

While musing, Sweet, of thee—once more
I crossed the bridge as oft of yore,
I saw a shallop issue from the shadow of the shore.

With practised ease the boatman stood,
And dipped his paddle in the flood:
And so the open space was gained, and left behind the wood.

The dripping blade, with measured stroke,
In ripples soft the surface broke;
As once Apollo, kissing oft, the nymph Cyrene woke.

And fast pursuing in his wake,
I heard the dimpling eddies break
In murmurs faint, as if they said—Herefrom example take.

Unruffled as this river, lies
The stream of life to youthful eyes;
On either bank a wood and mart, and overhead God's skies.

Behind the slopes the pleasant shore,
The tumult of the town before,
And thou, who standest in the stern, hast in thy hand an oar.

Oh son of toil, whose poet's heart
Grieves from thy quiet woods to part,
And yet whose birthright high it is, to labor in the mart.

To thee, a child, the bloom was sweet;
But manhood loves the crowded street,
And where in closes, loud and clear, the forging hammers beat.

But even there may bloom for thee
The blossoms childhood loved to see;
And in the cinders of thy toil, God's fairest flowers be.

HAW-BLOSSOMS

While yesterevening, through the vale
  Descending from my cottage door
I strayed, how cool and fresh a look
  All nature wore.

The calmïas and golden-rods,
  And tender blossoms of the haw,
Like maidens seated in the woods,
  Demure, I saw.

The recent drops upon their leaves
  Shone brighter than the bluest eyes
And filled the little sheltered dell
  Their fragrant sighs.

Their pliant arms they interlaced,
  As pleasant canopies they were:
Their blossoms swung against my cheek
  Like braids of hair.

And when I put their boughs aside
  And stooped to pass, from overhead
The little agitated things
  A shower shed

Of tears. Then thoughtfully I spoke;
  Well represent ye maidenhood,
Sweet flowers. Life is to the young
  A shady wood.

And therein some like golden-rods,
  For grosser purposes designed,
A gay existence lead, but leave
  No germ behind.

And others like the calmïas,
  On cliff-sides inaccessible,
Bloom paramount, the vale with sweets
  Yet never fill.

But underneath the glossy leaves,
  When, working out the perfect law,
The blossoms white and fragrant still
  Drop from the haw;

Like worthy deeds in silence wrought
  And secret, through the lapse of years,
In clusters pale and delicate
  The fruit appears.

In clusters pale and delicate
But waxing heavier each day,
Until the many-colored leaves
Drift from the spray.

Then pendulous, like amethysts
And rubies, purple, ripe and red,
Wherewith God's feathered pensioners
In flocks are fed.

Therefore, sweet reader of this rhyme,
Be unto thee examples high
Not calmïas and golden-rods
That scentless die:

But the meek blossoms of the haw,
That fragrant are wherever wind
The forest paths, and perishing
Leave fruits behind.

AHAB-MAHOMMED

A peasant stood before a king and said,
"My children starve, I come to thee for bread."
On cushions soft and silken sat enthroned
The king, and looked on him that prayed and moaned.
Who cried again:—"for bread I come to thee."
For grief, like wine, the tongue will render free.
Then said the prince with simple truth, "Behold
I sit on cushions silken-soft, of gold
And wrought with skill the vessels which they bring
To fitly grace the banquet of a king.
But at my gate the Mede triumphant beats,
And die for food my people in the streets.
Yet no good father hears his child complain
And gives him stones for bread, for alms disdain.
Come, thou and I will sup together—come."
The wondering courtiers saw—saw, and were dumb:
Then followed with their eyes where Ahab led
With grace the humble guest, amazed, to share his bread.

Him half-abashed the royal host withdrew
Into a room, the curtained doorway through.
Silent behind the folds of purple closed,
In marble life the statues stood disposed:
From the high ceiling, perfume breathing, hung
Lamps rich, pomegranate-shaped, and golden-swung.
Gorgeous the board with massive metal shone,
Gorgeous with gems arose in front a throne:
These through the Orient lattice saw the sun.
If gold there was, of meat and bread was none
Save one small loaf; this stretched his hand and took
Ahab-Mahommed, prayed to God, and broke:
One half his yearning nature bid him crave
The other gladly to his guest he gave.

"I have no more to give"—he cheerly said;
"With thee I share my only loaf of bread."
Humbly the stranger took the offered crumb
Yet ate not of it, standing meek and dumb:
Then lifts his eyes—the wondering Ahab saw
His rags fall from him as the snow in thaw.
Resplendent, blue, those orbs upon him turned:
All Ahab's soul within him throbbed and burned.

"Ahab-Mahommed," spoke the vision then;
"From this thou shalt be blessèd among men.
Go forth—thy gates the Mede bewildered flees,
And Allah thank thy people on their knees.
He who gives somewhat does a worthy deed,
Of him the recording angel shall take heed.
But he that halves all that his house doth hold,
His deeds are more to God, yea more than finest gold."

BENJAMIN WATKINS LEIGH

[1781—1849]

JOSEPH B. DUNN

BENJAMIN WATKINS LEIGH was born at Gravel Hill, the glebe of Dale Parish, Chesterfield County, Virginia, June 18, 1781. His father, the Rev. William Leigh, was the son of Fernando Leigh, a captain in the English army, who settled in King William County about 1750. The Rev. William Leigh studied at William and Mary College, and then took a course at the University of Edinburgh. He was ordained by the Bishop of London in 1772. Called to Dale Parish, he continued there as its minister till his death in 1787, at the age of thirty-nine. The young country parson, though fresh from a residence abroad, was a thorough-going Virginian in sentiment, and in 1774 signed a protest against the American policy of the British ministry. The Rev. William Leigh married Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin Watkins of Chesterfield County, who was a man of high ability, an ardent supporter of the Revolution, and a member of the Virginia Convention of 1776. The Rev. William Leigh died when his son Benjamin Watkins Leigh was a child of six years. Young Leigh spent his youth in a community where many were bitterly hostile to the Church of which his father had been a minister. Chesterfield was a county in which the Baptists had a large following, and the Church was almost obliterated. Loyalty to his father's memory, and the training under his accomplished schoolmaster, the Rev. Needler Robinson, led the youth to study the English Church and its history, and he remained through life a devoted Churchman. Leigh never forgot the debt he owed to his teacher, the parson of Dale, who supplemented the meager salary of his cure by teaching the boys of the neighborhood. When Leigh was in the fulness of his powers and reputation, Henry A. Wise complimented him on his mastery of English; to this compliment Leigh replied: "Needler Robinson is responsible for my knowledge of the laws of English speech, and besides it was often my privilege to listen to the talk of John Randolph's mother, whose conversation was even more brilliant than her son's eloquence."

After leaving Robinson's school Leigh went to William and Mary College, and was graduated in 1802. He then commenced the practice of law in Petersburg. His brilliant defence of a youth charged with killing his stepfather, who had attacked his mother,

gave him at once a reputation throughout the State. He remained in Petersburg till 1815, at which time he removed to Richmond, where he spent the rest of his life. By 1819 his position at the Bar was so well recognized that he was selected to compile the Code of Virginia. For such work he was admirably fitted, for he was a thorough master of detail. Accuracy was the habit of his mind, and the readiness for which he became noted, whether the call came in the court room, in committee or on the floor of the United States Senate, was due to the fact that he made it his aim to master every subject he touched. He lived in the day when the law was a science and not a trade, and the study of the law was the passion of his life. That he might find illustrations of its principles, and the source of its beginnings, he studied the works of the Roman jurists. Like George Mason, whose memory he ever held in reverence as the wisest of Americans, he recognized the value of the works of the great Greek historians, for in them were the records of philosophy translated into life. He studied the French and English masters of fiction and the drama; but the law was the jealous mistress of his affections. To her he brought all the rich gleanings of an excursive mind. One whose reputation as a lawyer entitled his opinion to respect declared that the highest court of the State profited by Leigh's presence there, and that from the Bar he taught the Bench. That he might be master of the English speech he studied Hooker, Sherlock, and Tillotson. The silvery notes of Jeremy Taylor's English charmed him like the song of some forest singer. In the early years of his practice he was under the influence of Burke, whose resonant notes and rolling periods were for a long time the conscious model of his own public utterance. Ever the stern critic of himself, he felt that the interests of his clients must take precedence over every other consideration. His speech must make for efficiency. Jeremy Taylor had taught him the charm of graceful utterance. The organ tones of Burke were his to command, but charm and grandeur were achievements of which he himself reaped the rewards in the admiration of his listeners. He deliberately held these high powers of the speaker in abeyance, and determined to qualify himself for a form of utterance that would carry conviction to the listener. He found the instrument he sought in straight Saxon speech; and not as a casual reader, but as a zealous and discerning pupil, he studied under Dean Swift till he was himself master of the fence of words. The straight and tempered blade of Saxon speech became the weapon of his choice, and its cut and thrust left him victor on many a hard fought field.

But if the law was his mistress, Virginia was his sovereign. Sprung of a cavalier stock, loyalty to a sovereign liege was in-

wrought into his very being. His ancestors had given to English kings unquestioning allegiance till a king himself had broken the bond of that allegiance by demanding a service no freeman could give. His father had served the Church with wise and loyal fidelity, but the Church had been caught and crushed under the wheels of change, and allegiance to her was hardly more than loyalty to a gracious memory. But loyalty is the habit of the heart in the highest natures, and must find expression. With Leigh, with John Randolph, and with a host of their contemporaries this loyalty found expression in a passionate devotion to Virginia. No service was too great, no praise too high for the sovereign of their love. They were blind to her faults or forgave them, as the cavalier forgave the faults and foibles of his Prince.

From 1776 to 1829 Virginia had lived under a constitution furnished her in large part by Mason. This constitution was the first written constitution of a free people in the history of the world. It was admirably suited to the condition and spirit of the people for whom it was written; but the lapse of fifty years had seen a great development of the western portion of the State. Here the conditions of life and society were widely different from those in Eastern Virginia. The East was wealthy, and the manual labor was largely done by slaves. In the West property values were small, and the laboring class were, for the most part, white. The great fight in the Virginia Convention of 1829-'30, called to prepare a new constitution, was on the West's demand for a new basis of representation and of taxation. It was a great gathering of great minds. Madison, Marshall, Monroe, and John Randolph were among its members; but by universal consent of opinion Benjamin Watkins Leigh, who stood forward as the advocate of property rights and as the opponent of the philosophy of numbers and the theory that fighting men alone make a state, dominated that assembly.

He struggled against the tide of those fierce democratic passions that flooded the land for three quarters of a century after the Revolution. He snatched a partial victory even from the conquering hour, and now that the tide has turned, the student of governmental policy will find the chart already prepared for him; for Leigh's theory of government is compact, sane, and thoroughly consistent.

Leigh lived for twenty years after this convention. He filled high positions of trust and influence, but the reports of the Convention of 1829-'30 furnish almost the sole records of his eloquence and his political philosophy. He represented Virginia before the Kentucky Legislature in the bitter controversy over the title to land grants in Kentucky. He was the State's ambassador to South Carolina in the perilous days of nullification; and the Legislature of that State de-

clared that he had executed his delicate mission with ability, temper, and affection. He was chosen United States Senator, and actuated by high sense of duty he pitted himself against Andrew Jackson; but his political career was broken against the irresistible power of Jackson's popularity with the people.

Leigh had argued publicly for the right of the Legislature to instruct its representative in the United States Senate; but when he was instructed to vote for Benton's Expunging Resolutions he refused, declaring that no man but a fool would obey an order to violate every dictate of sanity, and none but a criminal would obey an order to commit an actual wrong. He maintained his independence at the cost of favor with the people.

He died February 2, 1849. He was a Virginian *intus et in cute,* a fearless advocate of what he held to be true, and a blameless gentleman.

Jos. B. Dunn.

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ON THE EXPUNGING RESOLUTION

Speech delivered in the United States Senate, April 4, 1836. From 'Debates in Congress,' compiled by Gales and Seaton.

If the Senate may expunge, and by expunging (in any form or manner) invalidate the resolution in question, there is no good reason why it may not, in like manner, expunge and invalidate any entry of any other of its proceedings in its legislative capacity. Suppose, among the numerous private acts passed at the session of 1833-'34, there was one granting land, money, or any other property, to an individual, which, in the opinion of the Senate at the present session, was corruptly passed by the majority of the Senate at that session (as a reward, for example, for partisan services) and so had its beginning in wrong; or, suppose there was any act passed at that session, which the Senate at this shall deem unconstitutional, and for that reason impugn as having commenced in wrong, as gentlemen would have us impugn the resolution of March, 1834; it is just as much within the competency of the Senate now to order all its proceedings manifesting its assent to such acts to be expunged from the journal, as it is to expunge this resolution. He that shall hold that such acts would cease to be valid as laws, in consequence of the expunging from the journal of the evidence of their having been passed by the Senate, must admit the competency of the Senate alone, by the application of this expunging process, to invalidate in effect an act of the whole Legislature; and he that shall hold the laws valid, notwithstanding the expunging of the proceedings of the Senate upon them, must admit that the act of expunging is a mere nullity; in other words, that the Senate has no right to expunge. Then, with respect to our executive journal (which it is not our course to publish so promptly as our legislative journal), what would be the condition of a person nominated by the President to an office, and the nomination confirmed by the Senate, but the act of confirmation afterwards expunged by order of the Senate? Would he be an officer or not? If not, no man can feel perfectly safe in exercising the functions of any office depending on the appointment of the President, by and with the consent and advice of the Senate;

or, the Senate may, without the concurrence of the President, remove the officer—expunge him from office. If, on the contrary, in spite of our expunging the confirmation of his appointment from our journal, he would still be entitled to his office, then our act of expunging the entry of confirmation is unauthorized and void. But the consequences are yet more glaring and enormous when we come to consider the possible application of this expunging process to the journal of our judicial proceedings. A man is impeached before the Senate of high crimes and misdemeanors, tried and convicted, and sentence of incapacitation for public office solemnly pronounced upon him; the court is dissolved: the Senate, afterwards, becoming convinced of the injustice of the judgment and sentence orders the entry of them to be expunged from the journal. If the Senate is really competent to invalidate the judgment by expunging it, his sentence is in effect reversed, and his incapacity removed; and, at any rate, if he shall be elected a member of the Senate while the expunging Senate is in power, he will be permitted to take his seat there. But suppose the accused acquitted, and the Senate, at a future day, honestly imputing the acquittal to partiality or corruption in the Senate that tried his cause, should order the judgment of acquittal to be expunged from the journal, and then a new prosecution should be commenced against him on the same charges; how could he have the benefit of that inestimable principle of justice so dear to the people of this land, that no man shall be twice brought in jeopardy for the same offence? how could he plead his former acquittal, and show the record of the fact? If the judgment should have been literally expunged from the journal, it would be impossible for him to make good his defence. And if it should have been typically expunged, and the record should be produced, with the black lines drawn around it ("black," as the gentleman from Missouri says, "black as the injustice"), and with the "avenging" sentence of expunction written across it, his doom, I apprehend, would be equally certain if it should be his hard fate to be arraigned before the same Senate that had thus expunged the former judgment of acquittal. Again I implore gentlemen to forbear. I pray God to put it in their hearts to pause, to reflect upon the consequences involved in the principle they are maintaining, and to

spare our country the establishment of a precedent that may be alleged hereafter as an example and authority for wrongs like these.

But, to all appeals and all arguments of this kind, my colleague has one general, compendious, all-sufficing answer: that it is not fair to argue, from the possible abuses of a power, against the existence of the power. Did he not perceive that that remark, as he applies it, would equally serve as an answer to all objections to an assumption of any power whatever, which should be dangerous in itself, as well as unconstitutional? Or does he think that an unconstitutional power is less liable to abuse than a constitutional one? Sir, the argument I am urging against the proposition he has maintained is, that it involves other principles plainly unconstitutional; and I show the application of which it is susceptible to other uses of the same kind, in order to expose the inherent vice of the proposition itself. I have not been arguing from the abuses of this expunging process, but from the uses which the principle, if constitutional and just, would as well justify as the use to which it is now proposed to apply it. And no one, I should think, ought to be more sensible than my honorable colleague of the extent to which the authority of precedents may be strained; for he has given us a notable example of it himself, in the application he has made to his present purpose of the two instances of expunging that have been found in the proceedings of the Senate.

As to one of them, I have only to state it. Mr. Randolph, having received information of the death of Mr. Pinkney, announced it as a fact to the Senate; and the Senate, to testify its respect for the memory of a man who had once been so distinguished a member of its own body, immediately adjourned—expressing, of course, the reason of the adjournment, which was entered by the Secretary on his minutes. It turned out, however, that Mr. Pinkney was not yet dead; and, the next morning, when the journal was read, according to the rule, "to the end that any mistake might be corrected that had been made in the entries," the Senate ordered the entry stating the fact of Mr. Pinkney's death to be expunged from the journal. This was not, indeed, as my colleague says, a correction of a mistake of the Secretary in making the entry; but

it was a correction of a mistake, in point of fact, into which Mr. Randolph had fallen, and had misled the Senate. Whether the correction was strictly within the rule of the Senate as to correcting mistaken entries in its journal, no one thought of inquiring at the time, and I shall not now stop to inquire: the correction was intended to be made in conformity with that rule of the Senate, for making up the journal, which the constitution requires the Senate to keep.

The other instance of expunging by the Senate is hardly more important in itself, but it calls for a more particular consideration. On the 21st of April, 1806, being the very last day of the session, it appears, by the rough minutes, taken at the table, that Mr. Adams presented two petitions of S. G. Ogden and W. Smith, and the first entry on the minutes in respect to them is, "read, and to lie;" then, "motions be rejected;" then, the words *be rejected* struck out with a pen, and, instead of them, "leave to withdraw" inserted. After this, there is an entry more in detail—that "Mr. Adams communicated two memorials from S. G. Ogden and W. S. Smith, stating that they are under a criminal prosecution for certain proceedings, into which they were led by the circumstances that their purpose was fully known to and approved by the executive Government of the United States," (the prosecution, we know, was for the part the memorialists had taken in Miranda's expedition,) complaining of such maltreatment by the district judge of the United States at New York, that the grand jury had made a presentment against the judge for it, and praying relief from Congress; and then the entry is, "on motion, ordered, that the memorialists have leave to withdraw their memorials, respectively." Finally, the last minute of the proceedings of this last day of the session was, "on motion that every thing in the journal relative to the memorials of S. G. Ogden and W. S. Smith be expunged therefrom, it passed in the affirmative, by yeas and nays, 13 to 8." The adjoining order follows immediately. It has been said that all the republicans voted for, and the federalists against, the motion. How that is, I do not know. Now, the first remark that occurs is, that this is manifestly an expunction from the minutes, not from the journal; an order that, in making up the journal, those entries on the minutes should not be inserted. The next con-

sideration is, that the reasons of the expunging nowhere appear; they are not stated in the proceeding itself, and, I understand, no notice of the transaction is to be found in the newspapers of the day. For aught that appears, the previous entries might have been expunged, because they did not truly state the fact when they represented that the memorials had been received, and leave given to withdraw them; and I have no doubt those entries did not truly state the real opinion of the Senate on the subject at the time the memorials were first presented. We all know how such things are done, especially during the hurry of a last day's session. The gentleman from Missouri thinks that the reason of expunging the entries concerning those memorials was, that they contained disrespectful imputations upon the Chief Magistrate and a judicial officer; in which his conjecture may be right, and I think it probable enough that it is. But, thirdly, the least attention to the circumstances of the transaction will suffice to convince every mind that hardly any thought was bestowed upon the expunging, as very little could have been given to the proceeding ordered to be expunged; that both probably passed *sub silentio;* that the constitutional question as to the right of the Senate to expunge any proceeding from its journal was not suggested, much less discussed. And is such a precedent of expunging as this—an expunction from the minutes of the Secretary, not from the journal made up by the Senate to be kept —founded on what reasons, no one knows, and none ever inquired—done in haste, and amidst the confusion of the last moments of an expiring session—ordered without discussion, and probably without a question made as to the constitutional propriety of the proceeding, so passed as to attract no attention, to elicit no investigation—is such a precedent to be gravely, much more triumphantly, quoted as an authority in this debate?

But suppose that vote of April, 1806, was (what it certainly was not) a deliberate expression of the opinion of the Senate on the very point, that the Senate may constitutionally exercise a discretion to expunge from its journal, at any time, the entry of any proceeding which it disapproves as irregular and unjust; it would only add another instance to the thousands with which all history abounds, of the truth of the common observation, that it is during the administration of the

most popular Chief Magistrates that precedents dangerous to liberty are most to be apprehended, most to be deprecated, and most carefully to be avoided; not on account of any design on their part, or of vicious design in any quarter, but simply because confidence in them not only serves to give authority to their example, but disarms the public mind of that wholesome jealousy, that constant vigilance, which (as Mr. Jefferson has himself justly said) is the eternal price that men must pay for liberty. To do Mr. Jefferson justice, it must be remarked that there is not the least reason to believe that he approved, or even knew, of that expunging order of the Senate in April, 1806, much more counselled or wished it. Whether the present Chief Magistrate has taken any pains, or expressed any wish, for the accomplishment of the expunction now proposed, I do not know; though I could give a shrewd guess.

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Well was it said the other day by the gentleman from South Carolina (Mr. Calhoun) that precedents apparently trivial are often of the utmost importance, because they may be applied, stretched, or perverted, to cases never apprehended or foreseen; and that precedents affecting constitutional questions are rarely resorted to as authority for the exercise of any but doubtful powers, for the plain reason that the authority of precedents is never necessary, unless the power they are wanted to sustain is doubtful. Witness the use now made of the two precedents of expunging, found in the proceedings of the Senate! Sir, we shall find it an eternal truth, that "there is no other course to be taken in a settled state, than a steady constant resolution never to give way so far as to make the least breach in the constitution, through which a million of abuses and encroachments will certainly in time force their way." I quote the words of Swift, a monarchist and tory to be sure, yet they are the words of political prudence and wisdom; they imbody the lessons and the warnings of experience, which the republicans of this country will do well to hearken to and remember.

And now, sir, I think myself well warranted in saying, that the expunging of the resolution of the Senate of the 28th of March, 1834, from the journal, literally or figuratively, is

wholly irreconcilable with the constitution, upon any fair construction of its words; and that no authority for such expunction can be found in any precedent whatever, at all applicable to the purpose or entitled to the least weight. I think myself warranted in saying, too, that if the Senate shall adopt this proposition, and carry it into execution, it will set a precedent fraught with the most dangerous and pernicious consequences.

REPRESENTATION AND TAXATION

Delivered at the Virginia State Convention November 3, 1829. From 'Proceedings and Debates of the Virginia State Convention.'

Gentlemen from the West have exhorted us to discard all care for local interests—they tell us, that, if they know their own hearts, their opinions and course are not influenced by any such paltry considerations. Without doubting the sincerity of these professions, I doubt whether they do know their own hearts—without impiously setting up myself for a searcher of hearts, I doubt whether *they* have searched their hearts with sufficient scrutiny—nay, whether any scrutiny would have been successful. It is a divine truth, that the heart of man is treacherous to itself, and deceitful above all things. This we know with certainty, but the opinions of the western delegation, on this question, conform exactly with the interests of their constituents—they are perfectly unanimous—no division among them—none at all. And there is the great county of Loudoun—Why (as Louis XIV. said to his grandson, when he departed to mount the Throne of Spain)—why are there no longer any Pyrenees?—Why is the Blue Ridge levelled from the Potomac to Ashby's Gap, though it swells again to Alpine heights, as it proceeds thence southward, to divide Fauquier from Frederick? This miracle has not been worked by turnpiking the roads. Look at the census, and observe that the white population of Loudoun is three-fold that of the black; look at the Auditor's reports, and mark the fact, that Loudoun pays not half as much tax, as some of the poorer slave-holding planting counties; consider her common interest with all the upper Northern Neck in internal improvement, and their common opinions concerning State Rights: and then, if

I mistake not, the question will be very easy of solution. The votes from the Orange, the Albemarle, the Campbell, the Pittsylvania, and the Norfolk districts, which (I know not why,) are all counted on as securely, as if they were already given; these are, indeed, disinterested, and can only be attributed to magnanimity. I presume not to enquire into the motives of gentlemen, much less to censure their conduct. I admire, but I cannot imitate their example. I have regard, especial regard, to the local interests of *my* constituents. They sent me here for the very purpose, that I might watch over them, guard, defend, and secure them, to the uttermost of my power. And, if I should disregard them, either through design or indolence —if I were even to profess to have no regard to them—it were better for me, that I had never been born—the contempt of some, and the hate of others, would pursue me through life; and if I should fly for refuge to the remotest corners of the earth, conscience would still follow me with her whip of scorpions, and lash me to the grave.

Sir, I affirm with the gentleman from Hanover (Mr. Morris) that the contest we are now engaged in, though not the same in its circumstances, with that between our ancestors and Great Britain, is similar in principle. I have heard, and wondered to hear, many persons talk "of our having cast off the yoke of British slavery." The French minister, Genet, once dared to address General Washington in that same strain; and he began his answer with those memorable words,—"*Born in a land of freedom.*" Our fathers had no yoke of slavery to cast off—their merit and their glory consisted in resisting the very first attempt made to impose one. None but freemen would have perceived the danger; none but freemen would have spurned the yoke the moment they saw it prepared for them, and before they felt its weight. The humblest slave, the basest felon, the very beasts, will, when they can, cast off a yoke that galls them. At the peace of 1763, the Colonies were warmly attached to England; nor had George III. a more loyal subject in his dominions, than George Washington. The quarrel originated in the attempt of the British Parliament to tax us; and all the grievances we afterwards complained of, were but the effects of our determination not to submit to the taxes it sought to impose, and of the efforts of Great Britain

to subdue our resistance. In the language of Lord Chatham, the Commons of Great Britain claimed a right to give and grant the money of the Commons of America, without allowing them any representation at all. Our western fellow-citizens only claim power to give and grant three dollars of our money for every dollar they give and grant of their own, allowing us representation indeed, but a representation not strong enough to refuse the grant. Suppose Great Britain had offered us a representation in Parliament, *proportioned to our free white population exclusively*—what would our fathers have said to it? What I, their descendant, now say to it—"It is mockery—you ask us to put ourselves in your power, bound hand and foot, and think because you gild our chains with a thin leaf that shews like golden freedom, we shall be so silly as to wear them." Great Britain might have offered us a representation in Parliament, proportioned to our population, and told us truly, that our country would soon be populous, that our vast forests would soon be felled, that our vast wildernesses would soon blossom like the rose, and that in the course of some forty years, we should have a population of ten or twelve millions, and then be entitled to an equal representation. Such language would hardly have prevailed with us. But our fellow-citizens of the west, reverse the proposition—they tell us, that in thirty years the majority will surely be found west of the Alleghany, and gravely ask us to assent to a principle, which will place us, and all we have, in their power and at their mercy—our slaves, our lands, our household goods, our—but I stop, Sir. The beauty of it is, they tell us all the while, to quiet our apprehensions, no doubt—"Remember the weight of a Back-Woods vote"—comply with all our desires, reasonable or unreasonable, or never hope more—"Remember the weight of a Back-Woods vote"—that force, which moves in solid phalanx, always advancing, never relenting, never breaking.

The Commons of Great Britain claimed power over our property, and we insisted that the control over it belonged, of right and exclusively, to us the owners; so our fellow-citizens of the west ask us to give them the absolute power of taxation over us, and we insist on retaining that power in our own hands. The Commons of Great Britain claimed to exact

"a pepper-corn" from us, voting millions of their own; our brethren of the west only ask power to take three dollars of our money for every dollar they contribute of theirs. Let a fair comparison be made, and then determine which claim is the more reasonable, or the more abhorrent from justice, safety, and liberty. Our fathers stood justified before the nations and before high Heaven too, in resisting the pretensions of Great Britain, by all the means that God and nature put into their hands.

And now, Sir, let me be distinctly understood. Attachment to this, my native State, to every foot of her soil, to every interest of all her citizens, has been my ruling passion from my youth—so strong, that it is now (what all attachments to be useful to its objects, must be) a prejudice—I hardly recollect the reasons on which it was founded. None that know me, will doubt this. I foresaw, I foretold, this fearful, distracting conflict. I looked to it with terror from the first, and I look to its consequences with horror now. I have trembled—I have burned. I raised my *Cassandra* voice, to warn and to deprecate—if I had the strength to make it heard, I wanted weight of character to make it heeded. Never till then had I felt the want of political influence, or lamented that I had disdained the ordinary methods of acquiring it in my earlier years, though probably no efforts would have been successful. My feelings, my reason, my prejudices, my principles, all assure me, that the dismemberment of the State must be fraught with cruel evils to us of the east and still more cruel evils to our brethren of the west. Yet, Sir—and the blood curdles in my veins while I make the avowal—I shall avow, that the preservation of the Commonwealth in its integrity, is only the second wish of my heart: the first is, that it may be preserved entire under a fair, equal, regular, republican Government, founded in the great interests that are common to us all, and on a just balance of those interests that are conflicting.

Sir, the resolution reported by the Legislative Committee, in effect, proposes to divorce power from property—to base representation on numbers alone, though numbers do not quadrate with property—though mountains rise between them —to transfer, in the course of a very few years, the weight of

power over taxation and property to the west, though it be admitted, on all hands that the far greater mass of property is now, and must still be held in the east. Power and property may be separated for a time, by force or fraud—but divorced, never. For, so soon as the pang of separation is felt—if there be truth in history, if there be any certainty in the experience of ages, if all pretensions to knowledge of the human heart be not vanity and folly—property will purchase power, or power will take property. And either way there must be an end of free government. If property buy power, the very process is corruption. If power ravish property, the sword must be drawn—so essential is property to the very being of civilized society, and so certain that civilized man will never consent to return to a savage state. Corruption and violence alike terminate in military despotism. All the Republics in the world have died this death. In the pursuit of wild impracticable liberty, the people have first become disgusted with all regular Government, then violated the security of property which regular Government alone can defend, and been glad at last to find a master. License is not liberty, but the bane of liberty. There is a book—but the author was a tory, an English tory, and he wrote before the American Revolution, so that I am almost afraid to refer to it—yet I will—there is an Essay of Swift on the dissentions of Athens and Rome, in which the downfall of those Republics, is clearly traced to the same fatal error of placing power over property in different hands from those that held the property. The manner of doing the mischief there, was the vesting of all the power of judicature in the people; but no matter how the manner may be varied, the principle is the same. There has been no change in the natural feelings, passions, and appetites of men, any more than in their outward form, from the days of Solon to those of George Washington. Like political or moral causes put in action, have ever produced, and must forever produce, every where, like effects—in Athens, in Rome, in France, in America.

OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT

[1810—1877]

MRS. JOHN K. OTTLEY

OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT wrote but one book, and had she written more it would have remained equally true that her literary achievement is dwarfed by her personality. On any horizon which contained her she herself would have appeared the significant fact; and the truest comment upon the book is that, in quite a remarkable manner, it mirrors her quite remarkable personality.

Even in this day, when everybody goes everywhere and hurries home to tell about it, 'Souvenirs of Travel' holds first rank as a chronicle of wanderings. Its interesting and unique scenes, peopled by distinguished and noteworthy persons, afford us a picture of brilliant social life of that period abroad so accurate and graphic as to be both valuable and delightful. And this, too, with a style and finish quaintly characteristic of the best literary manner of that day. In an unusual degree, it partakes of the characteristic of vital vividness which was so strong in its author. No one, even to-day, can read the 'Souvenirs of Travel' without a distinct wish to go and do likewise; nor can one fail to feel, as one reads, a warming of the heart toward the image its pages so plainly conjure up of her whom the consensus of opinion in that day united in declaring the "most charming woman in the world."

Octavia Walton Le Vert was born at Bellevue, near Augusta, Georgia, in 1810. She was the finished product of the best American conditions. Nature tried her utmost in her inheritance, and we shall probably not see the result excelled. Her grandfather was that George Walton who sat in the first Continental Congress, signed the Declaration of Independence, was Governor and Supreme Judge of Georgia, and was wounded at the head of his regiment at the battle of Savannah. He married Miss Camber, the daughter of a British nobleman. She, too, became a patriot, suffering imprisonment in the West Indies, and shared with her husband the friendship of such men as Washington, La Fayette, Monroe and Jefferson. Madame Le Vert's father was George Walton, 2d, and her mother, Sally Minge Walker of Georgia. Octavia never went to school, but was educated by these two able and cultured women and an old Scotch tutor, who taught her the "humanities" (Greek and Latin), and French, Italian and Spanish to such good effect that "at twelve years

she spoke three languages, and was often sent for to translate foreign dispatches in her father's office." When La Fayette re-visited America, Mrs. George Walton, too infirm to grant him the interview he desired with her, sent little Octavia to represent her. She sat upon the great man's knee and conversed in pure and fluent French, to his extreme delight.

Colonel Walton was at this time resident in Pensacola, where he was Territorial Secretary and Acting Governor under General Jackson. Here, as Octavia grew to womanhood, her natural taste for social life was fostered by finding herself the admired center of a cosmopolitan circle of naval officers, whose ships hailed from all over the world. An early and devoted friend was the old Seminole Chief who called her the "White dove of peace," and who was delighted when she christened the new capital "Tallahassee," which, being interpreted, means in Seminole "Beautiful Land."

In 1833-'34, when she was about twenty-three years of age, her social horizon was widened by a tour of the United States, where, in city or at watering-place, she received equal ovation and fairly earned the title everywhere enthusiastically accorded her of "the belle of the Union." Politics interested her no less than society. On a visit to Washington the charming Miss Walton would sit each day in the gallery listening breathlessly to the impassioned speeches of such debaters as Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, and taking notes in her journal with such accuracy that each of these men was glad to refresh his memory of his own utterances from its pages.

In 1835 Colonel Walton moved to Mobile, where he spent the rest of his life. In Mobile, then, the "belle of the Union," her laurels fresh upon her brow, met, while nursing the sick in the poor quarter of the city, a handsome young surgeon of distinguished birth, to whom she was married in 1836.

Dr. Henry Strachey Le Vert was the son of Dr. Claude Le Vert, who came to America with La Fayette and, as fleet surgeon to Rochambeau, was at the battle of Yorktown. Remaining in America, he married, in Virginia, Miss Metcalf, a niece of that Admiral Vernon under whom Lawrence Washington served at the battle of Carthagena and in whose honor he later named Mount Vernon. After Dr. Le Vert's death his widow, with two sons, moved from Virginia to Alabama.

Some one has said of Madame Le Vert that "her remarkable experience was to wear the crown of beauty and genius without a thorn;" and there could be no more striking proof of this determined favoritism of fortune toward her than that a woman of her particular talents, temperament, and charm, should have chanced upon so ideally suitable a husband as Dr. Le Vert proved to be. Their

life together was one of mutual devotion and perfect accord. Free to an unusual degree of jealousy, either individual or general, Dr. Le Vert shared in the social pleasures of his wife, rejoicing in her triumphs and affording her every opportunity for their enhancement. The nearest approach to a salon which America has known was afforded by Madame Le Vert's "Mondays." On these days during the season, her large and elegant home on Government Street was crowded from eleven in the morning until eleven at night, with not only the élite of Mobile and of the South, but the elect of every clime. Among the many distinguished persons who delighted in the hospitality of Madame Le Vert was Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley, daughter of the Duke of Rutland.

In 1853 Madame Le Vert, accompanied by her father, her young daughter Octavia, and her faithful colored servant, Betsey, visited England, where distinguished friends at court secured for her entrée to the most exclusive circles. The Queen sent to Madame Le Vert, by royal messenger, a card to a state ball without the formality of a previous presentation. So unusual an honor was an "open sesame," which the fair Octavia so well improved, that she soon became the "toast of the town."

Madame Le Vert a second time crossed the ocean, going by way of Cuba, and this time visiting only the Continent. Her traveling companions were Octavia and Dr. Le Vert (whom she styles "M.D."). This journey was undertaken that they might attend the great exposition in Paris, to which Madame Le Vert went as an officially accredited representative from Alabama.

It is doubtful if anyone in the State besides this remarkably acute and far-seeing woman was alive at that early date to the significance of such international relations. "When the products of Alabama are asked for," says she, "I can but point to Octavia." On this journey were met such interesting people as the Brownings, Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie, the Countess de Montijo, the Count and Countess of Alba, Pope Pius IX, with whom the party had private audience; besides Powers, Buchanan Read, Crawford, Ives, Gibson, and Harriet Hosmer among artists and littérateurs. Everyone of note in diplomatic life did them honor, and all Americans of charm and position gathered around them. So many persons, indeed, from every nation made their party a center that a wit described Madame Le Vert's salon in Paris as the "Tower of Babel."

On a visit to Lamartine he said to her: "You have it in your power to fill with pleasure the hearts of your nation. Promise me to write a few souvenirs of European travel." Such was the inspiration, and thence the name of 'Souvenirs of Travel,' which is made up entirely of the journal and letters of these two journeys.

We have already said that the greatest value of the 'Souvenirs of Travel' is that it is a veritable "human document." Had we no other record of Madame Le Vert, it would be easy to reconstruct her from its pages as a woman of great and universal social charm, tact, and adaptability, of intellectual grasp and brilliancy, untiring industry, indefatigable energy, boundless enthusiasm, spontaneity, kindness, tenderness, joyousness, much mental hospitality, freedom from all bitterness, large social constructiveness and with a catholic breadth of view which enabled her to be religious without intolerance, and patriotic without prejudice. The record of her life amply makes good this paragon-like array of qualities.

Adam Badeau said: "In conversation she never flags, nor ever utters a commonplace."

A Catholic editor wrote: "I defy anybody to spend an hour in her company without rising up a wiser and better man, having a sense of musical joyance in his heart because of her words."

Again Badeau said: "No human being has ever been pained by an unkind word or an ungenerous act of hers."

Once, when someone commented upon the beauty of her feet, Henry Clay, who loved her dearly, said: "She has a tongue that never spoke an evil word of anyone." Of that catholic tolerance which so distinguished her he said: "She was made up without antipathies, and in place of them has large adaptation and tolerance." Of her appearance was said: "Her forehead is the very finest I ever saw, white and smooth, high, and as transparent as marble. Her eyes are large, with an expression peculiar to themselves, like that of a dove descending from heaven in some of Guido's or Carlo Dolce's pictures. They tell of the same ineffable softness, the same fragrant purity, the same unchangeable peace." The true secret of her charm is perhaps summed up by Henry Bellows, who said: "Your social success is due to that sympathetic power which enables you to fling yourself into everybody's place or feelings. We may talk of presence of mind, but there is a still rarer quality, presence of heart." This quality drew around her through life literally hundreds of admirers, both men and women. To know her seemed inevitably to love her. In an unusual degree she possessed the capacity of attaching to her many men in close personal friendship without the relation taking on a warmer or more dangerous aspect. Beside many lesser lights the most distinguished of these friends were Washington Irving, Millard Fillmore, Edwin Booth, Henry W. Longfellow, Henry Clay, N. P. Willis, Jefferson Davis, General Beauregard, Robert Toombs, Alexander H. Stephens, Edward Everett, John C. Calhoun, and Daniel Webster.

That the two other books written by Madame Le Vert were not

published, "for personal reasons," is never to be sufficiently regretted. "Souvenirs of the War" and "Souvenirs of Distinguished People," seen as Octavia Le Vert saw them, would have furnished an invaluable addition to the history of Southern life and times. More leisure would have enabled her to take high rank as a translator. Translations of Dumas's 'The Three Musketeers' and 'The Pope and the Congress' bear witness to this fact.

One of the originators of the plan of the American women to preserve Mount Vernon to the nation, Madame Le Vert was for years Vice-regent for Alabama of the Mount Vernon Association. When the cornerstone was laid in New Orleans of the monument to Henry Clay his faithful friend journeyed thither and delivered an eloquent address. Opposed to secession, Madame Le Vert nevertheless remained in Mobile during the war, alleviating, as she could, the sufferings of Southern soldiers in the intervals of her anxious nursing of Dr. Le Vert, who fell ill a year before the beginning of the war and died a year before its close. The loss of both father and mother added to the weight of this affliction. No woman ever more devotedly loved those of her own household. Grandmother, father, mother, husband, children, held first place in her heart. From the loss of nearly all these dear ones even her joyous spirit could not quite rebound. Her slaves, though freed, would not leave her until the Government Street home was closed; while Betsey, who "seemed but to live for her Mistress Octavia," followed her fortunes to the last.

Madame Le Vert and her two daughters, Octavia and Annette, made a last visit to New York and Washington in 1865, where the sitting-room of her hotel witnessed a "gathering of the clans," when all the old friends and many new ones gathered gladly about her. In 1874 she appeared for a time as a public reader, and in 1877 she gave up her life at beautiful "Bellevue," where it had begun. She was then sixty-seven years old.

Although the mother of four children, Madame Le Vert has but one descendant. One son and one daughter died in infancy. Octavia died unmarried, and Annette—the "Cara Netta" of the 'Souvenirs' —married Mr. Regyle Reab of Augusta. Their one son, Mr. George Walton Reab, resides in Augusta. "Bellevue," her birthplace, the home of George Walton, is the property of Colonel D. B. Dyer, who has rechristened it "Château Le Vert," and cherishes there as valued relics many scrap-books containing hundreds of letters from notable persons to Madame Le Vert, and beautiful portraits of herself and of Dr. Le Vert.

Passie Fenton Otley.

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INTRODUCTION TO DE LAMARTINE

From 'Souvenirs of Travel.'

. . . You remember, dear Mamma, my deep regret at not meeting De Lamartine when we were in Paris before. Inquiring for him this time, we heard he was again in the country, and I was sadly disappointed. Speaking to a friend of the poet the other evening, at Prince Napoleon's reception, of my earnest wish to know him, I received the pleasant intelligence that De Lamartine was just now in the city for a few days. The next morning we drove to his apartments. As he was not at home, we left our cards and a kind letter to him from Hon. Dudley Mann, introducing us. Then came an invitation to spend the evening with himself and Mme. Lamartine. There were only a few literary persons present in addition, and I passed some of the most enchanting hours I have known for many years, with the historian, his wife, and friends.

Monsieur De Lamartine resembles much more an American or an Englishman in manner, than a Frenchman. He is tall and thin, has white hair, and an expression of face indicative of constant and intense thought. There is a dreamy, poetical look about the eyes; and he speaks slowly and with marked emphasis. He is calm and self-possessed, but full of cordiality, and his words are both genial and kind. He is captivating in conversation, earnest and eloquent; with so much feeling in his language, as impresses one constantly with his sincerity. He received me with the utmost warmth and charming *empressement,* and seated me by his side, so that I had all his attentions to myself. The thread of conversation was unravelled by the usual topics, until it flowed freely from the ball; and then it soon wove itself into a thousand pleasant themes.

A sparkling little episode, "like the flight of a shining arrow," flashed over the evening's pleasure, so gratifying to me, I must tell you of it. We were speaking of the adoration bestowed upon relics in Rome, when one of the company remarked that all nations possessed objects insignificant in themselves, but dear from associations of the past. De Lamartine turned to me, and said, "Your country, Madame, has the most precious manuscript in the world—the *signed Declaration of Independence!* Do not your people make pilgrimages to look upon it?" Think how my heart swelled with joy as I answered him, "Yes, it is sacred to all our citizens, but most precious to me, since my grandfather's name, which I proudly yet retain, is thereon inscribed, as one who gave his blood and his fortune to perpetuate our free institutions." De Lamartine rose up and bowed to me profoundly, exclaiming, "Madame, in that name you have a noble heritage. It is the true patent of nobility, and you rightly cherish your descent from such a brave and heroic patriot with honest pride!"

Not all the concentrated compliments of the titled, the wealthy, and witty of France, could have touched my soul with the same thrilling delight, as those heart-warm words from De Lamartine, and truly the evening spent with the historian, poet, and orator, has given me more happiness than all the splendid fêtes I have seen in Europe.

Mme. De Lamartine is a most charming person, highly accomplished and intellectual. She seems tenderly loved by her husband, and admired and honored by her friends. She is an Englishwoman, and the circumstances attending their union were exceedingly romantic, she having become passionately interested in the author from reading his beautiful thoughts expressed in his "Meditations." When they did meet, the warm sympathy between them changed into love, which has cheered and brightened the poet's life, and sustained him under its terrible trials. Over her pale face there often stole a deep sadness, as of long past sorrows, whose shadow still lingered. When she told me she was childless, I no longer wondered at the cloud: she had been the mother of four lovely children; all had been gathered, as spring flowers, by relentless death. In the East, at the Holy City of Jerusalem, the last, a precious blooming girl, had been taken from them, and the stricken father and mother were left alone with their great anguish. How sincerely we can feel for these fond parents, thus bereft—we, whose hearts have "travelled the same dark track."

De Lamartine is no longer occupied with politics. He devotes eight or nine hours of the twenty-four to literary pursuits. Indeed, his wife said, but for her entreaties he would give much more time to them. They live in a quiet, comfortable style, and go early in the spring to their grape-farms near Macon. The illness of Mme. De Lamartine had compelled them to return for a brief period to Paris, to consult physicians; and while they were here, I fortunately saw them. In parting, they told me it was quite probable they might visit the United States in a few years.

DESCRIPTION OF VESUVIUS

From 'Souvenirs of Travel.'

. . . GLORIOUS news I write you, glorious news indeed! Vesuvius is in full eruption! During the morning several Neapolitans told me an eruption would soon burst forth, as the dark clouds above the crater had been tinged with a crimson light just at midnight on Monday. This had been the herald of the fire-fiend since the days of Pompeii. Hence I was not surprised when I received a message from the courier, begging us to hasten from the dinner-table, as the flames were already visible from our balcony. Away we flew up the stairway, as though we imagined that, like a flight of rockets, they might vanish ere we could see them.

The night was calm—not a wavelet disturbed the mirror-like surface of the bay. The moon, high in the heavens, was casting a long train of radiance over its waters. Parallel with the moonbeams fell the crimson light from the volcano, while between them lay a space of deep, deep blue, like a pavement of sapphire. How strangely beautiful was the scene! Palaces and domes, spires and churches, ships and little boats, were all touched with a silvery light, or glowing in the crimson rays of the "fiery mountain." Along the mole were clustered hundreds of Neapolitan fishermen, urging the passers-by to embark with them for a row across to the base of Vesuvius, their dark, gipsy-like faces singularly wild by the gleams of the red light.

But the mountain! It was perfectly wonderful! blazing and flaming like—but to what shall I compare it? In truth, it was like Shakespeare's Richard, "itself alone." Down the side poured a cataract of lava, while from the crater sprang up at times great blood-red stones, which seemed poised in air for a few seconds, then fell crashing down below. Although we were eight or ten miles distant, we heard the "voice of the mountain" above all other sounds of earth of air. Clouds of smoke hung in festoons around the highest peak of Vesuvius, and though there was no wind, they were constantly changing into most fantastic forms, now presenting the appearance of a lion, then a eagle with a scroll of fire in

his talons, or a procession of monks with black cowls, or palaces, or castles, all tinged with a crimson hue.

It is now four o'clock, and I have passed the entire night looking upon the burning mountain, and at intervals, when my delight must have expression, running to the table, and writing down for your dear eyes a description of the dazzling scene. The enthusiasm of M. D. and Octavia faded away by two o'clock, so they retired to sleep. But for me there was an enchantment which absolutely forbade repose, and it was only when daylight came, and half the majesty of the eruption had departed, that I was enabled to close my window. . . . .

Not content with our distant view, we resolved on Wednesday afternoon to approach nearer to the wonderful spectacle. At five we left Naples in an open barouche, drawn by three strong horses, and drove rapidly through Portici, and up the mountain to the Hermitage, passing through the vineyards from whose grapes the *Lacryma Christi* wine is made. The road was thronged with carriages, horsemen, donkeys, and pedestrians by thousands. It was an exquisite evening, and the very heavens seemed to rejoice in the universal happiness; for an eruption of Vesuvius is a benefaction to the Neapolitans. Smiling joy was pictured on every face. The beggars even ceased to rap their chins and to cry "*morte di fame.*" The lame hobbled along merrily, and the blind stretched out their hands, as though to feel the happiness they could not see. There were crowds of handsome peasant-women, with sparkling eyes and ruddy cheeks, hastening up. Even the poor little infants many carried, were laughing in spite of being wrapped up like Egyptian mummies, and tucked under their mothers' arms as though they were great loaves of bread.

At the Hermitage, midway to the summit, there was a scene precisely like a race-field in America. Hundreds and hundreds of carriages were all crammed together, while the drivers were swearing and gesticulating furiously. We gladly left our barouche, and hastened down a pathway through a grove of young chestnut trees, which brought us, after a brisk walk, to the verge of the lava flood. It poured from the crater far above, and formed a stream many miles in length. It was a deep burning red, with here and there a little

island of black, caused by the cooling of the surface of the fiery river. From this ravine we climbed up the heights above, and approached nearer the crater. There we encountered our guide Beppo, who made the ascent with us. The instant he perceived us, he cried out, "*Bene! bene!* Signora! You remember three days ago, when I allowed you to stop on the side of the cone, and you asked me about the little serpent of smoke that burst from the lava, when the great mountain thundered—*bene!* that was the mouth of the crater, and the fire was trying to open it. You see what it has done now. *Grazie a Dio!* we shall eat *macaroni* to-night!"

Precisely true were the words of Beppo. Just where I had gathered up pieces of hot lava, and heard, far, far down below a wild, fierce murmur, almost like the utterance of human agony, a new crater had opened its flaming mouth whence came a torrent of lava, sixty or seventy feet in width flowing down the very path by which we had ascended. It did not dash rapidly along, as does the water, but moved slowly and majestically. It was only when a rocky barrier stayed its progress, that it would swell up into grand waves of fire, and madly dash over it. Imagine Trenton Falls, with every drop of water turned to flame, pouring over ledge after ledge of rocks; or the Arno a river of fire, rushing wildly over the heights of Tivoli, and some faint idea may be formed of the lava-cataract of Vesuvius.

As we descended the mountain, after midnight, we met the King of Naples, who had been lured from his close retirement in the Palace of Caserta (twenty miles from the city), to ascend the mountain. We stopped for him to pass us; and the transient view I had of his face, revealed a stern, hard, and cruel-looking person. His carriage was encircled by multitudes of soldiers and mounted guards.

When we reached home, it was impossible for me to sleep, so intense had been the excitement of the visit to the fiery mountain. Therefore I concluded to occupy the hours in describing the glorious eruption, ere the occupations of another day should chase from my mind one attribute of its sublime grandeur. The blue light of early morning is stealing through the latticed window, and I will say, Heaven guard my mother and my child, and so "woo the blessing of sleep."

A VISIT TO THE POPE

From 'Souvenirs of Travel.'

I CANNOT sleep to-night, precious Mamma, until I have written, and told you of the delight we experienced in being presented to the Pope of Rome, and of the affectionate and captivating kindness with which he received us. A cordial letter from our excellent Bishop Portier introduced us to Monsignore Barnabo, to whom we were indebted for the favor of this private audience.

Yesterday morning a charming note came from Count Borromeo, informing me that his Holiness would gladly receive a visit from us at four o'clock this afternoon. Hence at that hour we drove to the Vatican (the winter residence of the Pope), attired, according to the etiquette of the court, in deep black, with long black veils thrown over our heads. Passing a group of Swiss Guards at the foot of the marble stairway, we were conducted by an officer along corridors, and through great apartments, to the ante-chamber. The walls of this room were glowing with the radiant pictures of Raphael, of Murillo, Titian, and Guido. As we stood admiring these masterpieces of painting, Monsignore Talbot (an English Bishop) joined us, and we then proceeded to the reception room, which was a long salon, with exquisitely frescoed ceiling, but no adornment of furniture.

Near a table, at one end of the room, his Holiness was seated. He arose when we entered. Monsignore Talbot presented us, and immediately retired. As we approached him, he held out his hands, and in a sweet voice said, "Welcome to Rome, my friends." I knelt before him and kissed his hand, with the earnest reverence I would feel for an honored parent. At once we glided into conversation, and were soon completely charmed by his genial manner, so honest and truthful. He is an exceedingly handsome man, about sixty years old, we were told, although he appears much younger. His features are fine, and his eyes beautiful. The expression of his mouth is indescribably sweet, and his smile possesses a magnetic charm which draws to him all hearts. Every word and look reveal the generous and sympathetic nature, which, were it within his power would gladly shield every human creature from sin, suffering, or sorrow.

He spoke of our country, and its onward progress, with deep and warm interest, calling it the "noble land of Washington." The New World, he remarked, had always been very dear to him, for the early days of his life as a priest had been passed in Buenos Ayres, South America. Its vast pampas he had traversed, and crossed over the Andes to the Pacific shore of the continent. During his residence in Chili, Pope Gregory had recalled him to Italy, and soon after named him Bishop of Imola. Oh! Mamma, it was a perfect enjoyment to listen to his descriptions of those far-away lands, and of the sublime scenery of the lofty mountains whose summits are nearest heaven.

We conversed at first in French and Spanish (English, the Pope said, he could never learn); but fearing it might be some effort to his Holiness to speak them, I begged he would address me in Italian, which, although not so familiar to me as the other languages, I could understand exceedingly well. How glad I was afterwards this thought came to me, for his utterance of the Italian was as soft and melodious as the strains of music, so rich, full, and sonorous. The orations of Cicero, and the verses of Virgil, were worthy of a language harmonious like this; for, though the Italian is somewhat changed, it is still the daughter of the Latin, and has all the exquisite grace of expression and flowing elegance of the parent tongue.

Then, the dear Pope dwelt with touching eloquence upon the goodness of God, which had so miraculously saved him from a terrible death, during the accident at the Convent of St. Agnese. He related to us the incidents of that frightful scene. Some catacombs had been recently discovered near the church, and his Holiness went to visit them, accompanied by a large suite of cardinals, bishops, and foreign ambassadors. After they had explored the subterranean home of the dead, they proceeded to the convent near by. In a great, old room of the building, long unused, the monks had prepared a collation. The Pope was seated in an immense oaken chair, with a high back and enormous arms. Before he commenced partaking of the refreshments, a number of boys from a neighboring school were brought in to receive his blessing. He had just given it to them, and had commanded the servants

to bring him some of the delicacies to distribute among the children, when a fearful crash was heard, and the floor sank into a vault below, thirty feet deep. Shrieks of terror, and appalling cries of the wounded, resounded through the convent. The crowd without, rushed along the corridors leading to the banquet-room. The walls alone were standing. Far below there was a mass of rafters, and stones of the paved floor, and crushed and bleeding bodies. "Save our Father! save his Holiness!" was the first thought animating the hearts of the throng around. Through the vaults below, they found their way to the scene of disaster, and removing tables, chairs, and mangled forms of men and children, at last they reached the great oaken chair, which had fallen over the Pope, and thereby preserved him from serious injury, perhaps from instant death. They raised it, and to their joy the good Pope was unhurt. His hands were clasped in prayer for the suffering creatures around him. He seemed to have no thought of himself.

"Oh! how frightful must have been your emotions when you felt the floor sinking beneath you," I exclaimed, as I listened. He looked at me almost reproachfully, as he said, "No, my daughter, I was calm; for in that fearful moment, I felt I was in the hands of a gracious God, who would save me, if it were his divine will; but my heart was pierced with agony, as I heard the screams of the innocent children, and I thought of the poor mothers rendered desolate by this horrible accident; for I then believed many were killed and that others would die of their wounds. However, the result has proved less severe than I imagined, and, with the blessing of the Almighty, I trust all may recover."

The Pope asked O. her name, and she replied, "Octavia," while I added, "She bears my name, your Holiness, and I was called after the Roman Octavia, whose character my mother greatly admired." Whereupon his Holiness uttered a most charming panegyric upon the character of my illustrious namesake, saying, "You should be proud of that name, for the Roman Octavia possessed every virtue and grace which should adorn a woman. Even now, in Rome, you will find an undying remembrance of her noble and generous qualities, and many monuments to her memory."

Thank you a thousand times, Mamma, for giving me the name of *Octavia.*

I wish I could repeat to you all the words the Pope said, they were so genial, sparkling with intellect, and warm with kindness. After one hour's interview, we bade him farewell. But ere we left him, he gave me his benediction. As I knelt before him, he placed his hand upon my head, saying, "May the blessing of God descend upon you, and his Holy Spirit guide you into all truth; may God's providence protect you and yours, and bring you in peace to the world of the redeemed." The tones of his voice were so solemn, so full of affectionate feeling, tears of gratitude burst from my eyes, as I eagerly, and with the utmost veneration, kissed the hands he extended to raise me up. Then I asked him to bless my child; and she, kneeling before him, likewise, received his benediction, and we withdrew. M. D., as well as your two Octavias, was deeply impressed with the honesty, the truth, and the nobleness of the Supreme Pontiff, and with a sincere admiration of his kind manner and cordial reception of us.

WE UNFURL OUR OWN FLAG

From 'Souvenirs of Travel.'

Before proceeding with the day's festivities, I must relate an episode, which will please you vastly. The first glance this morning at the myriads of flags brought vividly to mind our own loved "stars and stripes" and I at once resolved they should float as proudly as others, at least from my own domicile. We wrote to the American Minister to obtain one; but those belonging to the Embassy were already engaged. M. D. was too patriotic to permit me to be disappointed, so he started out, searching highway and byway, until he found, bought, and had brought home, a standard flag and a number of hand colors. We raised the proud emblem of our country in the centre of our balcony, and flanked it on either hand with the flags of England and France. Crowds soon gathered to look up at it, as many people from the interior had never before seen an American flag; while a party of our countrymen, catching the unusual sight in such a place, after profoundly saluting the

banner rushed up stairs to compliment my patriotism. Several laughingly declared they expected we should be forced to take it down, as there was a whisper stealing through Paris that the United States fraternized with Russia; and they were curious to know what answer we would make to such a command. Just as we were asserting, "We will never strike our flag," the Chief of Police came in to thank us for the attention shown to the "Guest of Paris," by unfurling in her honor our national flag. Our friend, Mr. Fillmore, too, who saw the banner at a distance as we were loosening the tangled folds from the staff, and casting them out upon the free air, raised his hat involuntarily, and bowed to the banner with deep reverence; then, when he came in, said such sweet words of approbation, as quite gladdened our hearts, telling Octavia, as he looked upon her half enveloped in the banner, she seemed the Genius of America, protecting and protected by the "stars and stripes."

At six o'clock in the evening we all took our stations on the balcony. Music was constantly floating on the air, and gay sights filling the eyes, so we felt no weariness in waiting so long. At length the cannon from the "Invalides" boomed forth the announcement of the arrival at the Strasbourg station of the royal visitors. A murmur of relief, multiplied by the watching thousands, rose like the sound of an avalanche. In half an hour more the *cortège* was in sight. Wearied by the long delay, the multitude had lost much of their enthusiasm, and darkness was fast coming on. Thus the absolute reception seemed but tame, when judged by its expectation. Millions and millions of francs were thus uselessly expended by poor persons, who had almost starved themselves for weeks that they might have money enough to hire a place whence they could have a good look at Queen Victoria.

As her Majesty passed our balcony, instead of waving handkerchiefs as many of the ladies did, we waved the guide colors from our national flag. The Emperor called her Majesty's attention to this compliment, and she most graciously bowed to us in acknowledgment of it.

By the time the Imperial party reached St. Cloud, a brilliant illumination was glowing throughout the city. All the public buildings, the Tuileries, and the great Exposition edifice,

shone out like palaces of light, glittering until long after the midnight.

A TRIBUTE TO HENRY CLAY

An Address delivered upon laying the Cornerstone of the Monument to Henry Clay, New Orleans, Louisiana, April 12, 1856.

WHILE the patriotic sons of our country are uniting in a testimonial to the memory of Henry Clay, shall not women be allowed to place the flowers of gratitude and affection upon the altar of his fame?

To none were the genius and services of the illustrious statesman and orator more dear than to his countrywomen; with all those lofty and commanding qualities which sway senates, and guide the course of empires, he had a heroism of heart, a chivalry of deportment, a deference of demeanor, which while forming the soul and secret of his impassioned eloquence, were irresistible talismans over the minds of the gentler sex.

Great as he was in the "forum of nations," or before multitudes of men, controlling them by his "gleaming finger," as with the wand of an enchanter, it was in the home circle, by the domestic fireside, that his character was seen in its true grace and loveliness; there his voice, that lately rang like a trumpet amid his assembled peers, and whose undying echoes (the richest symphonies of patriotism) are still reverberating from the white hills of New England to the parapets of the Pacific, was attuned to all the softest cadences of social and intellectual intercourse. How delightful it was then to listen to the playful repartee, the genial anecdotes, the sparkling *bonmots,* the vivid reminiscences of European and American society, and the always elevated sentiments of one who had mingled in the most prominent scenes of his time in both hemispheres, without losing in the least the lofty manliness, sincerity, and purity of his nature.

Rousseau once said "there are no compliments like a king's;" but how much more fascinating and even royal than all the persiflage of a Bourbon or a Hapsburg were the graceful praises and felicitous commendations of such a man as Mr.

Clay, an unquestioned king of mind by the true right divine, when, with eyes beaming like gems, his high white brow,

> That dome of thought, that palace of the soul,

radiant with benignity, and encircled by his silvery locks as by a crown, his aged lips wreathed by the gentlest of smiles, he stood before you in tall, stately majesty. At such times he seemed to blend the graces of Sheridan with the dignity of Washington. Thousands and thousands of his countrywomen will long thus recall him to mind.

But not alone in this, his more private character, does woman appreciate the excellence of Mr. Clay. His public life, in many of its aspects, had all the romance of chivalry. He stood among the orators and statesmen of his time as Philip Sidney amid his contemporary knights and barons. History has already placed his statue in the pantheon of immortality!

Our country's records, from the purchase of Louisiana (this lovely land of the sugar-cane and magnolia) to the great pacification of 1850, are vitalized by his glowing words. The mighty Mississippi, upon whose margin we now stand, bears in all its waters a full remembrance of his early efforts to give freedom to its commerce and to braid its million streams into a mighty band of union and prosperity for our glorious country.

The fame of Henry Clay can never die. As our most gifted southern poet has said:

> Long 'mid our gallant great and good
> Like Washington he nobly stood;
> While trembling on his burning tongue,
> Truth, justice, peace, and freedom hung.
>
> Thrice when our storm-tossed ship of State
> Seemed sinking with its priceless freight,
> His guardian spirit, firm and free,
> Walked o'er our troubled Galilee.
>
> Through all the world his glorious name
> Is whispered by the lips of fame;
> For long in every kindling zone,
> His voice was freedom's bugle tone!

The Greek girl kneeling by her seas,
Deemed him a new Demosthenes;
And young Bolivar's patriot ray
Was light-like caught from Henry Clay.

How appropriate then is it that a memorial of this model statesman, patriot and orator, should be erected here in the crescent bend of the Mississippi!

Not far off rises the sculptured image of his great rival compatriot; the one was the sword and shield, the other the mind and the tongue of the country. Side by side they stand in the temple of fame.

Glorious in their lives, let the noblest of the fine arts here place their sculptured forms together, that future generations may gaze in love, gratitude, and veneration upon them, and be nobly stimulated in the paths of patriotism, while they feel the refining influence which the beautiful in art always exerts upon its votaries.

The statue of Themistocles long greeted from a promontory in Greece the home-returning voyager, and fired afresh his love for Attica and Athens. So may the statue of our patriotic orator ever inspire with emulating fervor the citizens of this land of liberty, and especially of this prosperous city of New Orleans.

AUGUSTUS BALDWIN LONGSTREET

[1790—1870]

O. P. FITZGERALD

THOUGH Dutch and Norman blood flowed in the veins of Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, he was, as a learned friend well said of him, autochthonous; that is to say, a Georgian all over and all through. Born in Augusta, Georgia, September 22, 1790, he was trained in private schools that had little sympathy with his sensitive, shrinking nature, and his bashfulness was readily classed as stupidity. More than one of his unillumined teachers counted him a dunce. A good fate befell him, however, in Richmond Academy, a "hated penitentiary," for he here roomed with George McDuffie, whose zeal for learning set fire to Longstreet's sluggish spirit. Before this his sole ambition had been "to outrun, outjump, outshoot, and overthrow any man in the district"; now his spirit of generous rivalry was challenged by McDuffie's intellectuality. With this new ambition steadily aflame, he came under the guidance of Dr. Moses Waddell in the famous school so well described by Longstreet in "Master William Mitten" (1858).

To the remarkable skill of this gifted teacher was now added another force, for the boy well in his teens came under the spell of the genius of John C. Calhoun, the great defender of minority rights. From that time he always mustered with the forces that fought for strict construction, though his nature was so kindly that his partisanship could never be bitter. In 1804 Calhoun had gone directly from Dr. Waddell's school to the Junior Class of Yale; just seven years later Longstreet followed in his footsteps, and like his distinguished predecessor and exemplar graduated with honors. The New Haven atmosphere he found delightfully congenial and bracing, for while at Yale College he came under the influence of Dr. Lyman Beecher, the massive old expounder of Calvinistic Theology. Among his teachers at Yale, he always spoke with special admiration of Professor Benjamin Silliman. The next year was spent in the study of law at Litchfield, Connecticut, and in 1815 he began the practice of his profession in Georgia. His renown as an eloquent and effective orator grew rapidly. The strength of his logical faculty, the ardor of his convictions, and the attractiveness of his personality in spite of the essential homeliness of his face gave him popularity and made him

successful in the propagation of the opinions he held. He was strong-framed, sinewy, and warm-blooded, a man among men, able to hold his ground in a forensic contest before a jury, on the hustings, or in any arena where men's measure and mettle are tested. In the social circle he was genial, tactful, and brilliant. He had that genuine sympathy with humanity that gave him access to his fellow men and drew them to him and held them. To this kindly temper and social spirit his happy marriage in 1817 to Frances Eliza Parke contributed no little.

Such was his success at the Bar, and such the general esteem he possessed, that in 1822 he was made a Judge of the Supreme Court and won the title which the changes of his chequered career did not displace. He early became a contributor to newspapers and magazines and gave little rest to pen or tongue during his busy life. In 1835 he published in cheap form through the *Sentinel* press his 'Georgia Scenes,' and among his writings 'Georgia Scenes' was most widely known in his day. The title of the book indicated clearly its scope and spirit. That which gave it its relish and popularity was its extreme provincialism. The characters described were real, the conditions outlined were true to the facts, the dialect was perfect. Only a Georgian could appreciate fully the 'Georgia Scenes.' The book was a household word at one time, and many a hearty laugh exhilarated the friendly circles where it was read. Humor differs from wit in that it is more diffuse and less quotable. Longstreet's humor is genuine and rich at its best in 'Georgia Scenes,' and the constituency for whom he wrote will not let it perish. Other writings by him in the same vein were as truly characteristic and equally pleasing to his readers.

In 1840 a new edition was published by the Harpers, but without the author's revision, though this was requested. The truth was that a significant change had come in the life of Judge Longstreet and he would now willingly forget stories dealing with fighting and horse-racing and dancing and other worldly allurements. Judge Longstreet's mind had been suddenly and sharply turned to serious thoughts of religion by the death of his oldest son, and about the same time he and his wife had learned from her father how a Christian could stand the disastrous loss of a sainted wife. Husband and wife both became Christians and Judge Longstreet, yielding as always to the logic of his own convictions, soon found himself a minister in the Methodist Church. In the year 1840 he was transferred from the active ministry to the presidency of the new Methodist College, Emory, and discovered and disclosed the fact that he was a gifted teacher. The following incident will indicate the spirit and methods of his administration as a college president. Among the students at

Emory College was a youth of sprightly parts and good family, but notorious as a practical joker and mischief-maker. One night he perpetrated a practical joke of which President Longstreet himself was the subject. Suspecting at once who was the offender, Longstreet summoned the young man into his presence, told him that his guilt was known, and that suitable punishment might be expected by him. At length he appealed to the inveterate young mischief-maker, saying:

"Why do you act in this manner, involving yourself in trouble, and subjecting your teachers to the unpleasant duty of punishing you?"

"It seems to me," answered the delinquent, "that I cannot help it. From time to time moods come upon me that compel me to seek some sort of excitement, and that is the only way by which I can find relief."

"A suggestion presents itself to my mind," said Longstreet after a thoughtful pause. "You know something of the power of music to soothe the mind under excitement or distress. My daughter is a good pianist, as you may know, and I am no mean player on the flute. Hereafter, if one of those moods of which you speak should come upon you, come over to my house, tell your trouble, and we will seek by our music to exorcise the evil spirit."

With this the now penitent transgressor was kindly dismissed. A few days had passed, when between midnight and daybreak, about three o'clock in the morning, a knock was heard at the door of the President, and it was found that the unreasonable caller was the young man whose moods were mischievous.

"I have come according to your invitation," he said, "one of those spells is upon me."

There was nothing to do but comply with the promise made. The fair pianist and her dignified and learned father gave an extemporized concert, which quieted their one hearer, and was doubtless more enjoyed by him than by the performers. It is pleasant to add that the young man kept his place as a student, graduated creditably and afterward achieved honorable distinction as a lawyer and politician.

In turn, Longstreet became president of Centenary College, Louisiana, University of Mississippi, and South Carolina College. During the war he "refugeed" in Alabama, making his home for the time in the quiet little village of Enon, in the middle-east section of the State. He was then an old man of benignant presence and marked personality. The villagers gave him a kindly welcome and the best they had. True to his record, from day to day he gathered the children around him under the trees in the open air and taught them, making

a specialty of arithmetic, which with him was always a favorite branch of study. Drawing his figures in the sand, he initiated the eager children into the mysteries of multiplication, subtraction and division, with abundant enjoyment to all. The children soon learned to love him, and with the villagers of all ages and conditions he became quite popular. His sojourn in Enon and his work for the children are a pleasant memory unto this day.

Later he removed to Oxford, Mississippi, where he died on September 9, 1870. He was a skilful lawyer, a wise and upright jurist, an able and successful teacher, and a strong and fervent preacher. His personality was massive and well rounded. His name was a household word throughout a large territory. To this day the old Georgians and their children speak his name fondly. He might be taken as a typical Georgian of the finest type. He was best known as a teacher.

He wrote much and variously on questions of political economy, ethics and religion. Much of what he wrote on these subjects was controversial and on transient issues, and therefore it has lost something of the interest it possessed for the living world when he wrote. He was powerful in argument, earnest in his appeals to men's consciences and hearts, now and then giving shrewd thrusts that hit the opponent's weak places. He lived during a stormy period, and at times he wrote with a passionate patriotism, or partisanship, if that is the truer word, that fairly blazed on the printed page. After he became a believer and a preacher of the gospel of Christ, he wrote on religious subjects with an enthusiasm and joyfulness of spirit that clothed his words with a power and charm that were truly convincing and pleasing. In a controversy with an assailant of Christianity in 1870 he made a masterly defence of the faith against the assaults of one who, because of the alleged inconsistencies on the part of a large body of Christian people, attacked Christianity itself with great asperity. In this reply Longstreet drew a sharp line of distinction between the Christianity of the New Testament and all perverted types of it presented by all the foolish people who speak in its name.

It was creditable to Longstreet that he gave some attention to literature at a time when in the South men of genius and culture gave themselves almost wholly to politics and professional life. This was their custom, from Thomas Jefferson and John Marshall down to Longstreet's own day.

O. A. Fitzgerald.

THE FIGHT

From 'Georgia Scenes.'

In the younger days of the Republic there lived in the county of ———— two men, who were admitted on all hands to be the very *best men* in the county; which, in the Georgia vocabulary, means they could flog any other two men in the county. Each, through many a hard-fought battle, had acquired the mastery of his own battalion; but they lived on opposite sides of the Courthouse, and in different battalions; consequently, they were but seldom thrown together. When they met, however, they were always very friendly; indeed, at their first interview, they seemed to conceive a wonderful attachment to each other, which rather increased than diminished as they became better acquainted; so that, but for the circumstance which I am about to mention, the question, which had been a thousand times asked, "Which is the best man, Billy Stallions, (Stallings) or Bob Durham?", would probably have never been answered.

Billy ruled the upper battalion, and Bob the lower. The former measured six feet and an inch in his stockings, and, without a single pound of cumbrous flesh about him, weighed a hundred and eighty. The latter was an inch shorter than his rival, and ten pounds lighter; but he was much the most active of the two. In running and jumping he had but few equals in the county; and in wrestling, not one. In other respects they were nearly equal. Both were admirable specimens of human nature in its finest form. Billy's victories had generally been achieved by the tremendous power of his blows, one of which had often proved decisive of his battles; Bob's by his adroitness in bringing his adversary to the ground. This advantage he had never failed to gain at the onset, and when gained, he never failed to improve it to the defeat of his adversary. These points of difference have involved the reader in a doubt as to the probable issue of a contest between them. It was not so, however, with the two battalions. Neither had the least difficulty in determining the point by the most natural and irresistible deductions *a priori;* and though, by the same course of reasoning, they arrived at directly opposite

conclusions, neither felt its confidence in the least shaken by this circumstance. The upper battalion swore "that Billy only wanted one lick at him to knock his heart, liver, and lights out of him, and if he got two at him, he'd knock him into a cocked hat." The lower battalion retorted, "that he wouldn't have time to double his fist before Bob would put his head where his feet ought to be; and that, by the time he hit the ground, the meat would fly off his face so quick that people would think it was shook off by the fall." These disputes often led to the *argumentum ad hominem,* but with such equality of success on both sides as to leave the main question just where they found it. They usually ended, however, in the common way, with a bet, and many a quart of old Jamaica (whiskey had not then supplanted rum) were staked upon the issue. Still, greatly to the annoyance of the curious, Billy and Bob continued to be good friends.

Now there happened to reside in the county just alluded to a little fellow by the name of Ransy Sniffle, a sprout of Richmond, who, in his earlier days, had fed copiously upon red clay and blackberries. This diet had given to Ransy a complexion that a corpse would have disdained to own, and an abdominal rotundity that was quite unprepossessing. Long spells of the fever and ague too, in Ransy's youth, had conspired with clay and blackberries to throw him quite out of the order of nature. His shoulders were fleshless and elevated; his head large and flat; his neck slim and translucent; and his arms, hands, fingers, and feet were lengthened out of all proportion to the rest of his frame. His joints were large and his limbs small; and as for flesh, he could not with propriety, be said to have any. Those parts which nature usually supplies with the most of this article—the calves of the legs, for example—presented in him the appearance of so many well-drawn blisters. His height was just five feet nothing; and his average weight in blackberry season, ninety-five. I have been thus particular in describing him, for the purpose of showing what a great matter a little fire sometimes kindleth. There was nothing on this earth which delighted Ransy so much as a fight. He never seemed fairly alive except when he was witnessing, fomenting, or talking about a fight. Then, indeed, his deep-sunken gray eye assumed something of a living fire,

and his tongue acquired a volubility that bordered upon eloquence. Ransy had been kept for more than a year in the most torturing suspense as to the comparative manhood of Billy Stallings and Bob Durham. He had resorted to all his usual expedients to bring them in collision, and had entirely failed. He had faithfully reported to Bob all that had been said by the people in the upper battalion, "agin him," and "he was sure Billy Stallings started it." He heard Billy say himself to Jim Brown, that "he could whip him *or any other man in his battalion;*" and this he told to Bob; adding, "Dod darn his soul, if he was a little bigger, if he'd let any man *put upon* his battalion in such a way." Bob replied, "If he (Stallings) thought so, he'd better come and try it." This Ransy carried to Billy, and delivered it with a spirit becoming his own dignity and the character of his battalion, and with a colouring well calculated to give it effect. These, and many other schemes which Ransy laid for the gratification of his curiosity, entirely failed of their object. Billy and Bob continued friends, and Ransy had begun to lapse into the most tantalizing and hopeless despair, when a circumstance occurred which led to a settlement of the long-disputed question.

It is said that a hundred gamecocks will live in perfect harmony together if you do not put a hen with them; and so it would have been with Billy and Bob had there been no women in the world. But there were women in the world, and from them each of our heroes had taken to himself a wife. The good ladies were no strangers to the prowess of their husbands, and strange as it may seem, they presumed a little upon it.

The two battalions had met at the Courthouse upon a regimental parade. The two champions were there, and their wives had accompanied them. Neither knew the other's lady, nor were the ladies known to each other. The exercises of the day were just over, when Mrs. Stallings and Mrs. Durham stepped simultaneously into the store of Zephaniah Atwater, from "down east."

"Have you any Turkey-red?" said Mrs. S.

"Have you any curtain calico?" said Mrs. D. at the same moment.

"Yes, ladies," said Mr. Atwater, "I have both."

"Then help me first," said Mrs. D., "for I'm in a hurry."

"I'm in as great a hurry as she is," said Mrs. S., "and I'll thank you to help me first."

"And, pray, who are you, madam?" continued the other.

"Your betters, madam," was the reply.

At this moment Billy Stallings stepped in. "Come," said he, "Nancy, let's be going, it's getting late."

"I'd a' been gone half an hour ago," replied she, "if it hadn't a' been for that impudent huzzy."

"Who do you call an impudent huzzy, you nasty, good for nothing, snaggle-toothed gaub of fat, you?" returned Mrs. D.

"Look here, woman," said Billy, "have you got a husband here? If you have, I'll *lick* him till he learns to teach you better manners, you *sassy* heifer you." At this moment something was seen to rush out of the store as if ten thousand hornets were stinging it; crying, "Take care—let me go—don't hold me—where's Bob Durham?" It was Ransy Sniffle, who had been listening in breathless delight to all that had passed.

"Yonder's Bob, setting on the Courthouse steps," cried one. "What's the matter?"

"Don't talk to me!" said Ransy. "Bob Durham, you'd better go long yonder, and take care of your wife. They're playing h—l with her there, in Zeph Atwater's store. Dod eternally darn my soul, if any man was to talk to my wife as Bill Stallions is talking to yours, if I wouldn't drive blue blazes through him in less than no time."

Bob sprang to the store in a minute, followed by a hundred friends; for the bully of a county never wants friends.

"Bill Stallions," said Bob, as he entered, "what have you been saying to my wife?"

"Is that your wife?" inquired Billy, obviously much surprised, and a little disconcerted.

"Yes, she is, and no man shall abuse her, I don't care who he is."

"Well," rejoined Billy, "it ain't worth while to go over it; I've said enough for a fight; and, if you'll step out, we'll settle it!"

"Billy," said Bob, "are you for a fair fight?"

"I am," said Billy, "I've heard much of your manhood,

and I believe I'm a better man than you are. If you will go into a ring with me, we can soon settle the dispute."

"Choose your friends," said Bob; "make your ring, and I'll be in with mine as soon as you will."

They both stepped out and began to strip very deliberately, each battalion gathering round its champion, except Ransy, who kept himself busy in a most honest endeavor to hear and see all that transpired in both groups at the same time. He ran from one to the other in quick succession; peeped here and listened there; talked to this one, then to that one, and then to himself; squatted under one's legs and another's arms; and, in the short interval between stripping and stepping into the ring, managed to get himself trod on by half of both battalions. But Ransy was not the only one interested upon this occasion; the most intense interest prevailed everywhere. Many were the conjectures, doubts, oaths, and imprecations uttered while the parties were preparing for the combat. All the knowing ones were consulted as to the issue, and they all agreed, to a man, in one of two opinions, either that Bob would flog Billy, or Billy would flog Bob. We must be permitted, however, to dwell for a moment upon the opinion of Squire Thomas Loggins; a man who, it was said, had never failed to predict the issue of a fight in all his life. Indeed so unerring had he always proved in this regard, that it would have been counted the most obstinate infidelity to doubt for a moment after he had delivered himself. Squire Loggins was a man who said but little, but that little was always delivered with the most imposing solemnity of look and cadence. He always wore the aspect of profound thought, and you could not look at him without coming to the conclusion that he was elaborating truth from its most intricate combinations.

"Uncle Tommy," said Sam Reynolds, "you can tell us all about it if you will; how will the fight go?"

The question immediately drew an anxious group around the squire. He raised his teeth slowly from the head of his walking cane, on which they had been resting; pressed his lips closely and thoughtfully together; threw down his eyebrows, dropped his chin, raised his eyes to an angle of twenty-three degrees, paused about half a minute, and replied, "Sammy, watch Robert Durham close in the beginning of the fight;

take care of William Stallions in the middle of it; and see who has the wind at the end." As he uttered the last member of the sentence, he looked slyly at Bob's friends, and winked very significantly; whereupon they rushed, with one accord, to tell Bob what Uncle Tommy had said. As they retired, the squire turned to Billy's friends, and said, with a smile, "Them boys think I mean that Bob will whip."

Here the other party kindled into joy, and hastened to inform Billy how Bob's friends had deceived themselves as to Uncle Tommy's opinion. In the meantime the principals and seconds were busily employed in preparing themselves for the combat. The plan of attack and defence, the manner of improving the various turns of the conflict, "the best mode of saving wind," etc., etc., were all discussed and settled. At length Billy announced himself ready, and his crowd were seen moving to the center of the Courthouse Square; he and his five seconds in the rear. At the same time, Bob's party moved to the same point, and in the same order. The ring was now formed, and for a moment the silence of death reigned through both battalions. It was soon interrupted, however, by the cry of "Clear the way!" from Billy's seconds; when the ring opened in the center of the upper battalion (for the order of march had arranged the center of the two battalions on opposite sides of the circle,) and Billy stepped into the ring from the east, followed by his friends. He was stripped to the trousers, and exhibited an arm, breast, and shoulders of the most tremendous portent. His step was firm, daring and martial; and as he bore his fine form a little in advance of his friends, an involuntary burst of triumph broke from his side of the ring; and at the same moment, an uncontrollable thrill of awe ran along the whole curve of the lower battalion.

"Look at him?" was heard from his friends; "just look at him."

"Ben, how much you ask to stand before that man two seconds?"

"Pshaw, don't talk about it! Just thinkin' about it's broke three o' my ribs a'ready!"

"What's Bob Durham going to do when Billy lets that arm loose upon him?"

"God bless your soul, he'll think thunder and lightning a mint julep to it."

"Oh, look here, men, go take Bill Stallions out o' that ring and bring in Phil Johnson's stud horse, so that Durham may have some chance! I don't want to see the man killed right away."

These and many other like expressions, interspersed thickly with oaths of the most modern coinage, were coming from all points of the upper battalion, while Bob was adjusting the girth of his pantaloons, which walking had discovered not to be exactly right. It was just fixed to his mind, his foes becoming a little noisy, and his friends a little uneasy at his delay, when Billy called out, with a smile of some meaning. "Where's the bully of the lower battalion? I'm getting tired of waiting."

"Here he is," said Bob, lighting, as it seemed, from the clouds into the ring, for he had actually bounded clear of the head of Ransy Sniffle into the circle. His descent was quite as imposing as Billy's entry, and excited the same feelings, but in opposite bosoms.

Voices of exultation now rose on his side.

"Where did he come from?"

"Why," said one of his seconds, (all having just entered,) "we were gerting him up, about a hundred yards out yonder, when he heard Billy ask for the bully and he fetched a leap over the Courthouse, and went out of sight; but I told them to come on, they'd find him here."

Here the lower battalion burst into a peal of laughter, mingled with a look of admiration, which seemed to denote their entire belief of what they had heard.

"Boys, widen the ring, so as to give him room to jump."

"Oh, my little flying wild-cat, hold him if you can; and when you get him fast, hold lightning next!"

"Ned what do you think he's made of?"

"Steel springs and chicken-hawk, God bless you!"

"Gentlemen," said one of Bob's seconds, "I understand it is to be a fair fight; catch as catch can, rough and tumble, no man touch till one or the other halloos."

"That's the rule," was the reply from the other side.

"Are you ready?"

"We are ready."

"Then blaze away, my game cocks!"

At the word, Bob dashed at his antagonist at full speed; and Bill squared himself to receive him with one of his most fatal blows. Making his calculation from Bob's velocity, of the time when he would come within striking distance, he let drive with tremendous force. But Bob's onset was obviously planned to avoid this blow; for, contrary to all expectations, he stopped short just out of arm's reach, and, before Billy could recover his balance, Bob had him "all underhold." The next second, sure enough, "found Billy's head where his feet ought to be." How it was done no one could tell; but, as if by supernatural power, both Billy's feet were thrown full half his own height in the air, and he came down with a force that seemed to shake the earth. As he struck the ground, commingled shouts, screams and yells burst from the lower battalion, loud enough to be heard for miles. "Hurra, my little hornet!" "Save him!" "Feed him!" "Give him the Durham physic till his stomach turns!" Billy was no sooner down than Bob was on him, and lending him awful blows about the face and breast. Billy made two efforts to rise by main strength, but failed. "Lord bless you, man, don't try to get up! *Lay* still and take it; you *bleege* to have it!"

Billy now turned his face suddenly to the ground and rose upon his hands and knees. Bob jerked up both his hands and threw him on his face. He again recovered his late position, of which Bob endeavoured to deprive him as before; but, missing one arm, he failed, and Billy rose. But he had scarcely resumed his feet before they flew up as before, and he came again to the ground. "No fight, gentlemen!" cried Bob's friends; "the man can't stand up! Bouncing feet are bad thing to fight in." His fall, however, was this time comparatively light; for, having thrown his right arm around Bob's neck, he carried his head down with him. This grasp, which was obstinately maintained, prevented Bob from getting on him, and they lay head to head seeming for a time, to do nothing. Presently they rose, as if by mutual consent; and, as they rose, a shout rose from both battalions. "Oh, my lark!" cried the east, "has he fixed you? Do you begin to feel him? He's only beginning to fight; he ain't got warm yet."

"Look yonder"; cried the west; "didn't I tell you so! He

hit the ground so hard it jarred his nose off. Now ain't he a pretty man as he stands? He shall have my sister Sal just for his pretty looks. I want to get in the breed of them sort o' men, to drive ugly out of my kinfolks."

I looked, and saw that Bob had entirely lost his left ear, and a large piece from his left cheek. His right eye was a little discoloured, and the blood flowed profusely from his wounds.

Bill presented a hideous spectacle. About a third of his nose, at the lower extremity, was bit off, and his face so swelled and bruised that it was difficult to discover in it anything of the human visage, much more the fine features which he carried into the ring.

They were up only long enough for me to make the foregoing discoveries, when they went down again, precisely as before. They no sooner touched the ground than Bill relinquished his hold upon Bob's neck. In this he seemed to all to have forfeited the only advantage which put him upon an equality with his adversary. But the movement was soon explained. Bill wanted his arm for other purposes than defence; and he had made arrangements whereby he knew that he could make it answer these purposes; for, when they rose again, he held the middle finger of Bob's left hand in his mouth. He was now secure from Bob's annoying trips; and he began to lend his adversary tremendous blows, every one which was hailed by a shout from his friends. "Bullets!" "*Hoss-kicking!*" "Thunder!" "That'll do for his face; now feel his shortribs, Billy!"

I now considered the contest settled. I deemed it impossible for any human being to withstand for five seconds the loss of blood which issued from Bob's ear, cheek, nose and finger, accompanied with such blows as he was receiving. Still he maintained the conflict, and gave blow for blow with considerable effect. But the blows of each became slower and weaker after the first three or four, and it became obvious that Bill wanted the room which Bob's finger occupied for breathing. He would, therefore, probably in a short time, have let it go, had not Bob anticipated his politeness by jerking away his hand, and making him a present of the finger. He now seized Bill again, and brought him to his knees, but he recovered. He again brought him to his knees, and he again recovered. A

third effort, however, brought him down, and Bob on top of him. These efforts seemed to exhaust the little remaining strength of both; and they lay, Bill undermost and Bob across his breast, motionless, and panting for breath. After a short pause, Bob gathered his hand full of dirt and sand, and was in the act of grinding it in his adversary's eyes, when Bill cried, "ENOUGH!" Language cannot describe the scene that followed; the shouts, oaths, frantic gestures, taunts, replies, and little fights, and therefore I shall not attempt it. The champions were borne off by their seconds and washed; when many a bleeding wound and ugly bruise was discovered on each which no eye had seen before.

Many had gathered around Bob and were in various ways congratulating and applauding him, when a voice from the center of the circle cried out, "Boys, hush and listen to me!" It proceeded from Squire Loggins, who had made his way to Bob's side, and had gathered his face up into one of the most flattering and intelligible expressions. All were obedient to the squire's command. "Gentlemen," continued he, with a most knowing smile, "is—Sammy—Reynold—in—this—company —of—gentlemen?"

"Yes," said Sam, "here I am."

"Sammy," said the squire, winking to the company and drawing the head of his cane to his mouth with an arch smile as he closed, "I—wish—you—to tell—cousin—Bobby—and—these—gentlemen here present—what—your—Uncle—Tommy —said—before—the—fight—began."

"Oh, get away, Uncle Tom," said Sam, smiling (the squire winked), "you don't know nothing about *fighting.*" (The squire winked again). "All you know about it is how it'll begin, how it'll go on, how it'll end; that's all. Cousin Bob, when you're going to fight again, just go to the old man, and let him tell you all about it, I tell you."

The squire's foresight was complimented in many ways by the by-standers; and he retired, advising "the boys to be at peace, as fighting was a bad business."

Durham and Stallings kept their beds for several weeks, and did not meet again for two months. When they met, Billy stepped up to Bob and offered his hand, saying, "Bobby, you've *licked* me a fair fight; but you woudn't have done it if I hadn't

been in the wrong. I oughtn't to have treated your wife as I did and I felt so through the whole fight; and it sort o' cowed me."

"Well, Billy," said Bob, "let's be friends. Once in the fight, when you had my finger in your mouth, and was pealing me in the face and breast, I was going to halloo; but I thought of Petsy, and knew the house would be too hot for me if I got whipped when fighting for her, after always whipping when I fought for myself."

"Now that's what I always love to see," said a by-stander. "It's true I brought about the fight, but I wouldn't have done it if it hadn't o' been on account of *Miss* (Mrs.) Durham. But dod etarnally darn my soul, if I ever could stand by and see any woman put upon, much less *Miss* Durham. If Bobby hadn't been there, I'd o' took it up myself, be darned if I wouldn't, even if I'd o' got whipped for it. But we're all friends now." The reader need hardly be told that this was Ransy Sniffle.

Thanks to the Christian religion, to schools, colleges and benevolent associations, such scenes of barbarism and cruelty as that which I have been just describing are now of rare occurrence, though they may still be occasionally met with in some of the new counties. Wherever they prevail, they are a disgrace to that community. The peace officers who countenance them deserve a place in the Penitentiary.

THE HORSE-SWAP

From 'Georgia Scenes.'

During the session of the Supreme court, in the village of ——, about three weeks ago, when a number of people were collected in the principal street of the village, I observed a young man riding up and down the street, as I supposed in a violent passion. He galloped this way, then that, and then the other; spurred his horse to one group of citizens, then to another; then dashed off at half speed, as if fleeing from danger; and, suddenly checking his horse, returned first in a pace, then in a trot, and then in a canter. While he was performing these various evolutions, he cursed, swore, whooped, screamed and

tossed himself in every attitude which a man could assume on horseback. In short, he *cavorted* most magnanimously (a term which in our tongue, expresses all that I have described, and a little more), and seemed to be setting all creation at defiance. As I like to see all that is passing, I determined to take a position a little nearer to him, and to ascertain, if possible, what it was that affected him so sensibly. Accordingly, I approached a crowd before which he had stopped for a moment, and examined it with the strictest scrutiny. But I could see nothing in it that seemed to have anything to do with the cavorter. Every man appeared to be in good humor, and all minding their own business. Not one so much as noticed the principal figure. Still he went on. After a semicolon pause, which my appearance seemed to produce (for he eyed me closely as I approached), he fetched a whoop, and swore that he could outswap any live man, woman or child that ever walked these hills or that ever straddled horseflesh since the days of old daddy Adam. "Stranger," said he to me, "did you ever see the *Yallow Blossom* from Jasper?"

"No," said I, "but I have often heard of him."

"I'm the boy," continued he, "perhaps a *leetle,* jist a *leetle,* of the best man at a horse-swap that ever trod shoe leather."

I began to feel my situation a little awkward, when I was relieved by a man somewhat advanced in years, who stepped up and began to survey the *" Yallow Blossom's"* horse with much apparent interest. This drew the rider's attention, and he turned the conversation from me to the stranger.

"Well, my old coon," said he, "do you want to swap *hosses?"*

"Why, I don't know," replied the stranger; "I believe I've got a beast I'd trade with you for that one, if you like him."

"Well, fetch up your nag, my old cock; you're jist the lark I wanted to get a hold of. I am perhaps a *leetle,* jist a *leetle,* of the best man at a horse-swap that ever stole *cracklins* out of his mammy's fat gourd. Where's your *hoss?"*

"I'll bring him presently; but I want to examine your horse a little."

"Oh! look at him," said the Blossom, alighting and hitting him a cut; "look at him. He's the best piece of *hoss* flesh in the thirteen united univarsal worlds. There's no sort o' mis-

take in little Bullet. He can pick up miles on his feet, and fling 'em behind him as fast as the next man's *hoss,* I don't care where he comes from. And he can keep at it as long as the sun can shine without resting."

During this harangue, little Bullet looked as if he understood it all, believed it, and was ready at any minute to verify it. He was a horse of goodly countenance, rather expressive of vigilance than fire; though an unnatural appearance of fierceness was thrown into it by the loss of his ears, which had been cropped pretty close to his head. Nature had done but little for Bullet's head and neck; but he managed, in a great measure, to hide their defects by bowing perpetually. He had obviously suffered severely for corn; but if his ribs and hip bones had not disclosed the fact, *he* never would have done it, for he was in all respects as cheerful and happy as if he commanded all the corn-cribs and fodder-stacks in Georgia. His height was about twelve hands, but as his shape partook somewhat of that of the giraffe, his haunches stood much lower. They were short, straight, peaked and concave. Bullet's tail, however, made amends for all his defects. All that the artist could do to beautify it had been done; and all that horse could do to compliment the artist Bullet did. His tail was nicked in superior style, and exhibited the line of beauty in so many directions, that it could not fail to hit the most fastidious taste in some of them. From the root it drooped into a graceful festoon; then rose in a handsome curve; then resumed its first direction; and then mounted suddenly upward like a cypress knee to a perpendicular of about two and a half inches. The whole had a careless and bewitching inclination to the right. Bullet obviously knew where his beauty lay, and took all occasions to display it to the best advantage. If a stick cracked, or if any one moved suddenly about him, or coughed, or hawked, or spoke a little louder than common, up went Bullet's tail like lightning; and if the *going up* did not please, the *coming down* must of necessity, for it was as different from the other movement as was its direction. The first was a bold and rapid flight upward, usually to an angle of forty-five degrees. In this position he kept his interesting appendage until he satisfied himself that nothing in particular was to be done; when he commenced dropping it by half inches, in second beats.

then in triple time, then faster and shorter and faster and shorter still, until it finally died away imperceptibly into its natural position. If I might compare sights to sounds I should say its *settling* was more like the note of a locust than anything else in nature.

Either from native sprightliness of disposition, from uncontrollable activity, or from an unconquerable habit of removing flies by the stamping of the feet, Bullet never stood still, but always kept up a gentle fly-scaring movement of his limbs, which was peculiarly interesting.

"I tell you, man," proceeded the *Yallow Blossom,* "he's the best live hoss that ever trod the grit of Georgia. Bob Smart knows the hoss. Come here, Bob, and mount this hoss, and show Bullet's motions." Here Bullet bristled up, and looked as if he had been hunting for Bob all day long, and had just found him. Bob sprang on his back. "Boo-oo-oo!" said Bob, with a fluttering noise of the lips; and away went Bullet, as if in a quarter race, with all his beauties spread in handsome style.

"Now fetch him back," said Blossom. Bullet turned and came in pretty much as he went out.

"Now trot him by." Bullet reduced his tail to "*customary;*" sidled to the right and left airily, and exhibited at least three varieties of trot in the short space of fifty yards.

"Make him pace!" Bob commenced twitching the bridle and kicking at the same time. These inconsistent movements obviously (and most naturally) disconcerted Bullet; for it was impossible for him to learn, from them, whether he was to proceed or stand still. He started to trot, and was told that wouldn't do. He attempted a canter, and was checked again. He stopped, and was urged to go on. Bullet now rushed into the wild field of experiment, and struck out a gait of his own, that completely turned the tables upon his rider, and certainly deserved a patent. It seemed to have derived its elements from the jig, the minuet and the cotillion. If it was not a pace, it certainly had *pace* in it, and no man could venture to call it anything else; so it passed off to the satisfaction of the owner.

"Walk him!" Bullet was now at home again; and he walked as if money was staked on him.

The stranger, whose name, I afterwards learned, was Peter Ketch, having examined Bullet to his heart's content, or-

dered his son, Neddy, to go and bring up Kit. Neddy soon appeared upon Kit, a well-formed sorrel of the middle size, and in good order. His *tout ensemble* threw Bullet entirely in the shade, though a glance was sufficient to satisfy any one that Bullet had decided advantage of him in point of intellect.

"Why man," said Blossom, "do you bring such a hoss as that to trade for Bullet? Oh, I see you're no notion of trading."

"Ride him off, Neddy!" said Peter. Kit put off at a handsome lope.

"Trot him back!" Kit came in at a long sweeping trot, and stopped suddenly at the crowd.

"Well," said Blossom, "let me look at him; maybe he'll do to plough."

"Examine him!" said Peter, taking hold of the bridle close to the mouth, "he's nothing but a tacky. He ain't as *pretty* a horse as Bullet, I know, but he'll do. Start 'em together for a hundred and fifty *mile;* and if Kit ain't twenty mile ahead of him at the coming out, any man may take Kit for nothing. But he's a monstrous mean horse, gentlemen, any man may see that. He's the scariest horse, too, you ever saw. He won't do to hunt on, no how. Stranger, will you let Neddy have your rifle to shoot off him? Lay the rifle between his ears, Neddy, and shoot at the blaze in that stump. Tell me when his head is high enough."

Ned fired, and hit the blaze; and Kit did not move a hair's breadth.

"Neddy, take a couple of sticks, and beat on that hogshead at Kit's tail."

Ned made a tremendous racket at which Bullet took fright, broke his bridle, and dashed off in grand style; and would have stopped all further negotiations by going home in disgust, had not a traveller arrested him and brought him back; but Kit did not move.

"I tell you, gentlemen," continued Peter "he's the scariest horse you ever saw. He ain't as gentle as Bullet, but he won't do any harm if you watch him. Shall I put him in a gig, cart, or wagon for you, stranger? He'll cut the same capers there he does here. He's a monstrous mean horse."

During all this time Blossom was examining him with the

nicest scrutiny. Having examined his frame and limbs, he now looked at his eyes.

"He's got a curious look out of his eyes," said Blossom.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Peter, "just as blind as a bat. Blind horses always have clear eyes. Make a motion at his eyes, if you please, sir."

Blossom did so, and Kit threw up his head rather as if something pricked him under the chin than as if fearing a blow. Blossom repeated the experiment, and Kit jerked back in considerable astonishment.

"Stone blind, you see, gentlemen," proceeded Peter; "but he's just as good to travel of a dark night as if he had eyes."

"Blame my buttons," said Blossom, "if I like them eyes."

"No," said Peter, "nor I neither. I'd rather have 'em made of diamonds; but they'll do, if they don't show as much white as Bullet's."

"Well," said Blossom, "make a pass at me."

"No," said Peter, "you made the banter, now make your pass."

"Well, I'm never afraid to price my hosses. You must give me twenty-five dollars boot."

"Oh, certainly; say fifty, and my saddle and bridle in. Here, Neddy, my son, take away daddy's horse."

"Well," said Blossom, "I've made my pass, now you make yours."

"I'm for short talk in a horse-swap, and therefore always tell a gentleman at once what I mean to do. You must give me ten dollars."

Blossom swore absolutely, roundly, and profanely, that he never would give boot.

"Well," said Peter, "I don't care about trading; but you cut such high shines, that I thought I'd like to back you out, and I've done it. Gentlemen, you see I've brought him to a hack."

"Come, old man," said Blossom, "I've been joking with you. I begin to think you do want to trade; therefore, give me five dollars and take Bullet. I'd rather lose ten dollars any time than not make a trade, though I hate to fling away a good hoss."

"Well," said Peter, "I'll be just as clever as you are, just

put the five dollars on Bullet's back, and hand him over it's a trade."

Blossom swore again, as roundly as before, that he would not give boot; and, said he, "Bullet wouldn't hold five dollars on his back, no how. But as I bantered you, if you say an even swap, here's at you."

"I told you," said Peter, "I'd be as clever as you, therefore, here goes two dollars more, just for trade sake. Give me three dollars, and it's a bargain."

Blossom repeated his former assertion; and here the parties stood for a long time, and the by-standers (for many were now collected) began to taunt both parties. After some time, however, it was pretty unanimously decided that the old man had backed Blossom out.

At length, Blossom swore he "never would be backed out for three dollars after bantering a man;" and, accordingly, they closed the trade.

"Now," said Blossom, as he handed Peter the three dollars, "I'm a man that when he makes a bad trade, makes the most of it until he can make a better. I'm for no rues and afterclaps."

"That's just my way," said Peter; "I never goes to law to mend my bargains."

"Ah, you're just the kind of a boy I love to trade with. Here's your hoss, old man. Take the saddle and bridle off him, and I'll strip yours; but lift up the blanket easy from Bullet's back, for he's a mighty tender-backed hoss."

The old man removed the saddle, but the blanket stuck fast. He attempted to raise it, and Bullet bowed himself, switched his tail, danced a little, and gave signs of biting.

"Don't hurt him, old man," said Blossom, archly; "take it off easy. I am, perhaps, a *leetle* of the best man at a horse-swap that ever catched a coon."

Peter continued to pull at the blanket more and more roughly, and Bullet became more and more *cavortish,* insomuch that, when the blanket came off, he had reached the *kicking* point in good earnest.

The removal of the blanket disclosed a sore on Bullet's backbone that seemed to have defied all medical skill. It measured six full inches in length and four in breadth, and had as

many features as Bullet had motions. My heart sickened at the sight; and I felt that the brute who had been riding him in that condition deserved the halter.

The prevailing feeling, however, was that of mirth. The laugh became loud and general at the old man's expense, and rustic witticisms were liberally bestowed upon him and his late purchase. These Blossom continued to provoke by various remarks. He asked the old man "if he thought Bullet would let five dollars lie on his back." He declared most seriously that he had owned that horse three months, and had never discovered before that he had a sore back, "or he never should have thought of trading him," etc.

The old man bore it all with the most philosophic composure. He evinced no astonishment at his late discovery, and made no replies. But his son, Neddy, had not disciplined his feelings quite so well. His eyes opened wider and wider from the first to the last pull of the blanket; and, when the whole sore burst upon his view, astonishment and fright seemed to contend for the mastery of his countenance. As the blanket disappeared, he stuck his hands in his breeches pockets, heaved a deep sigh, and lapsed into a profound revery, from which he was only roused by the cuts at his father. He bore them as long as he could; and, when he could contain himself no longer, he began, with a certain wildness of expression which gave a peculiar interest to what he uttered: "His back's mighty bad off; but . . . old Kit's both blind and *deef!*" . . .

"You walk him, and see if he *eint*. His eyes don't look like it; but he'd *jist as leave go agin* the house with you, or in a ditch, as any how. Now you go try him." The laugh was now turned on Blossom; and many rushed to test the fidelity of the little boy's report. A few experiments established its truth beyond controversy.

"Neddy," said the old man, "you oughtn't to try and make people discontented with their things. Stranger, don't mind what the little boy says. If you can only get Kit rid of them little failings, you'll find him all sorts of a horse. You are a *leetle* the best man at a horse-swap that I ever got hold of; but don't fool away Kit. Come, Neddy, my son, let's be moving; the stranger seems to be getting snappish."

A TOUCH OF POLEMICS

Reply to an Unbeliever.

THE great fault of the Christian religion, in your estimation and that which has been the source of all the miseries which it has brought upon the world, is that it claims to be the only true religion, and that it will allow mankind to have no other. Well, that is precisely the character of our religion, and it has always been enforced exactly as you are enforcing yours now, except that persuasion and entreaty (often with tears) are implements of its warfare, but never of yours. Why, man, are you not only morally blind, so that you cannot see the truth as it is in Christ, but physically blind, so that you cannot even see your adversary? Here we stand before the world in contrast; you the champion of your religion, I the champion of mine; you contending that yours is true; I contending that mine is true; you supporting yours by calm and temperate argument, I doing the same. They have not one common principle. Now what advantage have I over you or you over me in position on the field or in kind of armory? When you say that your religion is true, do you not virtually assert that all others are false? Can there be two religions wholly unlike and both true? The encroachments which I am now making upon your religion are exactly such as you are making on mine. In the name of God and of reason and of common sense, then, what do you mean when you complain of me and my people because we assert that there is but one true religion, and that we have it; and of our intolerance, when it is exactly your own? And yet you do this very thing plainly and unmistakably! Now, sir, I will be kinder to you than you are to yourself; I will save your understanding from the ravages of your words. You do not mean to be understood as contending that two religions differing in principles can both be true, but that the votaries of the true one should be perfectly inert and passive amidst a hundred false ones. If a true religion be worth nothing, you are right; but if it be of value, and great value, then you could not have broached a more preposterous opinion if you had searched a year for it. It is at war with the very nature and duty of man, if any duty be upon him. It is at war with the practices of

all men from the creation to this day; not excepting yourself. Had it been adopted and practiced by the races who have gone before us we would now be in African darkness. If adopted now and practiced in future, it would put a dead lock upon the wheels of science, and arrest all advancements in agriculture, commerce, internal improvement, government or morals. Let every man who discovers a good thing for soul or body keep it to himself, and not go to disturbing his neighbors with it to stir up strife and blood-shed among them! There's your principle, kind sir, in a nutshell. . . . .

We have said that if Christ did not perform the miracles attributed to him, his disciples forged them—nobody else could have done it.

The disciples were all ignorant, artless men. They commenced preaching soon after Christ's death in Jerusalem, where they were ordered to remain for some time and preach to the Jews only. They were all very sad at the departure of their Lord and Master; but while awaiting orders the thought struck some one of them (at a prayer-meeting most likely) that as they were soon going out to preach the gospel of Christ, and to assert that the author of it was the son of God, and equal with God, or rather God himself manifest in the flesh, they foresaw that they could make but little headway in their ministry unless they could convince the world that he did many superhuman works while he sojourned on earth. So they drew up the imaginary miracles as we find them. But there was a brother to be added to them to supply the place of Judas. So as soon as he was chosen they went to him and told all that they had done, and the reason of it, and presented him a copy of all the miracles they had agreed to preach. He received it very graciously and commenced committing them to memory as hard as he could, for the time for his preaching was at hand. It soon came on, and *(under our supposition, pray keep in mind)* these artless but dauntless champions of the Cross went out upon their mission of love and lying. How must their first sermons have run when they undertook to strengthen the gospel by an appeal to Christ's miracles? Somehow thus: "I tell you people of Jerusalem that Christ was 'the Power of God, and the Wisdom of God.' That he was the Wisdom of God, you learn from his gospel; that he was the power of God all Jerusalem

can testify from the number of miracles which he wrought in this city, which when these brethren 'saw they believed.' But some of you say *you* didn't see them and can't believe. Well, I'll give you one that you can't disbelieve. You all know that Lazarus, of our neighboring village, Bethany, died. You can't dispute that, for 'many' of you went out to sympathize and condole with his bereaved sisters. You wrapped him in his grave-clothes and buried him. You continued your tender assiduities to the sisters four days, when a message came to Martha, which she did stop to communicate to anybody, but hastened away. Soon after, another came to Mary who did the like; you supposing that she was going to the grave to weep followed her. She conducted you to Jesus, you saw her prostrate herself at his feet and heard her exclaim, 'Lord hadst thou been here, our brother had not died!' You mingled your tears with hers, and for the first and only time in his life, save one, 'Jesus wept.' You conducted him to the place of the brother's interment. Some of you removed the stone from the mouth of his grave. You heard the command of Christ to him to come forth, you saw him rise in the habiliments of the grave, you divested him of them and saw him go home with his rejoicing sisters. And then what? Many of you believed on him —and not all! O, no. Some of you did as you always do, you posted off to the devil's physicians for Christ's wounds, the Pharisees, and told them what Jesus had done. So you did when Christ gave sight to a man born blind. The actors in these scenes are yet alive; for it's not two years since they occurred. Lazarus comes to town every day or two, and you all stare at him, curious to learn whether a man raised from the dead is as he was before he died."

All this, and no one man saying to another: "Why, did you ever hear of such a pack of bare faced lies since you were born?" Not one even saying to another: "Did you ever hear of any of these things?" But this preaching in Jerusalem was modest and diffident compared with what it must have been when a disciple went to Capernaum to deliver himself. He reminded the inhabitants, of course, of what Christ had recently said about their city, spoke of his divine power, and called upon nine thousand men, besides women and children, in and about

Capernaum to testify to it from what they had seen and handled and tasted at the feasts of the loaves and fishes.

Well, thus they went on preaching for twenty or more years, until, having perfectly amalgamated their lies with Christ's truths, one of his disciples writes out a history of his Master. Soon after a follower, not a disciple, writes out another, then another of like kind does the like. And lastly, another disciple does the same. These historians all agree in giving the same character to Christ, but each one adds one or more miracles to the list given by his predecessor. These books are collected together, received by thousands and tens of thousands as the veritable word of God, are preserved as men preserve diamonds, and passed down from hand to hand, and pen to pen, to this day; and you are now complaining that these forging, lying rascals got up a religion eighteen hundred years ago that won't let you alone.

Now, sir, if the miracles recorded in the gospel were never wrought by Christ or anybody else, if they were all forgeries of the disciples and palmed off upon the credulity of mankind, in the way we have seen they must have been, then every disciple was himself as far out of the order of nature as a hot icicle would be, and therefore an indisputable miracle. God never made the man who could exactly fill the measure of a disciple according to your grading. But you believe he made twelve such. You do not believe that Christ possessed superhuman powers, but you believe that his servants did. You do not admit that he performed one miracle, but you admit that without check or reproof he allowed his disciples to assert everywhere that he wrought a hundred; for grant that he sent them out to preach after he rose from the dead, and you must suppose that he lived long enough to see whether they were getting along to his liking.

Thus believing and disbelieving, you are a compound of credulity and incredulity which throws you quite out of the order of nature and makes you a miracle.

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS

[1836—]

LAURENCE S. MARYE

DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS was born near Charlestown, Jefferson County, Virginia (now West Virginia), on March 16, 1836, and is now, in his seventy-fourth year, in frail health but with mental faculties that show no touch of decadence, tranquilly spending the closing years of his life in the vicinity of that town, at his paternal home, Rion Hall. Although his retirement is often cheered by the visits of cherished friends, his chief companionship is with the books that look down upon him from the shelves of his ample library.

Mr. Lucas comes from honorable ancestry, identified on both sides with the history of the "Old Dominion," through Revolutionary times, through the Indian War, and in the Civil, or Confederate, War, in which last he took an active part. Indeed, few family records are more replete with romantic and military history than those of the Lucas and Bedinger families.

Daniel B. Lucas was the third of four children, the youngest, Virginia, possessing to a considerable extent the poetic temperament of her distinguished brother.

After attending several private academies, young Lucas was, in his seventeenth year, sent to the University of Virginia, where he remained four years, graduating under the elective system in most of the academic schools of that famous seat of learning. Possessing in high degree the gift of oratory, he was chosen the valedictorian of the Jefferson Society at the commencement exercises of 1856, his last year at the University. After leaving the University, he entered the well-known law school of Judge John W. Brockenborough, at Lexington, Virginia, from which he was graduated in 1858. He then obtained admission to the Bar and for a year practiced law in his native county of Jefferson and the contiguous counties.

Early in 1860 Mr. Lucas moved to Richmond, in which city he was engaged in the practice of his profession when the Civil War broke out. It was in this year that the Presidential contest took place which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln and the secession of the Southern States. During the preliminary canvass

an immense mass-meeting was held at the African Church in Richmond, that spacious building being at that day the place where political gatherings were held. Excitement ran high. The mass-meeting had been called, as was supposed, in furtherance of the candidacy of Mr. Robert M. T. Hunter for the nomination. When the principal speaker in behalf of Mr. Hunter sat down Mr. Lucas instantly rose to reply. Being of low stature, he stood upon the bench on which he had been sitting. As he had only recently come to the city, not one in ten of the audience had ever seen him, and a cry went up from every part of the house: "Who is he? who is he?" Pausing deliberately, and looking around upon the audience, Lucas replied: "I am a Democrat; I am a Virginian; I am a gentleman." A shout that shook the rafters of the building greeted this response, and there were exclamations of "Take the stand! Take the stand!" Lucas walked slowly forward, ascended the stand, and delivered a reply that simply overwhelmed his opponent. It was ardent, eloquent, sarcastic, withering. "Mr. Hunter may be a big man," said he, "but we want an available man like Wise. We want a sea-going craft that can ride the waters like a thing of life; not a big ship that, like the *Great Eastern,* is afraid to tempt the waves, and lies land-locked to all eternity." Such a triumph has seldom been witnessed on the political platform or the hustings.

The sympathies of Mr. Lucas being with his native State, he followed her fortunes, determined to fight for her as his ancestors had fought. In June, 1861, he joined the staff of General Henry A. Wise, ex-Governor of Virginia, and served under him during his campaign in the Kanawha Valley. He was not able to remain in the field during the entire war—indeed, his physical condition did not justify his entering at all upon an army life, as he had suffered when a child (by a fall from the nurse's arms, it is said) an injury to the spine which visited upon him a permanent bodily infirmity. Upon leaving the field, he resumed his residence in Richmond and opened again his law-office during the second and third years of the war, though there was but little practice, since, even if it was not true that, pursuant to the maxim, "*inter arma leges silent,*" the laws were inoperative, as a matter of fact the courts were practically closed. It is not to be supposed that during these years Mr. Lucas had ceased writing. On the contrary, many of his most polished and inspiring poetic effusions were written and published during the war period, and have a heightened interest from the military ardor that animates them and the clash of arms that resounds in their rhymes.

Mr. Lucas "ran the blockade" to Canada, leaving Richmond January 1, 1865, in order to assist in the defence of Captain John Yates

Beall, a college friend of his youth, who was tried and convicted as a spy and guerrilla by a court-martial at Governor's Island, New York, and executed February 24, 1865. In order to get away from Richmond and "run the blockade to Canada" Mr. Lucas had to cross the Potomac down near the Bay, where it was nine miles wide, cutting through the ice most of the way. Mr. Lucas continued his residence in Canada for several months, and there wrote, shortly after the surrender of General Lee, his celebrated poem, "The Land Where We Were Dreaming." This stirring poem was published first in the *Montreal Gazette,* and was then copied in many papers in this country and also in England, calling forth numerous notices of commendation. It depicts the awakening of the South from its fond illusion of a separate Confederacy.

Mr. Lucas followed this poem with a memoir of John Yates Beall and an official report of his trial (published by John Lovell, Montreal, 1865).

Shortly after the close of the war, he returned to the South and took up his residence at the Lucas home in Jefferson County, which, in the division of the State, had become a part of the new State of West Virginia. The "test oath," which of course he could not take, was then in force and prevented him from resuming the practice of law. In the year 1870 this obnoxious measure was, under the influence of a returning sense of justice, swept from the statutes of the State, and Mr. Lucas reëntered upon the practice of his profession in partnership with the distinguished jurist, Judge Thomas C. Green. In that year Mr. Lucas became also associate editor of the *Southern Metropolis,* a weekly journal published in Baltimore and owned and conducted by J. Fairfax McLaughten, LL.D., who was also its editor-in-chief. Of this journal the late Alexander H. Stephens said: "I have read the *Southern Metropolis* from its first number, and have often said, and now repeat, that it comes nearer filling the place of the London *Saturday Review* than any other paper on this continent."

Mr. Lucas devoted himself to the law and soon attained high rank in his profession. The West Virginia Reports contain many of his cases, and show that he was one of the most successful practitioners before that tribunal. In 1872 he was a Democratic presidential elector for his Congressional District, and again in 1876. In 1884 he was elector-at-large on the Cleveland ticket in West Virginia. He took an active part in these campaigns as a Jeffersonian Democrat, of which school he has always been an uncompromising champion. Another writer in 'Prominent Men of West Virginia' has said: "His addresses on 'The Renaissance of the Jeffersonian Democracy,' and kindred topics, have exercised a potential influence

upon public sentiment in West Virginia. Wendell Phillips, during the days of the abolition movement, never displayed more resolute purpose or inflexible devotion to his cause than Daniel B. Lucas has shown in his rigid adherence, both in practice and oratorical appeals, to the Jeffersonian standard of Democracy."

Mr. Lucas was a regent of the State University for eight years, and in July, 1876, was unanimously elected Professor of Law in that institution, an honor which his law practice obliged him to decline. For the same reason, in the same year, he also declined the office of Judge of the Circuit Court, to which he had been appointed by Governor Mathews to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Hoge. The degree of Doctor of Laws was most worthily and appropriately conferred upon him in 1884 by the University of West Virginia. In that year Mr. Lucas, yielding to the solicitations of the citizens of Jefferson County, became a member of the Legislature, where he took an active part as a reformer and was instrumental in correcting many abuses and causing the enactment of many salutary laws.

In the autumn of 1886 he was reëlected to the Legislature. At this session his most notable work was his opposition to, and defeat of, Senator Camden as his own successor in the United States Senate. In February, 1887, Governor Wilson appointed Mr. Lucas as Senator *ad interim,* until the regular election by the Legislature.

In 1869 Mr. Lucas married Miss Lena T. Brooke, the daughter of Henry L. Brooke of Richmond, Virginia, and a grand-niece of that eccentric character, but most gifted of Virginia statesmen, John Randolph of Roanoke. They have one daughter, Virginia Lucas, an only child.

It would seem that, for one who had led such an active professional and political life, with all the hard work incident to a career such as this sketch has outlined, but little opportunity had existed for literary composition, especially of a classical order. Nevertheless, Judge Lucas has accomplished an amount of literary work that would be honor enough of itself for any man of letters. In addition to the memoir of Captain Beall, above mentioned, he has published 'The Wreath of Eglantine,' a volume of poems, chiefly of his own composition, though a few were the production of a gifted sister, Miss Virginia Lucas, now deceased, these being 'The Maid of Northumberland,' a drama of the Civil War, and 'Ballads and Madrigals.' He has written other poems that were well received, and has delivered addresses for special occasions, and before patriotic assemblies. Of these latter, his finest production was an oration on Daniel O'Connell; a masterly analysis of the character, and a vivid historical picture of the time, of the Irish Liberator. This eloquent por-

trayal of O'Connell and his time met with an enthusiastic reception. It was prepared originally upon the invitation of the Parnell Club of Wheeling, and was delivered in the opera-house of that city on the evening of August 6, 1886. Mr. Lucas was invited to repeat it at the Norwood Institute, Washington, District of Columbia, April 13, 1888, and again in the room of the House of Delegates in the State Capitol, at Charleston, West Virginia, January 20, 1889. Of the patriotic and commemorative poems he has written, the following are the most notable: One for the dedication of the Confederate cemetery at Winchester, in 1865; one for the semi-centennial of the University of Virginia, in 1879; another for the unveiling of the Confederate Monument in Charlestown, in 1882; another for the Convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Literary Society of the Northwest, Chicago, October 19, 1887; and still another for the annual banquet of the New York Southern Society held in that city February 22, 1888. On each of these occasions Mr. Lucas was the chosen poet.

Among his discourses that have attracted most attention may be named that on John Brown, delivered at Winchester in 1865; that on John Randolph, at Hampden Sidney College, delivered in 1884; his "Study of Henry Clay," delivered at Louisville in 1891; and the one on Daniel O'Connell to which we have referred. These are admirable specimens of American learning and eloquence. The late Judge William Mathews Merrick, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, who heard the lecture on O'Connell when delivered in Washington, declared that for power of statement, originality of thought, and gift as an orator, Mr. Lucas was surpassed by no one whom he had ever heard.

He was appointed by the Governor to the Supreme Court of Appeals as the successor of the late Judge Green, his former partner, who died in November, 1889, and whose career and biography form the subject of a paper by Judge Lucas, which was read before the Bar Association of West Virginia. In 1890 he was regularly nominated to that high tribunal, and in November of that year he was elected by an overwhelming majority of the popular vote. He was soon made Chief Justice, or president of the court, and presided over its deliberations with dignity and marked ability for several years, until his declining health compelled him voluntarily to retire from the bench, and from all exacting labors, professional or otherwise.

It will be seen from this sketch that Mr. Lucas possesses talents of a very high order and that these talents are of a diversified character. He is an eminent jurist; a pleasing and powerful speaker, possessing the attributes of the real orator; and a poet of no mean merit.

We cannot lay aside the pen that pays this inadequate tribute without a concluding word upon Mr. Lucas's rare gift as a conversationalist. His discourse partakes not at all of the idle gossip of the day, or of trivialities of any kind. It is only a theme of intrinsic interest in the domain of current politics, or of statecraft or of literature, that can draw forth his flow of ready and often impassioned speech, and his powers of aggressive but always courteous disputation. When he is aroused by the discussion of some high and congenial theme, the glowing eye, the animated countenance, the play of feature, the emphatic gesture, impart to his conversation an indescribable fascination. Combining literary traits and social charms with fervid powers of debate, he brings delight into any company of congenial friends.

L. S. Marye.

DANIEL O'CONNELL

Extracts from an Address delivered at the Opera-house in Wheeling, August 6, 1886.

Daniel O'Connell was not only the friend of universal religious liberty, but he was, *intus et in cute,* a democrat, that is to say, a believer in the ultimate sovereignty of the people.

Although educated under foreign auspices and sacerdotal influences, unfriendly, perhaps, to popular liberty, he was by nature a democrat.

Cries Victor Hugo: "*Le peuple est une mer aussi!*" (The people, too, are a sea!).

From the outset of his political career, O'Connell embarked his fortunes upon this popular sea, with compass to the polar star of "the rights and liberties of the people." Said Fitzgerald, his opponent for County Clare at O'Connell's first election to Parliament, "I have polled the gentry to a man!"

But O'Connell had polled the people, and into Parliament he went, the first Catholic elected to the Commons for more than one hundred and fifty years.

When the Emancipation Bill was passed, Parliament had the bad grace to accompany it with disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders. "This," says Mr. Yonge, "was the

first and only act, since the Revolution, restricting the franchise."

O'Connell met these restrictionists with a doctrine of political ethics, which he frequently avowed—"that every man had a natural right to vote!"

Soon afterwards came the great civic revolution introduced by the Reform Bill of 1832. O'Connell was among its staunchest supporters, and it was universally conceded that without his assistance and the Irish vote which he wielded, the bill could not have gone through. In 1838 he laid down his platform: "The four principles of our new agitation are, 1st, complete corporate reform; 2d, extension of the suffrage; 3d, total abolition of compulsory church support; 4th, adequate representation in Parliament."

These doctrines at that day (1838) were denounced as revolutionary, and their agitation constituted that "wild movement for radical reform," for which Lecky condemns O'Connell. But let the event decide between the Agitator and his accusers. The Corporate reform has come; Suffrage is extended; compulsory Church support is, in Ireland, a thing of the past. Thus has time pronounced, with solemn arbitrament and historic emphasis, in favor of the agitation of the great Reformer, who foreshadowed at the beginning of the century these beneficent reforms which have marked its progress, and will adorn its close.

When Lord Mayor of Dublin, he was snubbed by the Government, as, according to custom, he ought to have been made a baronet. All Ireland felt the slight which had been put upon her favorite son, and her citizens proposed to resent it by according an ovation to the Liberator on his return from England. This mortified him—that it should enter into any Irish head to suppose that a title possessed in his eyes any value. "Why then," wrote he—"why then, I do ask it, should my friends mix up my name with titles and matters of that description?" The office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer became vacant. It was tendered to O'Connell. Or did he prefer the Master of the Rolls, the choice of that was offered him (1832). "No," said he: "I dreamed a day-dream —was it a dream?—that Ireland still wanted me."

In this country and at this day, it is almost impossible to

imagine the extent of the temptation or the value of the sacrifice in declining these offices.

The whole Anglo-Irish government was built, and from the earliest times had rested upon, an elaborate, premeditated, and recognized system of simony, bribery, rewards, pensions, and titles. Dublin Castle was the centre around which revolved a whole planetary system of honors and emoluments, beyond the illumination of which all was darkness and obscurity. Grattan had been pronounced the only unpurchased orator. Flood, Fitzgerald, Ponsonby, Castlereagh, Canning, Plunket, Saurin, Shiel—O my God! where shall we end this list, which, with few exceptions, might be pronounced the death-roll of Irish honor? Reviled, ridiculed, bellowed down in Parliament, "the best-abused man in Europe"—one thing remained to be tried by the Government to silence O'Connell: he must be bought! Every tailor in Ireland must go to work to fix him up a gown as Chief Baron, or Master of the Rolls.

The experiment failed. O'Connell could not be bribed. They had as well have gone about to measure for a gown one of their old Norse giants, or sent their tailors to draw their tape-lines about the rock-loined girth of old Scarig, or Holyhead, where they plant their everlasting feet in the suds of the sea, and lift their giant heads into the tumultuous clouds of an Irish sky! Another unpurchasable orator had been born in Ireland, who could not be tempted by a place, a peerage, or a pension. "Yes," replied he, "I will take a bribe—and my bribe is a Repeal of the Union!"

As an Irish democrat, O'Connell believed in the ultimate sovereignty of the people, as recognized by the glorious Revolution of 1688; that royalty was a trust, and rulers responsible for their good faith; that every subject who paid tribute and allegiance to the government, was entitled to representation and to a vote in the election of its administrators. He was, nevertheless, an admirer and supporter of the British constitution, because founded on the will of the English people, and best adapted to their own circumstances and history. "We are partial," said he, "to a legitimate and well-modelled monarchy in an hereditary line, and we, at the same time, reverence the majesty of the people. While we bear a true

allegiance to the British constitution, we will say that life is not worth enjoyment without the blessings of freedom."

Thus we see that O'Connell was a universal democrat. He recognized the ultimate sovereignty of the people everywhere.

But beyond question, the crowning glory of Daniel O'Connell's career consisted in his great doctrine of Pacific Agitation. It was this doctrine which gave him rank as a discoverer, and the author of a new dispensation in the religion of political life, which is even now slowly, but surely, working out the redemption of Ireland, the progress of which is retarded only when its spirit is violated, and its precepts departed from. To transfer the battle from the plane of brute force to that of reason and conscience; to throw upon its legally constituted conservators and guardians the responsibility for any breach of the peace; to cause the self-restraint of the multitude to impeach the impatience of judicial tribunals; to assemble a nation in tents, and make the rostrum greater than the barricade; to raise up walls of defence around ancient liberties by a voice more musical than Amphion's golden lyre, which raised the walls of Thebes; this was the great triumph of Daniel O'Connell.

Between Wolfe Tone and John Mitchell; between Robert Emmett and Smith O'Brien; between '98 and '48, he raised up by the inspiration of this gospel of pacific agitation the magnificent continent of Emancipated Ireland, like a beautiful island risen out of the sea.

Modern historians and philosophers may talk of "the froth of oratory," and the decline of the power of eloquence; nevertheless, a great orator with a great thought behind him is still the most potential engine of truth which this planet can set in motion. The pen is mightier than the sword, but the tongue is greater than the pen.

From Socrates to the Saviour of mankind; from Pericles to Patrick Henry; from Demosthenes to Daniel O'Connell, eloquence—spoken thought—has ruled the world! The voice of Daniel O'Connell in behalf of liberty and against violence was needed for all ages. It was an everlasting tocsin and an eternal protest. It was to oratory what the "Marseillaise" is to song. Nay, it surpassed the hymn of France, because its

immortal refrain was not "To Arms," but, "to the tribunal of Reason," which is first peaceable, and in time omnipotent. . .

His method as a reformer was pacific agitation, which, as defined and limited by him, was to the conflict between liberty and oppression what the invention of printing was to the battle between learning and ignorance. Many of his proposed reforms were regarded, in his own day, as chimerical; but said he: "The history of the world is not yet over!" And as this history has been unfolded, one by one, on its curtain, have his cartoons revealed themselves: one by one have they borne testimony to this wonderful genius and immortality of touch. How a historian and dialectician, as able as Mr. Lecky, can doubt his beneficent influence upon the destiny of Ireland seems beyond comprehension, and can only be accounted for as the fruit of a Trinity College graft upon Irish stock, transplanted and cultivated in the atmosphere of a London fog. If Ireland has realized any reforms at all during the present century, they are undoubtedly attributable to the agitation of O'Connell. We must measure his influence, not by the result of Catholic Emancipation alone, but by comparing the policy and opinions of Lord John Russell, whom he left in power in 1846, with those of Pitt, whom he found in office in 1800; and having comprehended the measure of this advance, let us compare the views of Russell in 1846 with those of William E. Gladstone in 1886, and it will be found that the trend of public opinion upon Irish questions has been steadily forward towards the realization of those principles which Daniel O'Connell first, among public men of his day, held forth and maintained. Many of these principles, then denounced as extreme and violent, have become as universally accepted as the Copernican system.

There is a marked difference between the estimates made of O'Connell before 1829 and those made after that date. The sketch of Mr. Richard Lalor Shiel, made in 1823, is of O'Connell the barrister simply, and has nothing of interest about O'Connell the Liberator. "O'Connell's style," says he, "is vigorous and copious, but incorrect. The want of compactness in his periods, however, I attribute chiefly to inatten-

tion. As to his general powers of eloquence he rarely fails in a case admitting of emotion to make a deep impression upon a jury; and in a popular assembly he is supreme."

In 1825, Shiel heard him in Free-Masons' Hall, in London. Shiel followed him and failed. His estimate of O'Connell's success before an English assemblage may be regarded as not partial to the speaker, but if anything the reverse. His description is photographic, without anything whatever chromatic about it. He tells us that O'Connell spoke for three and a half hours, and carried away with him not only the bulk of his hearers, but made a most favorable impression upon "the literary and English portion of the audience." This was many years before O'Connell's fame and power were at their height. Shelton McKenzie, who heard him, says of him: "He has been compared at times to the great orators whom Ireland has produced, but he resembles none of them singly. He has less imagination than Curran, less philosophy than Burke, less wit than Canning, less rhetoric than Shiel, less classicality than Bush, less eloquence than Plunket, less pathos than Grattan; but he had more *power* than any of them."

When John Randolph was in England, he had daily access to the House of Commons and to the House of Lords. By order of Lord Londonderry himself, he had the entrée by the private entrance near the throne. He was himself the most brilliant speaker in Congress while there—a scholar of cultivated taste, who had heard the finest orators in Europe and America. When he heard O'Connell he exclaimed: "This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day." Wendell Phillips heard O'Connell in Exeter Hall, and was so intoxicated with his eloquence that he loses his self-possession in his effort to describe him. "Webster," says he, "could awe a senate, Everett could charm a college, and Choate a jury; Clay could magnetize the millions, and Corwin led them captive; O'Connell was Clay, Corwin, Choate, Everett, Webster in one."

Henry Giles heard him before a Scotch audience on Calton Hill, overlooking Edinburgh, "where his triumph was as complete as it could have been in Ireland, and more splendid in its circumstances." The estimate of him on the Continent was equally exalted. Montalembart, Ventura, Lacordaire,

have all testified to the unrivalled power of his eloquence. Upon such testimony, therefore, as ought to satisfy history, I think we should have no difficulty in reaching the conclusion that as an orator for the popular assembly, O'Connell had no equal since Demosthenes. For temporarily moving the multitude, perhaps Henry or Otis was his equal; but for permanently inspiring a people, no man but Demosthenes was his rival.

Never was a rôle more difficult than O'Connell's. Go as far as he might, he fell short of the expectations of his own church, while, however moderate his demands, the Orange faction and the advocates of Protestant ascendency stood ready to commit him to the Tower. "Would to God," he exclaims in a letter to Dr. McHale of Tuam, "I could have your Grace and Dr. Murray understand each other!" Later on, the young Irelanders undertook to resuscitate the old doctrine of violence, which he had devoted his life to eradicate from the Irish heart. Despite of them, he held out. "I will not take," he said, "nor allow to be taken, one step inconsistent with law."

Just out of prison, he was applauded when he entered the House of Commons; a radical reformer and a democrat, he received three votes for the throne of Belgium; a private subject, he granted his autograph at the request of a King whom he admired, but he refused it to an Emperor whom he despised; a Roman Catholic, he was endorsed by Dissenters, and embraced by the Quakers; in an intemperate age, he was strictly sober; a convict, he was eulogized by the judge who sentenced him; the greatest pacificator of his age, he was bound over in two thousand pounds to keep the peace! Such was the strange, almost incredible career of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, the Repealer, the Agitator, the Orator, the Great Commoner, and the Greatest Irishman.

THE LAND WHERE WE WERE DREAMING

From 'The Wreath of Eglantine.'

Fair were our nation's visions, and as grand
As ever floated out of fancy-land;
  Children were we in simple faith,
  But god-like children, whom nor death,
  Nor threat of danger drove from honor's path—
    In the land where we were dreaming!

Proud were our men as pride of birth could render,
As violets our women pure and tender;
  And when they spoke, their voices' thrill
  At evening hushed the whip-poor-will;
  At morn the mocking bird was mute and still,
    In the land where we were dreaming!

And we had graves that covered more of glory,
Than ever taxed the lips of ancient story;
  And in our dream we wove the thread
  Of principles for which had bled,
  And suffered long our own immortal dead,
    In the land where we were dreaming!

Tho' in our land we had both bond and free,
Both were content, and so God let them be;
  Till Northern glances, slanting down,
  With envy viewed our harvest sun—
  But little recked we, for we still slept on,
    In the land where we were dreaming!

Our sleep grew troubled, and our dreams grew wild;
Red meteors flashed across our heaven's field;
  Crimson the Moon; between the Twins
  Barbed arrows flew in circling lanes
  Of light; red Comets tossed their fiery manes
    O'er the land where we were dreaming!

Down from her eagle height smiled Liberty,
And waved her hand in sign of victory;
The world approved, and everywhere,
Except where growled the Russian bear,
The brave, the good and just gave us their prayer,
For the land where we were dreaming!

High o'er our heads a starry flag was seen,
Whose field was blanched, and spotless in its sheen;
Chivalry's cross its union bears,
And by his scars each vet'ran swears
To bear it on in triumph through the wars,
In the land where we were dreaming!

We fondly thought a Government was ours—
We challenged place among the world's great powers;
We talk'd in sleep of rank, commission,
Until so life-like grew the vision,
That he who dared to doubt but met derision,
In the land where we were dreaming!

A figure came among us as we slept—
At first he knelt, then slowly rose and wept;
Then gathering up a thousand spears,
He swept across the field of Mars,
Then bowed farewell, and walked behind the stars,
From the land where we were dreaming!

We looked again, another figure still
Gave hope, and nerved each individual will;
Erect he stood, as clothed with power;
Self-poised, he seemed to rule the hour,
With firm, majestic sway—of strength a tower,
In the land where we were dreaming!

As while great Jove, in bronze, a warder god,
Gazed eastward from the Forum where he stood,
Rome felt herself secure and free—
So Richmond, we, on guard for thee,
Beheld a bronzèd hero, god-like Lee,
In the land where we were dreaming!

As wakes the soldier when the alarum calls—
As wakes the mother when her infant falls—
As starts the traveler when around
His sleepy couch the fire-bells sound—
So woke our nation with a single bound—
In the land where we were dreaming!

Woe! woe! is us, the startled mothers cried,
While we have slept, our noble sons have died!
Woe! woe! is us, how strange and sad,
That all our glorious visions fled,
Have left us nothing real but our dead,
In the land where we were dreaming!

And are they really dead, our martyred slain?
No, Dreamers! Morn shall bid them rise again;
From every plain—from every height—
On which they seemed to die for right,
Their gallant spirits shall renew the fight,
In the land where we were dreaming!

Unconquered still in soul, tho' now o'er-run,
In peace, in war, the battle's just begun!
Once this Thyestean banquet o'er,
Grown strong the few who bide their hour,
Shall rise and hurl its drunken guests from power,
In the land where we were dreaming!

THE WIND CHIMED LOW BY THE DEEP WAVE'S FLOW

From 'The Wreath of Eglantine.'

The wind chimed low by the deep wave's flow,
As I strayed with my blue-eyed Lora,
And the twilight's gleam fell over the stream
Of the winding Tuscarora.

O softer far than yon pale star
Was the melting glance of Lora,
And her voice, like a bird, through the stillness stirred
The dream of Tuscarora.

Now the Whip-poor-will is repeating still
His chant to Pan or Flora,
But in fancy oft a sound more soft
Floats over Tuscarora.

MY THOUGHT GROWS HAZY WITH THE SEASON'S TOUCH

From 'The Wreath of Eglantine.'

My thought grows hazy with the season's touch:
For this is Indian Summer, loved so much
By bards, who set to most mellifluent rhyme
Their hymns to Nature, in the olden time.

The sun, a day-born moon, shines dim through smoke;
The crows that clamor in the wilted oak,
With many a darting and defiant mawk,
Move not the ruffles of the lordly hawk.

The driven shingles, echoing o'er the hills,
Betoken care for coming Winter's ills;
Only the red-bird's left to greet the morn—
At eve, the wain brings in the golden corn.

The thirst to *see* thee—simply *see*—no more!
Comes like some new and unnamed passion o'er
My soul, and makes it gloomier than the mist
Which steals, like unformed dreams, from out the West!

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